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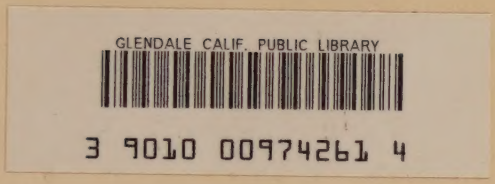

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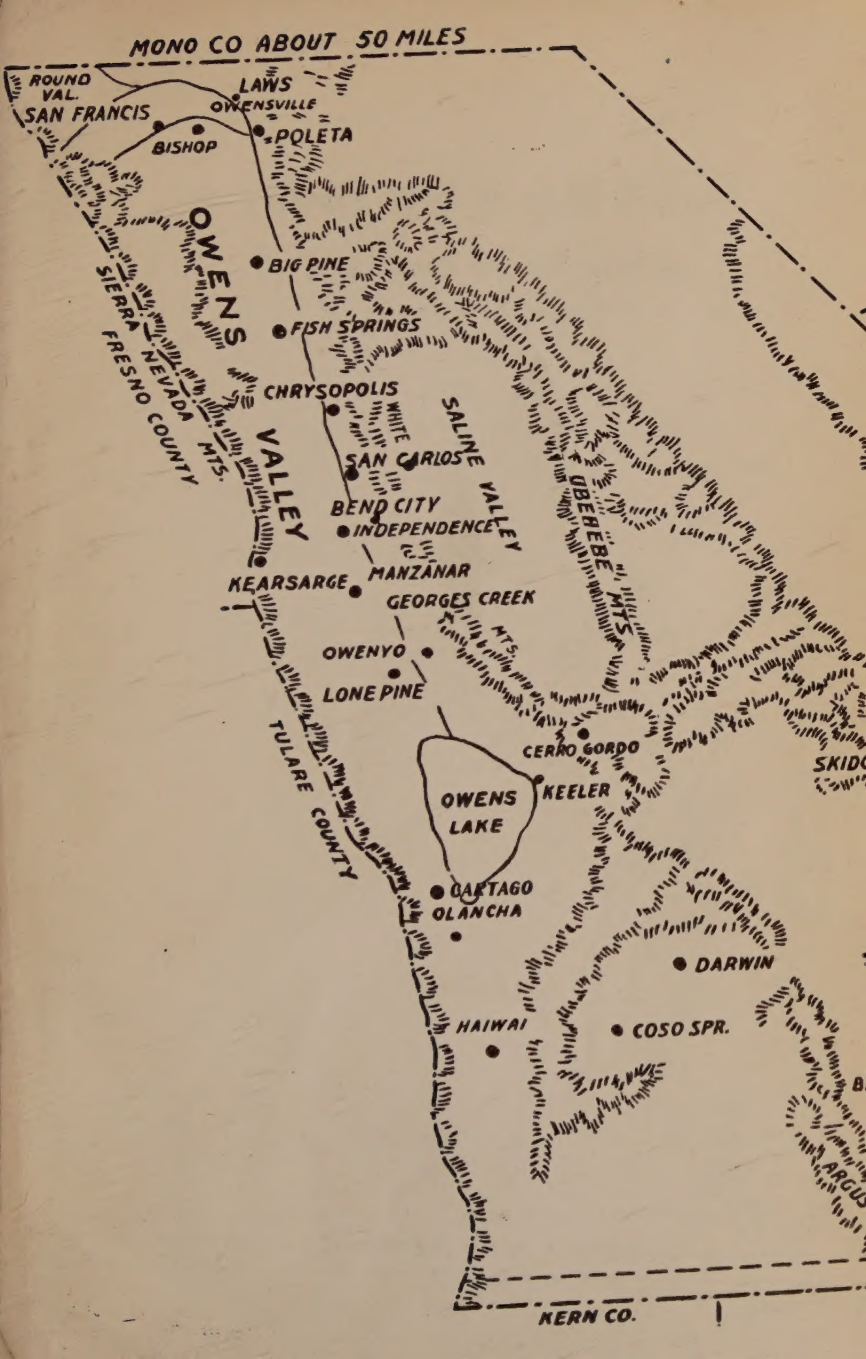
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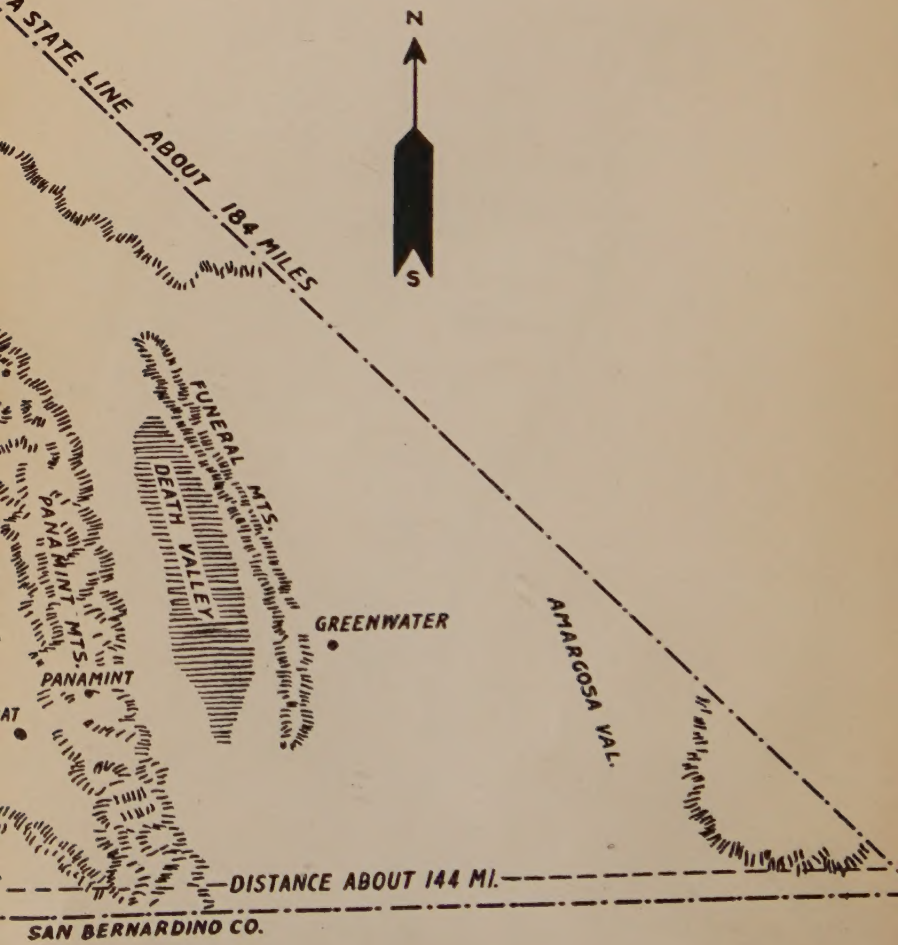
ROUND VAL.
LAWS
OWENSVILLE
SAN FRANCIS
BISHOP
POLETA
BIG PINE
OWENS
VALLEY
SIERRA NEVADA MTS.
FRESNO COUNTY
FISH SPRINGS
CHRYSOPOLIS
WHITE
SALINE VALLEY
SAN CARLOS
BEND CITY
INDEPENDENCE
KEARSARGE
MANZANAR
GEORGES CREEK
OWENYO
LONE PINE
TULARE COUNTY
CERRO GORDO
OWENS LAKE
KEELER
CARTAGO
OLANCHA
DARWIN
HAIWAI
COSO SPR.
KERN CO.

Sketch Map of Inyo County

Showing Relative Situations of Pioneer Settlements



THE STORY OF INYO

By

W. A. CHALFANT

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1922
Published by the Author

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W. A. CHALFANT

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CHICAGO

OCT 2 3 1951

To the Pioneers

and especially to the honored memory of

PLEASANT ARTHUR CHALFANT

Forty-Niner

Pioneer of Inyo and pioneer in endeavor
for her moral as well as material growth

This volume is dedicated

FOREWORD

CALIFORNIA has furnished probably more themes for books than has any other American State. The easy-going romantic years of Mexican rule, the padres, the Argonauts, the golden era, the wonders of this Empire of the West, have had generous attention from both masters and amateurs in prose and poetry, fact and fiction. The flood of writing hardly diminishes, for magazine literature and still more books add to it month by month. Yet few of the writers on California subjects look outside of the boundaries coined by a phrase-making politician, "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea." Even such historians as Bancroft and Hittell deemed it hardly worth their while to inquire into the annals of the borderlands, though the wilds were conquered through many hardships and wars bloodier than some on which volumes have been written.

Those who ventured into the unknown regions seldom thought it worth while to set down for the future any extended record of their trials and achievements. While they lived history, it all came to them as part of the day's work. Being more familiar with implements of livelihood and of offense and defense than with the pen, they

wrote little. Before a succeeding generation fully appreciated the closing scenes of a drama of high interest, most of the actors in it had gone on the journey pioneered when time began. Therefore much has been lost.

This book's purpose is to preserve, particularly, the record of Inyo county earlier than 1870, when a printed record began. Gathering data for some such purpose began more than twenty years ago, while many of the pioneers still lived. It was the author's good fortune to know personally every early-day Inyoite then in the county. Each of them gladly gave his help. Personal interviews when possible, and correspondence with those who had moved to other parts of the country, elicited their recollections. All narratives were checked and rechecked with each other and with other sources of information. Public records were searched, as were also the files of pioneer newspapers in different libraries.

One of the most valuable sources of information was an extensive manuscript collection in the private library of Henry G. Hanks, in San Francisco. Mr. Hanks was an assayer in San Carlos and Chrysopolis mining camps, Owens Valley, in 1863. In later years he became State Mineralogist of California. He was a man of education, and when age caused his retirement from active labors his library received his whole attention. His interest in Owens Valley continuing, he kept and arranged many letters, diaries and other writings relating to this county's history. When the collection was examined for the purpose of

this compilation, in 1902 or 1903, it had become an almost complete though disconnected history of the more strenuous pioneer years in Inyo.

Everyone who took any prominent part in the Indian war has passed on. The Hanks library was burned in the fire of 1906. As those sources of information are thus forever lost, there is some justification in believing that a service was done in getting what they had to impart; and also, that these chronicles, having that advantage, give the only fairly complete record of the county's beginnings that can be compiled.

Much of this material has been published in serial form in the Inyo Register. The idea of putting it into book form had been virtually abandoned when in the spring of 1921 the Federation of Women's Clubs of Inyo County, desirous of having the record preserved and made available, gave the publication their co-operation; and the Board of Supervisors later extended support that made the book a certainty.

Material has been procured from more sources than can be fully noted here. A general list of those sources follows:

Personal accounts by T. F. A. Connelly, Alney L. McGee, Barton McGee, S. G. Gregg, J. S. Broder, A. Van Fleet, Milo Page, Thomas W. Hill, John L. Bodle, Thomas E. Jones, Henry G. Hanks, T. H. Goodman, and others.

Correspondence with L. A. Spitzer, J. A. Hubinger, F. W. Fickert, John C. Willett, Gen. J. H. Soper, Dr. S. G. George, William B. Daugherty, George Otis Smith (Director U. S.

Geological Survey), the Smithsonian Institution, Willard D. Johnson, Dr. A. L. Kroeber (Curator Department of Ethnology, University of California).

Many manuscripts in the collection of Henry G. Hanks.

Articles by P. A. Chalfant, Mrs. J. W. Brier, C. L. Canfield, J. B. Colton, E. C. Atkinson, W. L. (Dad) Moore, and others.

Files of the San Francisco Alta California, San Francisco Bulletin, San Francisco Call, Sacramento Union, Los Angeles News, Los Angeles Star, in some instances as early as 1852; also of the Inyo Independent, Inyo Register, Bakersfield Echo, and other papers of subsequent years containing narratives of pioneers.

Addresses by Henry G. Hanks in San Francisco in 1864 and by James E. Parker in Lone Pine July 4, 1876.

Official reports of Warren Wasson and several other Indian agents; field notes of A. W. Von Schmidt's survey of Owens Valley; journals of the California Legislature; records of the Independence land office and of the Inyo county government; and sundry other official documents.

"Death Valley in '49," by W. L. Manley; "Death Valley," by J. R. Spear; "California Men in the War of the Rebellion," by R. H. Orton; "History of Nevada," by Thompson & West; histories of Kern, Tulare and San Bernardino counties; "Official Documents of the 38th Congress;" "The Panamint Indians," a government report by F. V. Coville; Bancroft's "Native

Races;" Fremont's "Memoirs;" "Botany of Death Valley."

And many more not here set down.

As the reader is to infer from a preceding sentence, the aim of this undertaking has been to collect Inyo history that has not been printed. The principal matters since 1870 are presented by subjects, rather than with special regard to their order of occurrence.

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THE STORY OF INYO

CHAPTER I

SOME GEOLOGICAL FACTS

MOST DIVERSIFIED TOPOGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES—ALABAMA HILLS NOT THE OLDEST AMERICAN MOUNTAINS—A MILLION YEARS THE TIME UNIT—CHANGES OF SURFACE—LAKE WAUCOBI—VOLCANIC ACTION IN DIFFERENT AGES—FORMATION OF OWENS RIVER GORGE.

No other equal area on this continent, probably no other on the earth's surface, equals Inyo county in diversified topography; for while Mt. Whitney, elevation 14,501 feet, highest peak of the States, stands on its western border, Death Valley, lowest of American land depressions, 427 feet below sea level, is also within its boundaries. Nature has written here, in bold strokes, studies more fascinating than the little affairs of humanity. It is worth while to glance briefly at what leading American geologists have deduced, and what they say of the making of this county of ours. Because we are doing so, and giving some attention to a few topics not strictly historical, this is "The Story of Inyo" rather than its history alone.

An English geologist once declared the Alabama hills, near the base of the Sierras in south-

ern Owens Valley, to be the oldest mountains on the continent. This has been so often accepted and repeated as fact that it should be set right. George Otis Smith, Director of the Geological Survey, pronounced the assertion to be wholly erroneous. He declared that while presumably some Archaean rocks are exposed in the Alabama hills, their elevation above the water is a comparatively recent geologic event.

"Recent" in this connection is a vague term, as we understand time. One geologist writes that "the million of years will remain the time unit." Scientists guess the earth's age all the way from 20,000,000 to 90,000,000 years. So when the elevation of the Alabamas, or any other occurrence, is credited to the "recent" geologic past it means a period of unknown remoteness. One who has examined this region says its successive events cannot be guessed even by ages.

At the end of the Paleozoic period of world-building, an immense inland sea, comparable with the Mediterranean of the present, covered what we know as the Great Basin. Probably while other ranges to the eastward were forming, the Inyo Range and White Mountains (now usually considered as one range) arose, with a division between them, east of where Big Pine now is. Westerly, a plain sloped to the Pacific. A later convulsion of nature produced the Sierras; and Mt. Whitney's site and surroundings, previously a region of gentle slopes and lowlands, were elevated to their present or greater heights. Intense volcanic activity prevailed, of which abundant

evidences appear in the Whitney country as well as many other places along the Sierras.

The inland sea rose and fell many times. Geologist J. E. Spurr traced, in the Death Valley region, seven different changes of surface and periods of volcanic action. The glacial coating came along, and to this at least one investigator definitely assigns a time 80,000 years ago. Remnants of the ice capping, melted in the valleys and fed by streams from the mountains, formed four great lakes between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas. One of these was Lahontan, remnants of which are Walker Lake and other Nevada waters. Another filled Death Valley, Owens Valley and the Mojave desert. These evaporated in the course of time, leaving beds of precipitated salts in the deserts, and Owens Lake in Owens Valley.

C. D. Walcott, former Director of the Geological Survey, gave the name of "Waucobi" to the Owens Valley lake, apparently taking this title from an Indian word more commonly spelled "Waucoba." Traces of this lake are found along the White Mountains. Walcott determined, by the character of fossils and shells found along the mountain side up to an altitude of 3,000 feet above the valley's floor, that it was fresh water. He dismissed the theory that the lake was 3,000 feet in depth, because there is no indication of any sufficient southern boundary. He believes, as do others who theorize on the matter, that the later rise of land between the two sections now combined in the White Mountain range carried the old shore up with it.

Volcanic action in the region is characterized as "very recent," which in this case may mean not a great many centuries. Two periods of volcanic activity are indicated. The later of these formed crater and cinder cones along the west side of Owens Valley, from Red Hill, near Bishop, to the lava beds of the middle part of the valley—possibly at or not far from the time when the mud flowed forth and formed the mesa north of Bishop, and the craters northward as far as Mono Lake Basin were active.

Proof that the layman can appreciate that volcanic periods came at widely separated intervals was disclosed in artesian borings near Big Pine. Lava was encountered at more than 100 feet depth, under alluvial soil, while not far away the products of comparatively recent eruptions strewed the present-day surface. Whoever can figure how long it took for the valley to be filled that hundred feet can guess the least time that passed between those two outpourings of molten matter.

Evidences are that the mountains originally towered far higher above the valleys, Owens particularly, than at present. Whitney's pinnacle was higher above sea level, and has worn and broken away. On the other hand the valley floor was once much below what it now is. Borings to a depth of more than 1,000 feet, south of Owens Lake, penetrated only sedimentary gravels and soils. At the lake, deep borings cut successive layers of gravel, sand, volcanic ash, and gravel. Near Big Pine, a 576-foot well encountered only

clay and fine sand, in several alternations. It is clear that the valley has been filling for untold ages. Some investigators claim nevertheless that the general level, at some remote period, was some hundreds of feet higher, and that it was dropped by a great earth-change.

Willard D. Johnson, who spent months examining geologic details of Owens Valley, wrote of it thus:

"Owens Valley had a lively history in the recent geologic past. The mountain-making forces have been extraordinarily vigorous. For example, the broad embayment in the Inyo Range, opposite Big Pine, has been lifted at least 1800 feet, possibly 3000, since glacial times. The Black Canyon region was lifted nearly as much. This great deformation was local, dying out rapidly from Black Canyon northward, and southward from Waucoba canyon. But the Bishop lava field, which had been spread only a little earlier, was warped, folded and shattered in an extraordinary manner. The display of faulting effects has no parallel elsewhere that I know of.

"In volcanism, cones are built by explosive eruption of molten lava. The coarser particles fall back vertically, to build the cone: the finer particles are drifted far on the wind, to fall as ash deposits. With excess of water and less heat, the steam-expanded lava is welled out and spreads as 'lava flows.' Owens Valley has record of volcanism of all types. There have been many ash showers; in the Black Canyon section many are preserved and exposed, one of which is five feet thick. There have been many cinder cones. Most of these have been in large part washed away, but several remain, and some miles south of Big Pine one stands nearly perfect, embraced by glacial moraines, in evidence of post-glacial, or 'recent,' volcanism. Rude cones of built-up lava flows are numerous. The largest is the black mountain immediately south of Big Pine. There are at least a dozen others. Flows of molten lava cover large areas."

In some time of the far past, Owens Valley was larger than at present, for a mighty spread of volcanic matter now deeply covers its northern end, north of Owens River. A mesa of many square miles is full of such evidence. The gorge of Owens River, eroded to more than 800 feet depth, in places, below the general level, with vertical cliff walls of over 400 feet, discloses only an unvarying tufa mass.

Mr. Johnson wrote of the river gorge:

"For six miles it has a remarkably straight course. Has the river, in cutting its course, followed an earthquake crack? There is some reason to think so. This long section is not only exceptionally straight, but it runs at a considerable angle across the general slope of the lava plain surface. That is, fill the canyon and turn the river upon its surface above the Mono power intake and it would discharge into Round Valley. Furthermore, the lava plain is extensively faulted, in two systems of breaks approximately parallel. On the other hand, none of the recognizable faults parallel this long stretch of canyon. There are old river courses on the lava surface. There is evidence, finally, that the river took the long six-mile course following a tilting of pronounced grade in that direction. After it had cut down enough of a canyon to hold it, another tilt toward Round Valley occurred.

"The really striking physiographic fact of this region, however, receives no comment. It is Birchim Canyon. Rock Creek cuts a deep canyon across a rising slope, in order to become a tributary to Owens River. If Birchim Canyon were filled, Rock Creek would pond up, only a few feet deep, and pass easily around the south end of the lava-plain slope. What deflected it in this unnatural way? Early heavy glaciation, which, filling Round Valley in large part, crowded Rock Creek aside, up-grade, and then left it permanently intrenched."

Willis T. Lee, of the United States Geological Survey, remarks:

"The present form of the Owens River system is due largely to change of climate in recent geologic time. Throughout a part, at least, of Quaternary time Owens River flowed southward through Salt Wells Valley, and the portion of Owens Valley north of Bishop probably contained a flowing stream. During the changes toward greater aridity of climate which took place later, the water supply was cut off from the upper part of Owens River and one of its main tributaries was left as the head of the stream. At the time evaporation in the valley equalled or exceeded the inflow, that part of the river south of Owens Lake ceased to flow, and the tributaries from the White Mountains became dry from lack of sufficient rainfall, if indeed they had been permanent streams."

Johnson concluded that many of the great natural changes here mentioned happened but yesterday, so to speak, in the world's making. He believed that they occurred

"since man made pictures of the hairy mammoth and other mammals belonging to glacial times on the walls of caverns in southern France. While, say, the valley of the Euphrates has been standing still, and while on its plains of silt myriads of human beings have time and again busied themselves in erecting brick temples on the moulded ruins of uncounted other brick temples, Owens Valley has been in the making."

CHAPTER II

WHO WERE THE FIRST FAMILIES?

NO TRACES OF ANCIENT MAN—VARIED ANIMAL LIFE WHEN OWENS VALLEY WAS WOODED—ROCK MARKINGS THAT ARE APPARENTLY MEANINGLESS—THEIR ORIGIN UNKNOWN TO PRESENT RACE OF INDIANS—MAY BE COMPARATIVELY RECENT.

Before the white man, the Piute; before the Piute, what people, and for what duration of time?

Geologist Bailey remarks that

"the remains of spear and arrow heads of obsidian, and the fossil bones of mastodon, horse and camel, mingled together, tell the story that elementary man lived along the shores of these ancient lakes."

Dr. A. L. Kroeber, of the University of California, takes direct issue with this, in writing:

"The age of most of the animal remains is to be reckoned by tens of thousands of years. The age of the human finds, whether they consist of skeletons or implements, probably does not extend beyond hundreds or perhaps thousands of years. Such at least is the consensus of opinion regarding all properly authenticated human discoveries yet made on this continent. In Europe and Asia the history of man seems to go back nearly half a million years, but he seems to be a very late comer in America."

He says that in no case yet investigated has there been a certainty that the remains of animals and indications of the presence of human beings were actually associated, without chance of their

having been shifted together by later human or natural intent or accident. The scientific tendency is to be

"exceedingly skeptical in advance regarding any such discovery. The opinion of Professor Bailey is matched by even more startling reports of Professor Whitney and Clarence King, but recent examination has led to a general disbelief in their reports."

That a varied animal population roamed the wilds between these mountain ranges unguessable centuries ago is certain. Near Owens Lake, bones of some unidentified animal were brought up from 110 feet depth. Near Independence, men digging a well found, underneath a cedar log, bones of an animal of the horse species. Still nearer to us in point of time was a mastodon, the bones of which were uncovered at a depth of only twelve feet, also near Independence—an animal estimated by the San Francisco Academy of Sciences to have measured twenty-five feet in length and fourteen in height. Near Death Valley, in eastern Inyo, a few crumbling bits of bone and a few teeth were identified as the remains of a paleotherium, an animal of remote ages.

Not a dependable indication of man's presence in this valley in prehistoric times appears to have been found. The discovery, a few feet underground, of arrowheads of flint (not obsidian), and other articles not associated with the Piute tribe has been reported—probably indicating nothing more than the demise of a wandering warrior from some other region.

Discoveries made in well drilling prove that

in olden times, and at different periods, Owens Valley was more or less wooded. The cedar log which apparently crushed the life from the ancient horse, already mentioned, probably toppled over untold years later than the growth of a black willow of which fragments were brought up from 281 feet depth near Big Pine; and many more centuries separated it from the life of a four-foot log, also apparently black willow, bored through 447 feet underground in the same artesian well. In this well fourteen distinct changes of natural conditions were indicated by as many strata of soils. In the clay beds there penetrated, mass after mass of tules was found.

A hazy Indian tradition reaches back to a time when groves and meadows abounded in these valleys, instead of the familiar sagebrush and, further eastward, desert and desolation. Fish and game were plentiful, say the story-tellers of the campfire circle. That happy period came to an end when the mountains burned and lakes dried up. While this tallies perfectly with scientific conclusions, it is unbelievable as a continuing tradition. It merely does credit to Indian powers of observation, deduction and imagination.

Those who believe that there once occurred a great aboriginal migration through Owens Valley cite the fact that a chain of petroglyphs, or rock markings, extends from the Columbia river southward, into and through Inyo County, and on into Arizona. Examination weakens this evidence, for pictured rocks are found all over the arid West. "The pictures are not the work of any one roam-

ing people," says one authority, "they have been made by all tribes, everywhere, at all times." While markings can be traced northerly and southerly, so can they be traced easterly, and in other directions. Those of one limited area are so unlike those found in another as to make it improbable that they were made by the same people. There are vague resemblances, but only such as would come from the possibility that different tribes, all lacking artistic conceptions, might chance to draw somewhat similar crude and simple designs.

Such rock markings are found in many places throughout the county, as well as to the north and the south. The largest group of petroglyphs in this part of the State is a few miles north of Bishop. It contains very little, if anything, that appears to be capable of interpretation. The Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution writes, after examining photographs of the collection:

> "There is little likelihood that the petroglyphs can be interpreted by anyone. The petroglyphs of the Indians north of central Mexico were not drawn in accordance with a recognized system of symbols, but to a large extent were arbitrary and were controlled more or less by the personal fancy of the maker or makers."

In the group mentioned are some delineations of deer, human and animal footprints, sinuous lines which may mean snakes, oval drawings with connecting lines possibly representing waters, upright lines with others branching as trees rarely do, and many-legged bugs. In general, however,

the designs are but the crudest of geometrical figures, coils, gridirons, and apparently aimless chippings. It is said that petroglyphs found in the eastern part of the county show greater efforts at picturing than do those here described, including better drawn animal figures.

Present-day Piutes disclaim any knowledge of the meaning of the petroglyphs and of their origin, except as will be told in a later chapter on their legends. Dr. Kroeber, already quoted, considers this fact immaterial, remarking:

> "I should be disposed to agree with your conclusion that the pictographs are comparatively recent, and very likely made by the ancestors of the present Piutes. The ignorance of the present generation would prove very little. Since the traditions of most Indians are most fragmentary, knowledge of that kind would be almost certain to die out in three or four hundred years, and might be lost in a century."

The markings are generally found in soft material such as tufa, and were made by chippings. A few are dim, but may have been only lightly cut. Others are fully a quarter-inch in depth. The bottoms of the carvings are lighter in color than the surface of the stone. This tends to prove their recentness, the cuts not having weathered for long periods. Carvings undoubtedly made by white men show precisely the same differences in coloring, and the investigator who takes the trouble to do some rock-marking on his own account will find that the surface he uncovers corresponds in shade with the bottoms of the unknown characters.

Corroborative evidence that the work was

done at no far-removed period, and by the Piutes, is offered by bits of slate similarly marked, taken from opened Indian graves in which the bones are still fairly well preserved.

It is claimed that petroglyphs are found at camping places where there are or were springs or streams, and on natural routes of travel. There are exceptions to this, for some of the collections are in mountain nooks. The collections near Bishop are on the course of stream-beds or near ancient springs.

It may not unreasonably be concluded that the pictured rocks offer no evidence of tribal antiquity in the region, and that they have no value except as illustrating the some-time diversion of idle individuals of a primitive people.

CHAPTER III

NATIVE CUSTOMS

PRIMITIVE TRIBES—BOWS AND ARROWS—ABORIGINAL BILL OF FARE—AGRICULTURE AN UNKNOWN FACTOR—NATIVE PLANTS AS FOOD—MODE OF PREPARATION—DOMESTIC UTENSILS—CLOTHING OF MINOR IMPORTANCE—METALLURGY UNKNOWN—HABITATIONS.

The Piutes were probably the overlords of eastern California from the beginning of tribal existence until the white men took possession. Their traditions assert that they were at all times the rightful owners. Wars are narrated, Indians from across the Sierras being the traditional invaders. One of the legends told in this book is based on such an invasion. The Owens Valley Indians appear to have returned such visits, for it is said in trans-Sierra counties that they conquered and held as their own the territory about the upper waters of the San Joaquin and Kings rivers. They are classed with the Monos—a word said by some to mean "monkey" and by California Blue Book asserted to mean "good-looking." A pioneer writer says the Monos called themselves "Nut-ha."

Bancroft's "Native Races" assigns the western part of the Great Basin to two "great nations": the Shoshones or Snakes, and the Utahs, both classed as branches of the Shoshonean family, and related to the Apaches. The Piutes

(spelled Piutes, Pi Utes, Paiutes, Paiuches, Pah Utes, according to the fancy of the person writing of them) are a subtribe of the Utahs. Bancroft holds that the Piutes and the Pah Utes are two different tribes. The former, split into many small captaincies, have different designations, including the Toy (Tule) Piutes of the Pyramid, Nevada, region; the Ocki (Trout) Piutes on Walker River; the Monos, extending across the Sierras into Tuolumne county; the Cozaby Piutes, "cozaby" being the Indian name of a small worm found in immense numbers on the shores of Mono Lake and formerly, if not now, used as food.

Eastern Inyo belonged to the Panamints, a subtribe of which the last member is said to have died some years ago. When they were visited by a government representative (F. V. Coville) in 1891 there were about twenty-five survivors. The Indian population there, however, came to represent many tribes, for the remote and nearly inaccessible desert places received renegades, red as well as white, from all directions as the white man's law became enforced.

The name Olancha, now borne by a locality near Owens Lake, designated a tribe living west of that point and across the Sierra summit. Whether that people ever laid claim to territory on this slope is but surmise.

Other neighbors of the aboriginal Owens Valleyans were the Meewocs, in Fresno and the western Sierras; Notonatos, on Kings River; Tularenos, in Tulare; Kaweahs, and many others. Bancroft gives the names of more than two hundred

different tribes in California, with the remark that in many cases the same people took different names, after chiefs or for some other reason.

Note is also found in records of the Franciscan monks, in Bancroft's writings, and in a book written by a French priest in 1860, after spending seven years in the West, of a tribe called the Benemés, inhabiting southern Inyo and the Mojave desert. The only information about them is given by the French writer, Domenich: "The only prominent trait of this numerous tribe is a character of great effeminacy. These Indians are very kind to strangers."

The primitive Piutes were not materially different from the average Indians of other parts of the continent. They lacked some of the attainments of tribes of the eastern seaboard; on the other hand they were higher in the scale than the squalid Diggers of western California, whom they regarded with contempt. They were not warriors, in individual bravery. Their fighting tactics were similar to those of a certain free-lance leader of the Civil War who believed in "gittin' thar fustest with the most men." Overwhelming numbers rather than military skill of any kind seems to have been the chief reliance of Indian combatants.

Spears were known among them, but appear to have been used almost exclusively for fishing. The bow and arrow formed the chief reliance for offense and defense. The Piute bow was commonly made of a tough wood, backed with sinew from deer or other animals. The best form of bow

was two and one-half to three feet long, with its ends shaped in short reverse curves. Some bows were simple arcs, four or five feet long. Arrows were made of a species of cane, of the straight-growing arrow weed when found, or of willow. Arrow material was cut before it fully matured. Bends in it were straightened by bending in contact with the groove in a stone shaped for the purpose, and heated. Numerous examples of such stones are found in collections of Indian relics. Obsidian was sometimes used for arrow heads; more often the substance employed was the hard wood of the sagebrush, burned or scraped to a dull point. The heads and the two or three spirally placed feathers for guiding the shaft were secured to it by threads of sinew.

Writers on Indian customs have told how obsidian heads for arrow and spear are shaped by being heated, then subjected to the dropping of cold water so as to chip away the stone. Others may have followed this method; the Piute plan was different. The manufacturer selected a chip of obsidian approximating the desired shape and size, and with favorable cleavage lines. This fragment was held in one hand, which was protected by a buckskin covering; then a sharp bit of bone was used to laboriously pry off fragment after fragment of obsidian until a satisfactory point was shaped.

As the food problem took precedence over all others, nearly all Piute manufactures related to it. The bow and arrow, occasionally necessary for fighting, were continually used in hunting.

Another article employed in the chase was the rabbit net. A milkweed known to many as Indian hemp yields a long and fairly strong fiber; this was beaten and stripped from the dried stalks and twisted into cord, with which long nets were made. These nets, less than three feet in height, were stretched across favorite runways of rabbits. On the occasion of a drive, the animals coming to the net found no difficulty in putting their heads through the open meshes, but could neither force their bodies through nor, because of their long ears, withdraw from the entanglement, and became easy captives.

Antelope, deer and mountain sheep were sometimes killed by large hunting parties which stealthily surrounded the game; then wherever the hapless animal turned, an arrow awaited it until a lucky shot brought it down.

There were, besides tiny minnows, but two native species of fishes, chubs and suckers. Low-water periods were the favorite times for their capture. Dams were made across the diminished stream, sometimes by Indians standing in line across the channel to briefly serve as a backing against which to pile sods, brush and earth. As the channel immediately below was drained, its fish were scooped out. The trout with which the waters of the eastern slope of the Sierras now teem were planted by the white men. Quail also were unknown on the primitive bill of fare, few or none having existed in this region prior to the coming of the whites.

In addition to such foods as white people

would find acceptable, the Indian menu included nearly everything that had life, including some kinds of insects and of worms. A large caterpillar known as "pe-ag-ge" (to spell it phonetically) was a staple harvest. The hills between Owens Valley and Mono Lake Basin seem to be the special habitat of this delicacy. It is found in living pine trees, and is not the white worm common in stumps. When gathered it was dried for later consumption. The "cozaby" of the lake shores, the larvae of a form of fly, was gathered where the waves had piled it in windrows at the water's edge, and similarly dried.

The sloughs yielded a species of mussel. In the early years of white occupation, piles of such shells were often seen near Indian camps.

Agriculture was an art unknown to the aboriginal inhabitants. They knew that to flood favorable tracts of ground occasionally would increase their yield of plants and grasses, and to that extent only did they pay attention to the fertile soil. A visitor in 1859 wrote:

> "Large tracts of land are irrigated by the natives to secure the growth of grass seeds and grass nuts—a small tuberous root of fine taste and nutritious qualities which grows here in great abundance. Their ditches for irrigation are in some cases carried for miles, displaying as much accuracy and judgment as if laid out by an engineer, and this, too, without the aid of a single agricultural implement. They are totally ignorant of agriculture, and depend entirely on the natural resources of the country for food and clothing."

The grass nut mentioned in the quotation is known as "taboose." In appearance it resembles

a miniature potato. It is firm and solid, pleasant to the taste, and by no means to be despised as a food article.

The piñon, "Pinus monophylla," to give the tree its botanical designation, furnished to the natives one of their chief food staples. The pine nut is found on most of the desert mountains of western Nevada and eastern California, and in the eastern Sierran range and foothills. Harvesting the nuts, in early autumn, caused, and still causes, an extensive Piute migration to the hills. Whole villages sprang up in the piñon forests while the crop was being gathered. The season comes as the seeds mature, but before the cone scales have opened. The cones are beaten from the trees, and spread in the sun until the scales become dry and crack apart. Artificial heat sometimes expedites this process. The seeds are then shaken out or beaten out with sticks. The nuts were formerly roasted by being put into baskets with live coals and stirred or shaken until the cooking was completed; now probably less primitive means are used. If properly prepared, the nuts remain fresh and edible for long periods. They are eaten either in the roasted condition, or ground up and eaten as a dry meal or made into soup.

Many other plants supplied food, either in Owens Valley or in the desert valleys to the eastward, or both, according to where they might be found. Sand grass, a plant of many localities of the West, was one of these. The abundant seeds were gathered in baskets by beating the grass with a sort of paddle; then the chaff was win-

nowed from the seeds. A large round-headed cactus known as "devil's pincushion," found in some rocky situations, yielded seeds specially valued because of their long period of freshness after being gathered, thus serving when most other supplies had failed. Several other kinds of seeds were gathered and used, commonly in the form of mush.

A kind of prickly pear was made into food. When, in early summer, the flat, fleshy stems were fully distended with sap, they were broken off with sticks and collected in baskets. Each piece was rubbed with grass to remove the prickles, and exposed to the heat of the sun. When thoroughly dry they kept indefinitely, and were often prepared for eating by boiling. The manner of preparation was sometimes varied. Instead of being dried, the pieces were piled into a thoroughly heated stone-lined cavity, which was first lined with grass. A layer of cactus joints was laid in, then hot stones, then cactus, and so on until the pile was rounded. The whole was covered with a mat of vegetation and lastly with moist earth. The pile was allowed to steam for ten or twelve hours, after which the "na-vo," as it was called, was ready to be eaten, or to be dried and kept for the future. The dried substance is said to have resembled dried peaches in texture and appearance. This dish was more especially in favor in the eastern part of the county, where the plant is more common.

Some plants of the form botanically known as cruciferae, having large juicy leaves, and having

a cabbage-like taste, were gathered and thrown into boiling water for a few minutes, then taken out, washed in cold water and squeezed. This operation was repeated several times, for the purpose of removing bitterness and eliminating some substances known to produce effects unpleasant to the eater. Frank Kennedy, an old-timer in the Panamint region, said that when food was very scarce almost any green herbage was eaten after a similar preparation.

The mesquite furnished for the desert Indians a food not available in Owens Valley. The ripe pods store a small amount of sugary nutritious matter. The same Indians made use of the undeveloped buds of the yucca. In gathering this material, the leaves around the bud were grasped by the hand and by a twist and sidewise pull it was broken off. Though as the buds age the stems become very tough, in that early stage they are brittle and easily broken by one who understands how. In preparing this food, the outer leaves and tips are discarded, leaving an egg-shaped, solid and juicy mass. This is roasted, and eaten either hot or cold.

Indians of Inyo had no such trouble about salt supply as was the rule among eastern aborigines, for they had but to gather all they wanted from huge natural beds.

Sugar substitutes were secured from the common reed, in one of two ways. One was to scrape from the stems and leaves a parasitic covering, which was used in the crude form. White men who saw it say that the "sugar" was filled with small

green bugs, a detail apparently not objectionable. Another method was to cut the plants, when fully grown, and dry them in the sun. The material was pulverized and the finer portions sifted out, to be worked into a gum-like mass, and finished by being partially roasted.

Many things were eaten raw; others were dried. The methods of cooking included the simple plan of holding the food on sticks over the fire; roasting by mixing it with live coals in wicker baskets, which were shaken; boiling in water-tight baskets into which hot stones were dropped.

Domestic utensils were made of wickerwork. They were in various forms, according to purpose. Plates and sieves were from nine to twelve inches in diameter, slightly saucer-shaped. Water baskets were so closely woven as to be almost water-tight, and finished off with a coating of pitch or other substance; these were usually urn-shaped, with a narrow neck and often a rounded or conical bottom. The pot basket was the squaw's most useful utensil. It was bowl-shaped, with curving sides and a flattened bottom, very closely woven. Before white men provided something better—it is to be understood that all these references to modes of living relate to the early period—the pot basket served as a container in which to boil food, as well as a bowl for dry substances. On occasion, it served the owner as a head covering. Transportation was done in packbaskets, up to two and one-half feet high, funnel shaped, and carried on the back, sometimes by being grasped

by the rim but more often by means of a strap which was passed across the bearer's forehead. Winnowing baskets, used for separating chaff from seeds, were two or three feet long, oval with one end brought to a point, and but a few inches deep. The infant Piute was cradled in a wickerwork contrivance with a Y-shaped tree fork as a base. The back of this receptacle was flat; half of the front was rounded, diminishing to the pointed base; usually a curved framework projected from the top of the contrivance to keep the sun from the infant's face. Into this he was lashed, and either left or carried on the mother's back as circumstances required. Other articles, including bird cages, were likewise made of wickerwork.

All these articles were made by the squaws at the cost of much time, care, and often skill. Willow was the principal material, though not the invariable one. In this manufacture, the withes were gathered at a certain stage of growth. The bark was stripped off, and protuberances scraped down. The sticks were then split into three or more strands, unless they were to be used for large and coarse baskets or the withes were too small to justify splitting. Each strand was shaped into a thin pliant strip, which was stored until wanted and soaked in water before using. The thread-like effect in some weaving is secured by the use of a fine and tough grass.

The finer baskets, such as are included in collections which white people have made, were ornamented in various ways. Bark was sometimes

left on for this purpose; sometimes the work was stained, and on occasion feathers of selected colors were worked in. Colored figuring, usually black in the baskets of Owens Valley Indians, was made by using natural growths of that hue. The Panamints used a plant known as devil horns, having a black fiber several inches long. Natives who could obtain yucca roots sometimes employed the red coloring from that source.

Clothing was a minor consideration, during most of the year. No attempt was made to manufacture fabrics of any kind. Rabbit skins sewed together served as robes for the women, and provided a warm covering. Moccasins were made of deer skin, put together in the simplest manner. The purpose of these articles was for comfort only; other reasons hardly figured. Early white visitors to this region found the natives clad in little more than primitive simplicity and bright face paints.

A form of glue, for fastening sinew backing on bows, was made by boiling the hoofs of mountain sheep. A minute parasite found on certain plants was also used for the purpose; the parasitic masses were scraped off in the form of gum, kneaded and worked, and applied hot.

Stone pipes have been found in some Indian burial grounds, though not often enough to indicate that smoking was more than a ceremonial custom. A plant known as Indian tobacco was used.

Not a single instance has been discovered to indicate that the Piutes had even so much knowledge of metallurgy as to fashion ornaments, let

alone articles of use. They knew, however, where placer gold was to be found.

The tribes of the region were not nomadic; the general locality of each subdivision appears to have been fixed with considerable definiteness. In consequence, their habitations were built with fair permanence, considering their limitations of skill. Sometimes the camp consisted of nothing more than a curved windbreak of willow sticks, driven into the ground and fastened by horizontally woven withes. The more elaborate structures were conical campoodies of tules and willows, thick-walled and weatherproof except at the small entrance through which the occupants crouched their way. In the average of these, a person of ordinary height might stand erect in the central part. On occasion, these huts became sweat-houses for the treatment of the sick.

CHAPTER IV

MEDICINE MEN AND LEGENDS

NOT A POPULAR HONOR—AN EXACTING CODE—WITCHES PUNISHED—TREATMENT OF THE SICK—THE PENALTY OF AGE—HOW THE INDIANS HAVE PROGRESSED—LEGENDS OF THE CREATION—WHY CAT AND DOG ARE ENEMIES—THE LEGEND OF WINNEDUMAH.

The medicine man was an institution of Piutedom as of probably all other savage tribes. The distinction was not what might be termed a popular honor. Whether the selection was made for some hereditary reason, or because of some event at his birth or in the early life of the doctor, his status was established at an age when he had no chance to object. It does not appear that he was expected to employ his skill until he had reached reasonably mature years, but his status was settled, however he might resent it when he came to understand the part cast for him in the drama of life. And resent it he usually did, for as soon as his ministrations had sent a sufficient number—generally three—of his fellows to the happy hunting grounds his own violent and sudden removal from mundane affairs would come as a matter of custom.

Among the former Piute residents of Owens Valley, during the early years of white occupa-

tion, was one Jim, who had been selected by fate for a doctor's career. In consequence, Jim constantly carried a "sixteen-shoot gun," prepared at all times to "heap kill um" if there were attempts either to force him to practice or to fasten on him the results of some other person's lack of skill in exorcising evil spirits. At an earlier period, when less efficient defense was available, Jim probably would have fled to other parts.

The standard of medical success, if not skill, required of Piute medicos was higher than among civilized peoples; for while a white doctor is in no danger of violence whatever his (or his patient's) luck, the Piute healer did well to arrange his affairs immediately on the demise of his third patient. He was marked for early and unceremonious removal, by whatever means might be convenient for the kin of his last case. Stones, arrows, lassos, in daylight or darkness, regardless of place or anything but opportunity, were used to reduce the number of medicine men in active service. It was approved tribal law.

It appears that the three-death rule was not always the standard. The doctor might sometimes pay the penalty for a bad guess, even if the patient recovered. If when called he predicted death, but the patient got well, it was marked as a failure of prophecy; the medicine man didn't know his business, and it went toward his undoing. If the patient's death was predicted and came to pass, accuracy of prophecy counted for nothing; he had to answer for losing the case. His best chance for rounding out his allotted years was

in being fortunate enough to have no professional calls.

His family was in no happier plight. Relationship to an unsuccessful medicine man gave the sisters and cousins and aunts and other female relatives a special liability to powers of witchcraft, and they suffered accordingly. Many cold-blooded murders of such alleged witches are said to have been committed.

Nearly all the threatened clashes between Indians and whites, after the close of the Indian war, came from the white man's inability to appreciate the propriety of killing off unsuccessful medicine men, and a determination to stop murders of that character. As late as 1886 there were instances of the killing of both "doctors" and "witches." But even then the younger generation of Indians rebelled against the barbarous custom. In later years, the sick native usually calls for a white physician. The Indian doctor has become practically non-existent, and it has been long since there has been a known case of one being slain. And yet in 1916 barbaric incantation was used to treat one of the belles of the tribe, for some illness, until in the last extremity a physician was called, unavailingly. In another case as recent, a girl's sore eyes were treated by some campfire beldame who rubbed the eyeballs with a piece of stone until the blood started, in order to release the evil spirit that caused the trouble. In spite of vast improvement there is still need of enlightenment among the Indians.

The chief medical process included dancing and incantations to drive away the demon that possessed the sick individual, if the latter's complaint were fever or some trouble of which the cause was not obvious. The sweathouse was used for some complaints, particularly for those in which a rash appeared on the skin. The victim went into an airtight wickiup with suitable accessories for heating. When sufficiently warmed up, and perspiring freely if possible, the invalid ran out and plunged into a pool or stream of cold water. As this system was used for a wide range of ills, the consequences in many cases may be imagined.

A few infusions were known and used. Pitch or fir balsam served to cover wounds. A white man who spoke Piute fluently stated that a method for closing open wounds was to sew them with the heads of ants. A large black ant found in the hills was used for the purpose, being held in such position that it grasped the lips of the pushed-together wound. The insect was then pinched in two, leaving its head to serve as a stitch. This sounds a bit fanciful, but was given as a fact.

Ants also figure in a rheumatism cure given by an Indian to a white friend: "Make um sick man sit on ant's nest. Bimeby (by and by) heap holler—purty good. Mebbe so git well." This scheme has a parallel in the white argument that stings of bees help to cure the same complaint; and the parallel is not diminished by the "mebbe so git well."

Tribal custom disposed of aged Indians in

heartless fashion, but it is said that the individuals in question were at least sometimes willing parties to the arrangement. The one who had become "old and only in the way" was taken to some lone spot and left with a limited supply of food and water. There he or she starved, if some earlier termination of misery did not give release. Malarango, chief of the Coso Piutes, had attained the ripe age of (supposedly) ninety years when with many bodily troubles he supervised preparations for his own removal in this way in 1874. Supplied with a small stock of pine nuts with which to gradually "taper off" on a lifelong habit of eating more or less as circumstances had happened to control, he was located at a spring, with the expectation of going into his last sleep in three days.

The home of a dead person was burned, together with at least a part of his personal possessions. No evidence appears that goods and chattels of any consequence were buried with the body. Numerous Indian graves have been encountered in excavating, and in one instance the gradual removal of a sand hill uncovered a rather extensive burying ground, in which there were found only bones and occasionally a bit of figured stone.

These were the things of primitive times. The Owens Valley Indian has advanced marvelously—more so than the white man did in ten times as many years, for the white slowly evolved advantages that were brought ready-made to the Piute. Civilized clothing appealed to the Indian

for practical reasons. He evoluted from unmoral conditions. He learned how to secure a living from the ground, and became skilled in lines within his comprehension. He grew mentally. There are Piutes who in education excel some of the white men beside whom they work. There are some who have taken up skilled trades. Adherents to primitive customs are found only among the ancients of the people; the newer generation are advancing rapidly. The women often dress neatly, and among them are found numerous competent housekeepers. Descendants of the natives who fled at sight of the first wagon own and drive their own automobiles. While the wattled wickiup has not become extinct, the frame cabin is common in the little Piute villages. Sewing machine, rugs and carpets are often found inside, and perhaps a talking machine with a surprising selection of music. For all the crudeness of the hieroglyphics on pictured rocks, the natives have a degree of artistic ability. A wholly untaught girl made a recognizable portrait of a white acquaintance, while others of Indian blood have acquired such skill as to make their partially trained abilities a source of revenue. Instead of the pot basket worn as a hat, one is more likely to see the feminine Piute head adorned with decorated millinery from some store. No longer is the camp commissary repulsive in its selection of viands, though the pe-ag-ge is occasionally still gathered. White men's food products are chosen with such fastidiousness, sometimes, that the Indian buyer insists on his or her special preference

of flour or whatever other commodity may be desired.

We have written of old-time customs as much because some record of them should be kept as for any other reason, and because of the contrast with present-day conditions. Basketry is becoming a lost art among the Indian women; and other things, often less commendable, are disappearing just as surely. The Piute fills an important place in the economic and industrial life of Inyo County. This evolution is partly the result of association with the whites and recognition of the superiority of their ways. It is also largely due to the judicious labors of conscientious agents and teachers who have been placed among them by the national government. The Indian is growing into full, intelligent citizenship. This has come from judicious leading and association. It is a gradual process, and yet "gradual" seems hardly a fitting term to denote the wonderful advance that has been made in every item of the Indian's life since some of those around us were carried on their mothers' backs. The outcome can best be left to the people who understand the situation, and who, with full sympathy for the Indian's future, willingly further his interests. It is not a "problem" to be dealt with at long range by would-be philanthropists (if philanthropy be their purpose) whose theories merely interfere with Indian welfare.

Securing information about the Piutes, from them, is no easy undertaking. Most of them are reluctant about telling anything of their tribal

life, and to learn their individual Indian names, or their meaning, is perhaps the most difficult of all. It is hard to explain why this is true. To learn the legends that are, or were, current among them, is an undertaking.

Indian history, preserved only by narration from one generation to the next, soon becomes merged with tradition and legend. With no such standard of reckoning as we have, their stories of the past are generally dated "long time ago," yet may have been only two or three generations back. Details are lost, or elaborated. A legendary migration may have had its foundation in the movement of but a small band. A flood of purely local magnitude may become all-enveloping, in the narrations of later years. In addition to such embellishments as native story-tellers add to their tales, by the time white writers have taken their turn at rounding out the stories the results are usually far from the first camp-fire telling.

It is particularly noticeable that all Indian legends have their scenes in the vicinity of the tribes that tell them. The world of each is practically limited to its own horizon.

Occasionally a legend is secured at first-hand from a native source. Such an instance is the Piute version of the Creation, as told by an Owens Valley Indian to D. L. Maxwell, formerly of the local Indian Service, and by him recorded in the following language:

"The word 'Piute' signifies 'people who come and go in boats.' These people originally lived along the shores of Lake Lahontan. Their

descendants now live near the mountain lakes of eastern California and Nevada.

"According to their legends, at the beginning the world was all water. At that time the Great Wolf God, the God of Creation, with the assistance of his little brother or son, the coyote, planted the rock seeds in the great water, and from them the rocks and land grew. The rock plants were helped in their growth, and cared for while growing, by the Pot-sa-gah-wahs. The Pot-sa-gah-wahs were the ministering spirits of the Wolf God, and were supposed to have the form and physique of a beautiful child about ten years old. They could walk about on land, but lived and hid themselves from human eyes in the water, where their movements were rapid—almost instantaneous."

(Any one who is critical of this legend because of the introduction of human beings at this stage is requested, before he comments on the Indian story, to inform us where Cain got his wife.)

"When the earth became habitable, the first man to be created was Hy-nan-nu. His mother was a winged creature, a spirit or bird, perhaps Hai-wai, the dove.

"The Piutes were created from the rocks. A particular rock which is far up on one of the creeks west of Owens Valley, and having a resemblance to a human form, was the mother rock.

"After the Piutes had become numerous in Owens Valley, Hy-nan-nu came from the southeast to teach them better modes of living. He was not a Piute, but came from some other tribe, and remained here for many years. He was not

only their Adam, but also their Moses, writing laws for them on tables of stone. They believe the picture writings on the rocks of this valley are the work of his hands. They were at one time able to read those writings, but that art has long been lost. They have legends telling what each of the different writings signify.

"Hy-nan-nu was also their Methuselah, Enoch, Solomon and Samson. They have legends which tell of his feats of strength and daring. He is to them more than that, for they say of him as was said of the humble Galilean, 'He went about doing good.'

"Hy-nan-nu taught the Piutes to be happy; not to worry or be concerned about this world's goods. He would sometimes break a basket in the maker's hands or dig up the growing taboose in order to teach them that work was not of so much importance as a happy disposition. So work took a secondary place in the minds of the Piute forefathers.

"He was one day walking through Long Valley when he saw several Pot-sa-gah-wahs who had left the waters of Owens River and were walking on the side of the mountain. He desired to catch them, and being between them and the river he chased these little creatures far up the mountain and was about to take them when the Wolf God sent water up into the mountains to save their lives. A lake was created for their benefit; they plunged into it and were safe.

"The lake which originated on that memorable occasion is now rudely called Convict Lake,

instead of its Piute name Wit-so-nah-pah, which means 'spring up,' or perhaps 'spring up to save life.'

"The writing on a rock near Rock Creek in Round Valley is the story of a little child and how it was taken by the Pot-sa-gah-wahs into the spirit world and became a Pot-sa-gah-wah. Hy-nan-nu taught that people might be changed at death into those little beings. The qualities essential to winning that reward are strength and bravery. There must be no fears for the future—and here the idea of trust and faith becomes part of their religion.

> " 'That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not;
> That the feeble hand and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touches God's right hand in that darkness
> And is lifted up and strengthened.'

"Hy-nan-nu, while teaching in Inyo County, was always looking for his mother, whom he had never seen or had but glimpsed. Having finished his work here, and being sure his mother was not in this valley, he one day walked up Bishop Creek and passed over the mountains, to renew his work with the people he might find there and to continue his search for his mother.

"Thus according to Piute tradition was created the earth and things that dwell therein."

It is not without interest to compare this with the very different Creation legend of the Western Nevada branches of the same tribe:

"At first the world was all water and remained so for a long time. Then the water began to go down, and at last Kurangwa (Mt. Grant) came from the water, near the southwest end of Walker Lake. There was fire on its top, and when the wind blew hard the water dashed over the fire and would have extinguished it, but for the sage-hen nestling over it and fanning away the water with its wings. The heat scorched the feathers on the sagehen's breast, and they remain black to this day. Afterwards the Piutes got their first fire from the mountain through the help of the rabbit." (Most Indian legends credit the coyote with having preserved fire.)

"As the water subsided other mountains appeared, until at last the earth was left as it now is. Then the great ancestor of the Piutes came from the south past Mt. Grant, upon which his foot-prints can still be seen, and made his home in the region of Carson Sink. A woman followed him; they met and she became his wife. They dressed themselves in skins and lived on the meat of deer and mountain sheep. They had children, two boys and two girls. The father made bows and arrows for the boys, and the mother taught the girls how to dig roots.

"When the children grew up each boy married a sister, but the new families quarreled until the father commanded them to separate. One family went south and became fish-eaters, the Piutes of Walker Lake, and the others went north and became buffalo-eaters, the Bannocks. After the children had left them the parents went into the mountains and from there into the sky."

Where the fish and pine nuts came from is told in another legend: A mountain rocked violently, and a mighty rift appeared in its side. As a dazzling light shone, a gigantic Indian, dressed in buckskin and decorated with beads and feathers, stepped forth. He fired an arrow at the hillside, and on the slope arose many trees laden with pine nuts. A shaft was shot into the water, and the stream swarmed with fish. He pointed to the mountains, and the awe-stricken natives followed his direction and found a cave floored with silver.

Man made friends with some of the animals in this wise: A dog had a bear at bay. While bruin sat on his haunches waiting for an opportunity to slap the dog into oblivion, the first man sneaked up behind the bear and killed it with a club. The man skinned the bear with his strong fingers, and as he ate some of the meat he threw portions to the dog, establishing a lasting friendship. A little later the first woman appeared, and while she was eating flesh from the bear a cat appeared. She fed it, which accounts for the intimacy between women and cats ever since. When the dog saw the woman feeding the cat he became jealous and tried to chase pussy away. The woman protected the cat, and the dog and the cat have always been enemies.

The best known legend of Owens Valley is that of Winnedumah. It is connected with a remarkable monolith of sandstone, on the extreme crest of the White Mountains, directly east of Independence. This object, commonly known as the

Piute Monument, is eighty feet high, and from its position on the skyline is visible for many miles. It is—or was—considered an enduring monument of faithfulness, according to the legend of which the following appears to be a more accurate narration than most of those which have been published:

"Long, long ago" the great medicine man of the Piutes was Winnedumah, brother of Tinnemaha, war chief of the people. The principal tribal stronghold was in the Black Rocks, a tumbled volcanic mass which is strewn over mid-Owens Valley for several square miles.

One day hordes of Diggers poured through the passes of the Sierras, Pahbatoya, to raid the Piute hunting grounds. The owners resented this trespass, and a battle such as no Piute has witnessed since that event began forthwith. It lasted through days of the fiercest fighting. At last the Piutes were beaten and forced to flee. Many found refuge in the caves and recesses of the Black Rocks—which same cavities may be seen to this day by whoever may doubt this tale. Others fled across the rugged mountains to the eastward. Among the fugitives was Winnedumah, whose medicine had been useless against the invaders. Sorely pressed, exhausted, and alone he gained the summit, where he stopped for a final view of the domain which he deemed lost, and to await the coming of his warrior brother. But Tinnemaha had fallen in the fray, and while Winnedumah invoked the aid of the Great Spirit for his stricken people, a great convulsion of nature

came, and one of its results was to transform him into a pillar of stone. The same natural manifestation so frightened the trespassing Diggers that they forthwith went back from whence they came, never again to dispute the ownership of Owens Valley. There to this day stands Winnedumah, faithful to the end of time.

A tale told by a Mono Indian, and known also to Owens Valley Indians to whom it was mentioned, is of a winter of special hardships and trials so severe that it virtually wiped out the population. "Long time ago—my grandfather say—him grandfather—him grandfather—him grandfather," and so on for many generations, this devastating winter happened. Deep snow came, and kept coming until the whole region bordering the eastern Sierras was under a blanket that in the higher valleys did not melt away until midsummer. All animal life was killed off, or sought pleasanter climes, and the natives, banded at the warm springs, were without food. In this extremity the aged of the tribe sought their own deaths, that the younger ones might thereby be supplied with food. It was a long time after that, the narrator said, before there were any number of Indians along the Sierras, for the survivors went away.

CHAPTER V

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

PADRES DID NOT REACH INYO—JEDEDIAH SMITH, 1825—GOLD FOUND AT MONO LAKE—OGDEN, 1831—CAPTAIN JOE WALKER, 1832—CHILES PARTY, 1842—WAGONS ABANDONED AT OWENS LAKE—RESTING SPRINGS—FREMONT'S EXPEDITIONS—NAMING OF OWENS RIVER.

The Franciscan missionaries, who played so large a part in the history of western California, did not cross or even reach the Sierra Nevada Mountains. According to Fr. Zephyrin, in charge of the Santa Barbara Mission and its historical records when this chapter is written, and himself a coast authority on historical matters, Francisco Hermenegildo Garces journeyed from the mission near Tucson, Arizona, across the Mojave desert in 1775, and came in contact with the Benemé tribe of Indians, whose territory extended into southern Inyo; he passed on to Tulare County by way of San Fernando.

Historian Irving B. Richman's map of early California routes gives that of Captain Joe Walker, 1833, as the first through Owens Valley. Bancroft, however, notes that Jedediah S. Smith and his party of trappers crossed the Sierras at Walker's Pass in 1829 and skirted the Sierras north to Mono Lake. McGroarty's "California" also mentions Smith's journey over the route mentioned. Important as was Bancroft's work,

most of his delving into the history of the intermountain country was done by proxy, and incompletely as well. We are justified as accepting as more dependable an account based on Smith's own notes and published in 1881. According to it, Smith and forty companions crossed the country from the Yellowstone River in 1825. He followed, in Nevada, what he called the Mary River, now known as the Humboldt. He and two of his party came south by Walker Lake, and crossed Walker's Pass in July of that year, the rest of the expedition crossing the Sierras farther north. In October Smith came back over the same route, traveling closer to the Sierras on the way north. He discovered Mono Lake, and found gold there over twenty-two years before Marshall picked up at Coloma the nugget which started California's rush. Two men, known as Rocky Mountain Jack and Bill Reed, spent the summer of 1860 at Mono Diggings, near Mono Lake. Both declared that they were there in 1825 with Jedediah Smith, and that the party spent a week prospecting during that earlier period. In a volume listing the names of Smith's party, the name of Reed appears, together with several Johns, one of whom may have been identical with Rocky Mountain Jack.

Peter Ogden, a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, came through Nevada in 1831, and is said to have followed the route previously taken by Smith.

Then came Captain Joe Walker—Joseph Ruddeford Walker, to give him the full name appearing in the annals of the Missouri town of

Independence. Walker's home was there, as were those of Smith, already mentioned, and Chiles, who was to lead the next expedition this way. It was the westernmost frontier settlement and the starting point of the sunset trails. In 1832 Walker left there as a lieutenant of Capt. Bonneville, in the latter's company of 110 picked men, with exploration of the country around and beyond Great Salt Lake as their purpose. The party divided at that lake, and Walker with part of the command kept on westward. They finally reached Monterey. Richman marks his route as being through Owens Valley; another writer claims that he skirted the eastern base of the White Mountains and crossed Owens Valley southeast of Owens Lake. As his later guiding was unquestionably through the valley, it is probable that the earlier trip followed the same route.

Joseph B. Chiles organized a company of about fifty, including a few women and children, in Independence, Missouri, in 1843, and started for California. Wagons were substituted for pack trains in this expedition. Walker was met at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and Chiles employed him to guide the party through. On reaching Fort Hall, the two men decided to divide the party and take different routes, Walker selecting the one through Owens Valley. All the families were in his branch. He led them over his old course, via Walker Lake, and southward. Infinite hardships, says one of their writers, attended their journey to Owens Valley. They traveled down the east side of Owens River to the lake. Their

livestock was so jaded when that point was reached that it became necessary to abandon the cumbersome wagons. Some sawmill machinery had been brought with the party, and this too was abandoned. The natives were terrorized at sight of the wagons, and fled to the hills. They made trouble but once, when a night guard named Milton Little was wounded with an arrow fired in the darkness. A later search was made for the wagons and machinery, but everything had been carried away.

After abandoning the wagons, portable property was loaded on the animals able to carry it, and the company proceeded on foot to "the point of the mountain," Owens Peak and Walker's Pass—the latter, like the lake and river, named for the leader of this expedition. Their hardships increased as they passed through the mountains, past the later site of Visalia and to the Gilroy rancho, which they reached in January, 1844. One of the families in this party was that of George Yount, whose ranch in Napa County became the site of Yountville.

This was the second wagon train to enter California from the east, though its vehicles did not cross the Sierras. The one before it was that of John Bidwell, traveling much farther north in 1841. The Chiles-Walker expedition, landing in the Mexican settlements, strengthened the Mexican authorities in their fear of American invasion across the plains.

There was an "old Spanish trail," of which we find no earlier record, however, into the State

from the eastward. It became the route adopted by Mormon emigrants to San Bernardino, and was used until after the Mountain Meadows massacre. A branch of the trail reached Resting Springs, in Inyo County. These springs, first known as the Archilette, were given the name they still bear from the use made of them by Mormon travelers who tarried there to recuperate their livestock on journeys across the waste.

To the Archilette came John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, on April 19, 1844. He found there a lone survivor of a party of Mexicans who had been attacked by Indians. Fremont rechristened the springs "Agua de Hernandez," for the rescued man. An old sword, supposed to have been lost by one of Fremont's men, was found in that vicinity more than forty years later. Decay had destroyed its handle, and the blade was firmly rusted into the sheath; the weapon was of the pattern used in Fremont's day.

Once more the name of Walker, whom some of his contemporaries refer to as one of the best and bravest of mountain men, appears in the local record, and with it, that of Richard Owens. Fremont left Bent's Fort, on the Oregon trail in Colorado, in the late summer of 1845, with sixty men, including several Delaware Indians. Somewhere on the way he met Walker and Owens and added them to the party, "with great satisfaction," he notes.

As Fremont gave the name of Owens to the Inyo County river, valley and lake, it is of interest to note the tribute paid in the Pathfinder's

Memoirs to that adventurer's capabilities and value. "He was a good mountaineer, good hunter and good shot; cool, brave and of good judgment." He was an officer in the later skirmishing in southern California. When Fremont was haled to Washington to account for some of his actions, Owens went as one of his principal witnesses. Owens did not see the river or valley that bear his name. Fremont did the naming, after the expedition reached the San Joaquin Valley.

The whole company traveled together until Walker Lake was reached, November 23, 1845. The Indians found there were not friendly, but made no hostile demonstration. A party of Piutes was met as Fremont rode near the lake, the two bands of men passing but a short distance apart. The Indians did not look up, and gave no sign of knowing that the white men were in the neighborhood. Fremont's belief was that his party were regarded as intruders, or else that the natives had received some recent injury.

Fremont, Owens, Kit Carson and twelve others went north to cross the Sierras along the Truckee, then called the Salmon Trout River. Theodore Talbot commanded the main party of about fifty, one of whom was Edward M. Kern, artist and topographer, whose name was given to our neighboring county. This branch stayed at Walker Lake until December 8th, and reached "the head of Owens River," (locality not definitely stated) on the 16th. They followed the river to the lake, near which they camped from the 19th to the 21st, then going on southerly and through Walker's Pass.

For many years a mound of stones some three or four feet high stood beside the road a short distance north of Independence. Popular tradition held that it marked the burial place of one of the Fremont-Talbot expedition who died in this valley. The belief is doubtless erroneous. Evidence indicates that the route of travel was closer to the river; and aside from this, the site of the cairn was on very stony ground, while ground much easier to dig was but a short distance away. An alternative explanation is easier of acceptance; that the monument was an Indian boundary mark, on a line between the Piute Monument and a Sierra pinnacle which soldiers ascended in 1862, but which stands no longer. Whatever the origin of the mound, it has been destroyed.

CHAPTER VI

DEATH VALLEY PARTY OF 1849

A TRAIL MARKED BY GRAVES—START OF THE JAYHAWKERS —ADDITIONS TO EXPEDITION—BREAK-UP OF CARAVAN IN UTAH—GUIDE'S ADVICE REJECTED—INTO DEATH VALLEY—FORLORN HOPE SENT OUT—THEIR RETURN—FINAL ESCAPE.

Next in Inyo annals comes the tragic story of the pioneers who, seeking a short route to California, marked their way across the deserts with abandoned equipages, lonely graves or unburied corpses, and found in Death Valley the culmination of their miseries and misfortunes.

A writer of the period said that the overland trail could be traced by the headboards and mounds above the bodies of its victims. Disease and hardships, the arrows of hostile Indians, and sometimes Mormondom's "destroying angels," all did their shares toward justifying this assertion. Hundreds, who set forth in hope, were laid to rest by the wayside, their lonely graves more often visited by pariah coyotes or trampled by bison than seen by human beings. The full tale of those journeyings has never been told. Here and there some special tragedy found a place in the blood-stained history of pioneering. None exceed in horror the truth about those who perished at the verge of the promised land, the Donner party

famishing in Sierra snows and the Death Valley party starving in the desert.

The record of the Death Valley party is found in the narratives of W. L. Manley, Mrs. Brier, J. B. Colton, Edward Coker and Thomas Shannon, all of whom were of the party; of P. A. Chalfant, founder of the Inyo Independent and Inyo Register, who was with it during part of the journey; and of others having more or less information. There is not always agreement between the stories, and sometimes a rewriting must choose between contradictory statements.

The nucleus of the expedition was a band of young men from Galesburg, Illinois, who organized to make the trip to the newly discovered land of gold. They were youths of buoyant spirits, and anticipated a journey of pleasure rather than hardships. The name of "Jayhawkers" was adopted, for some reason not explained by any of them. An impromptu initiation ceremony was used to test the fortitude of applicants for the undertaking. The candidate was first carried around the camp on the shoulders of four men. He then bared one leg to the knee and stood upright while he repeated a vow that he would stand by his comrades through all perils. Following this a small bit of flesh was nipped from his bare leg; this was done twice more, and if he showed a lack of fortitude on any of these tests he was deemed unworthy of membership. Little did those carefree young fellows dream the nature of the hardships they were to encounter. A few of them failed; most of them proved their worth.

Some additions to the train had been made by the time Salt Lake City was reached. All such travelers remained in the Mormon capital for some time, recruiting their livestock, securing supplies, and otherwise preparing for the unknown journey ahead. The Jayhawkers reached there in July, 1849, and remained until toward the end of September. More emigrants joined the train in Salt Lake, until when the caravan was finally complete, at a rendezvous about 100 miles south of the city, it comprised 107 wagons and about 500 head of stock. No account states the number of persons. The original Jayhawkers numbered thirty-six. In the expedition as finally made up there were several times as many, with members from Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and nearly all the western states and territories.

One of the subdivisions amalgamated into the great caravan was known as "the San Francisco party," which had started from Omaha with forty-five wagons, June 6th. It was somewhat elaborately organized, with constitution and by-laws, and with some of the characteristics of a military expedition. John Brophy was its "colonel," Judge Haun bore the title of "major," and Rev. J. W. Brier was designated as "chaplain." One of its younger members was P. A. Chalfant, father of the compiler of this record.

It was decided to divide the expedition into seven different companies. Some of the units already had their organizations; the small companies and detached individuals not thus included were formed into new commands. The Jayhawk-

ers, after long argument, decided against allowing any women or children in their division, and the families which had joined them made up a separate party. To this there was one exception, Rev. Brier preferring the Jayhawkers to the party with which he had come and declaring that he and his wife and children would stay with the Illinois men in any case. From the fact that the Brier family traveled apart from the Jayhawkers during parts of the subsequent journey it is probable that his welcome in their camps was not cordial.

All went well until a point about 250 miles from Salt Lake was reached. Some one got hold of a copy of one of Fremont's maps showing the route across Walker's Pass. It indicated that 600 miles of travel would be saved by following Fremont's course, instead of going farther north. Its advocates also cited the fate of the Donner party, caught in midwinter in the Sierras. It would seem that this last argument was intended for the San Francisco party, which decided on the northernmost route, and which completed its journey by entering California through Beckwith (or Beckwourth) Pass late in the year, without special hardships.

The guide for the whole expedition was Jefferson Hunt, a Mormon leader. The travelers had been urged, in Salt Lake, to take a southerly route, as the Mormons were anxious to have a road established by which they could reach certain Spanish-grant lands in southern California. Hunt was to conduct them to Los Angeles, and to receive $12 per wagon as pay.

When the order was made excluding families from the Jayhawker train two of the men who left it with their wives and children were Asabel Bennett and J. B. Arcane. Manly, who has left the most complete record, chose to go with Bennett, his close friend. This party traveled more or less independently of the Jayhawkers, though taking the same general course and experiencing similar hardships. While the two bands were together at different times, their experiences during much of the journey were separate stories.

The final disintegration of the big caravan took place at what was then named Poverty Point, in the Wasatch Mountains. The road ended in steep precipices. The Jayhawkers insisted on finding a way down and went on in spite of Hunt's warnings, taking with them twenty-seven wagons, including those of Bennett and Arcane. As already noted, the San Francisco party had previously struck out independently. Those who, at Poverty Point, accepted Hunt's advice were led south and safely into southern California. They have no further place in this story, and our later narration pertains to the Jayhawkers and the offshoots that took the same general course as they did.

The last camping place in Utah was beside a playa lake. The desert-wise know such places—absolutely flat spreads of land which after heavy, though rare, storms are covered with a few inches of water. When they dry out to level smoothness, seen from a distance they resemble calm surfaces of water. Each of the '49 parties wasted both

time and strength in vain deviations to reach such supposed bodies of water.

Manly drove no team, but acted as a general scout. At the Utah camp he ascended the highest near point, and on returning to camp reported a belief that there was no water ahead for a hundred miles. Doty, the Jayhawker captain, admitted discouragement at this, but decided to go ahead on the same course. The next morning his men and their twenty wagons pulled out, leaving Bennett, Arcane, Manly and associates in camp with seven.

Doty traveled five days without finding water, and by then his party had used all that had been brought from the playa lake. A subdivision headed by a man named Martin struck out on a different route from the one followed by Doty the next day. The latter's plight, while sorry enough, was less desperate than it was to become. Toward morning of that night's camp, the sky clouded and a little snow fell. Enough of this was caught and melted to satisfy men and animals and to provide a little reserve.

No more water was found until the Amargosa (meaning bitter) river bed was reached. That stream is on rare occasions a torrent of large volume, but for part of its course is usually lost in the sands. The Doty men found a slight trickle of bitter fluid, and drank it freely. The water, heavily charged with minerals, made them ill, and they left the stream and struck out toward a pass ahead. They were near the eastern base of the Funeral range, later christened for one of the tragedies of this expedition.

All the courage the party could muster was needed in reaching the summit. The way grew steeper. Debris and washouts filled the canyons, through which probably no human being, except possibly Indians, had ever passed. Men and oxen were weakened by the chemicals taken at the Amargosa. One of the oxen died on the way up, and its carcass was the last to be left without being utilized for food. Even that one was not wholly wasted, for a straggler of the expedition cut a steak from it. After two days of struggle the party stood on the summit and looked down into one of nature's freaks—Death Valley.

The train toiled down the pass, and on the third day reached some springs around which some coarse grass grew. Realizing that the oxen could not take the wagons farther, the party camped and prepared to finish the journey in the lightest possible marching order. Wagons were abandoned, and their woodwork was used to feed the fires over which the stringy flesh of the oxen was dried. Rice, tea and coffee were measured out by the spoonful, with an understanding that thereafter each individual must look out for himself and expect no help from anyone else. The canvas of the wagon covers was fashioned into knapsacks, and powder cans were set in slings to serve as canteens, none of the latter having been included in the equipment. Moccasins were made from the hides of slain animals, for the men and for the tender-footed among the surviving oxen.

The Martin party, which had branched off some days before, and the Bennett-Arcane sub-

division both came into camp while these preparations were under way.

The Briers, traveling by themselves despite the father's objections, had reached Forty-Mile Canyon, in eastern Nevada, when the storm occurred that gave Doty water enough to enable him to reach the Amargosa. They remained there for a week to recuperate, though the oxen suffered much from cold. On leaving, the oxen were laden with necessities and the wagons were burned, together with everything that was not considered necessary for traveling. Mrs. Brier, writing in later years, termed this action a fatal step. Somewhere between there and Death Valley the Briers fell in with the Bennett-Manly train. On the way they came upon a number of small squashes, cached by Indians, and took them. In view of the scarcity of provender among the Indians of that dreary region, it is not surprising that the natives sought vengeance, to the extent of a night attack on the camp. Arrows were shot into three oxen.

This party entered Death Valley by rounding the southern end of the Funerals, instead of toiling across as the Jayhawkers had. Mrs. Brier's account tells that her oldest boy, Kirk, aged nine years, gave out. She carried him on her back until he said he could walk. He made a manful effort, stumbling along for a while, then sank down and cried that he could go no farther. His heroic mother would then pick him up and carry him again. Though often falling to her knees from weakness, she got her little brood safely into the Death Valley camp.

The Martin party did not tarry. They were in marching order, and on leaving gave all their oxen to the Bennett-Brier camp, saying they could progress better without them. Martin struck out straight westward, his men carrying on their backs the things they deemed essential. While they were crossing one of the ranges, a man named Ischam, who had left the Doty party, as will be hereafter mentioned, struggled into their camp and died there. They crossed to the south of Saline Valley and reached Owens Lake. Hostile Indians were found at the lake and some skirmishing resulted, without harm to anyone. While they were there a snow fell and no fire could be made. Believing the lake to be of the playa kind, like so many with which they had become familiar on the desert, they were about to undertake to wade it, when one of the party found the old trail made by Walker's last party. A friendly Indian advised them to follow it, which they did, through Walker's Pass to safety.

From the accounts it appears clear that the Jayhawkers under Doty struck out from the Death Valley camp without encouraging Bennett and his party to accompany them. Brier again refused to accept dismissal, and forced himself and family in with them. Two days later Doty rejoined Bennett, and the two subdivisions were together at some camps, apart at others. The Jayhawkers' departure was, therefore, not a desertion but a following out of the plan of travel all the way.

Doty believed that the best way out was to the

northward. On the way he found good water. He turned westerly from that spring and climbed the Panamint range. They came upon the body of an ox, for which none of the stories account. They cut out what seemed to be the best of the meat, but after making a supper from it the remainder was thrown away. Darkness came on before they found a camping place, and to their astonishment they saw a fire ahead. They found at it a traveler who had wandered from one of the other parties.

They expected that the next day would reveal the valley of Los Angeles, west of the range they were climbing. Instead, on reaching the summit they beheld another lake, which they concluded to be another saline deposit. This was probably in Panamint Valley. The party divided, and each person made his own way across the valley. Some found good water; others found a supply of mesquite beans, in which unfortunately they saw no food value. On the west, or probably southwest, side the party reunited and toiled up a canyon. Near its head wet ground gave hope of finding water, but digging produced no results. Here one of the men, named Fish, died, and his body was left lying upon the ground.

A gentle grade sloped down from the next summit. A large lake was visible far to the left; from the descriptions given, this was probably Searles borax lake. Half way down the slope Ischam gave out, and was left. A little farther on one of the scattered men found a small spring of good water and called the others to it.

Here there is a contradiction in the accounts.

The statement has been made that Ischam wandered into the Martin camp, and died there, and that this was at a point from which Owens Lake was reached. Colton's story is that from the spring mentioned in the last paragraph, certainly many miles south of Martin's course, a detachment went back to rescue Ischam. They found him alive, but with his tongue and throat so swollen that he could not swallow the water they gave him. While the rescuers were with him, says Colton, he died, and was buried in a shallow grave in the sand. Wherever this victim of the desert breathed his last, doubtless more than one of those with him wondered how soon his own turn would come to sink to rest in the desert and see, with scarcely comprehending eyes, his comrades pass on to escape a like fate.

An ox was killed at this spring, and the party was refreshed by the rest, good water and such poor sustenance as the carcass afforded. Proceeding, the party came upon a trail at a point south of Walker's Pass. Mindful of the Donner party's fate in the winter of 1846-7, Doty feared to undertake to cross the Sierras, the snow-crowned summits of which were visible ahead, so he turned south. At another spring some bunch grass was found, and the emaciated oxen were given a day's rest. One of them was slaughtered. Such were the straits of the men that hardly a part of the animal was wasted. The blood was saved for food. The intestines were cleansed with the fingers; the hair was singed from the hide, and all was roasted and eaten. One man softened

the end of a horn in the fire and gnawed the softened part. Many bones of cattle were seen along the trail, evidence that others—possibly the Mexicans who did some journeying into the desert—had come to grief in the same region. A man wandered from this camp, and was supposed to have perished until he was found in an Indian camp, years afterward.

The Brier family reached this camp before Doty left it, and were given portions of the slain ox. While Mrs. Brier was preparing a piece of liver for her children, a famishing Jayhawker took it from them while her attention was diverted. Such cases were few; the ordeals brought out more unselfishness than the reverse.

No other water supply was found for four or five days, while the worn travelers slowly made their way over the seemingly endless desert. The trail grew fainter and at last was wholly lost. Again small bands branched off to hunt for water. In one of these bands was Thomas Shannon. He started a jackrabbit from a bush and shot it. Drinking its blood he became delirious and was so found by a comrade who had come on a supply of water. A drink of water improved Shannon's condition, and the men made a meal from the first wholesome food they had had for days. All the others rallied to the spot except a man named Robinson, who died before reaching it and was left in his blankets.

Another day's journey brought them to snow, and on February 4, 1850, they reached running streams and pleasant surroundings. Three wild

mustangs were killed, supplying a hearty meal. Going on, the adventurers came to where many cattle ranged. Two animals soon fell before their guns. While they were feasting, two Mexicans approached, and proved friendly enough when they found that the marauders were not Indians as they had thought. From then on the Doty party members were cared for, and scattered to different parts of the State.

Having seen the Doty party to safety, we return to note the misfortunes of Bennett, Manly, Arcane and associates. Manly scouted far in advance, and while so doing he came on the carcass of an ox, from the thigh of which some meat had been cut. The sun had dried the flesh at the edge of the cut, and Manly made a meal of this raw dried beef. On Christmas Day he returned to the Brier camp, at that time distant from Doty's. He records that Brier was delivering a lecture on education, his family being his sole audience—a strange proceeding, Manly remarks, considering that the sole need at the time seemed to be something to sustain life.

Brier started on the next morning, and Manly found some scraps of bacon that had been thrown away at the camp. They seemed to him the best morsels he had ever tasted. Bennett's wagons were some miles back, and he rejoined them. Wild geese were heard overhead at night, and this was interpreted to mean that Owens Lake could not be far away. The next day he walked over the salt-crusted floor of Death Valley, and at dusk reached the campfire of the Doty party, then pre-

paring to abandon their wagons. Meantime Bennett's gaunt oxen had dragged the wagons to Furnace Creek, to which he returned. The next stopping place was the "last camp," the location of which was much debated in after years. Manly's record indicates the spot as follows: Camped at a faint stream since named Furnace Creek; out of the canyon and into the valley; due south, distance not stated; across to the west side; the second night from Furnace Creek at a spring of good water coming from a high mountain which he says is now called Telescope Peak. This was the real "last camp." The party journeyed eight miles farther, reaching a sulphur spring on the top of a curious mound, from which return was made to the good water.

There was, however, more than one of the "last camps." The Jayhawkers burned their wagons a few miles from Furnace Creek, at a place later called Lost Wagons. The Bennett camp, most prominent of all because of the long stay made there and the prolonged hardships of its occupants, was undoubtedly at Bennett's Wells, on the west side of Death Valley sink, and 260 feet below sea level. The water is brackish with salt and sulphate of soda, but is usable.

Four of the ox-team drivers concluded to strike out for themselves. Two of these were named Helmer and Abbott. It is probable that one of these was the individual whom the Jayhawkers picked up in the mountains. Two others later came into the Jayhawker camps, without having fared any better than those they had deserted.

After Bennett and party had gone back from the sulphur spring to Last Camp, a council decided that the only chance of getting any of the expedition through alive was to send out two of the strongest men as a forlorn hope, while the main party remained to await their return. W. L. Manly and John Rogers were selected for the undertaking. An ox which had given out was killed; so scanty was its flesh that seven-eighths of all of it was packed into the knapsacks of the two men. Two spoonfuls of rice and the same amount of tea was added to their stock, and after a parting which might prove to be the last they set out.

Those remaining in camp were Bennett, wife and three children; Arcane, wife and son; Captain Culverwell; two Earhart brothers; and four other grown persons, besides a Mr. and Mrs. Wade and their three children, who traveled the same course as the others but kept in a camp of their own. The Brier family were traveling in a free-lance fashion, as has been set forth, not acceptable to the Jayhawkers and not choosing to join Bennett and Arcane.

The second day out Manly and Rogers found the body of Fish on the trail, and saw the holes the Jayhawkers had dug without finding water. Another range of mountains was crossed before Rogers found a little sheet ice, which they melted. The next night they overtook Doty and his men and were supplied with meat and water to relieve their immediate distress. They traveled on ahead, passing the advanced members of the Jayhawkers and noting the skulls of horses by the wayside.

One day after another the story was much the same until they reached fresh water in the southern Sierras. A crow, a hawk and a quail were the first fresh meat they obtained; all three birds were stewed together. On the last day of December, 1849, or the first day of January, 1850, the men emerged from a barren valley into a meadow on which cattle were grazing. A rifle shot soon supplied them with food. A traveler named Springer, on his way to the mines to the north, was met, and gave them further necessities. Reaching a ranch near San Fernando Mission they obtained two horses, small sacks of beans, wheat, coarse flour, and some dried meat. From another stockman they bought a mule and a horse, and with this equipment took the back track for Death Valley. The three horses gave out one after another, the mule being the only animal able to stand the hardships of the trip. The body of Captain Culverwell was found as they neared Last Camp.

Seven wagons had been there when they left; only four were seen as the anxious envoys looked from afar. The canvas covers were gone. Had hostile Indians exterminated the unfortunates, or had they taken three of the wagons and started in some other direction? Manly and Rogers approached within a hundred yards without seeing a sign of life; then Manly fired a shot. All was quiet for a few minutes, until a man crawled from under a wagon and looked around. His shout, "The boys have come!" electrified the camp, as well may be imagined. Bennett and Arcane caught

the returned men in their arms, and Mrs. Bennett fell upon her knees and clung to Manly. Not a word was spoken, in the great emotion of all, until Mrs. Bennett exclaimed, "I know you have found some place, for you have a mule." It was some time before anyone could say anything without weeping. It had been twenty-six days since the forlorn hope had started out. All but the Bennett and Arcane families had abandoned the camp. Culverwell had set out with the last party before Manly and Rogers returned, but did not get far.

Wagons were abandoned, and the little procession set out for the land of running water and wholesome food. The children were slung in improvised "aparejos," made of stout shirts sewn together and thrown across the backs of oxen. The extreme emaciation of the animals did not prevent their bucking because of the unusual burden, and another camp had to be made to straighten out the tangle. The next day the party took its last view of the dreary surroundings, someone uttering: "Good-bye, Death Valley!" This appears to be the correct story of its naming.

The oxen became reconciled to their loads, and the women walked. In one place it became necessary to lower the beasts over a precipice by means of their crude canvas harness. Day by day the party moved along, with the important advantage over former experiences that they now had a better supply of food and some idea of their course. These facts did not, however, keep some of the weaker members from giving up hope, in spite of the assurances of Manly and Rogers, until dis-

couragement finally ruled almost as it had before. Men, women and children were wasted, almost barefoot, and in tatters. The little ones cried for water that was not to be had. At last the melancholy procession passed through Red Rock Canyon and to a joyous resting place at springs not far from the southern end of that strangely sculptured defile. Strengthened and heartened, they pressed on, reaching snow in the Sierras nineteen days after leaving Death Valley. Toll was taken from the first herd of cattle found, and they were soon being cared for by the generous hospitality of the pioneer settlers.

This is a concentration of the most reliable accounts of that fearful experience. As stated earlier, there are contradictions without any sure indication of the true version; there are tales differing considerably from and doubtless less correct than this narration. Allowing for the differences mentioned, it is the story of the participants themselves, hence to be accepted beyond any of the distortions and variations which have crept into print at one time or another. J. B. Colton, of the Jayhawkers, wrote that four of his party perished in the Funeral Mountains, and that the range got its name from that fact. All other accounts agree that his detachment, commanded by Doty, reached the Panamint Range, west of Death Valley, before any of its members died, and that the death of Robinson, one of the four, occurred not far from the base of the Sierras. Colton stated that a dozen stragglers followed the expedition into Death Valley and that all perished from

thirst and starvation; and that another train of thirty persons lowered their wagons into Death Valley by means of ropes and that all but two or three died while hunting for water. Having in mind the care with which Manly reviewed all details, his traveling back and forth between the parties, his having been over the ground after Colton and associates had gone on, and the fact that he makes no mention of these occurrences, the Colton account lacks confirmation and seems improbable.

While the foregoing travel details tell of but three of the seven companies, it is to be remembered that (according to Manly) the rest went southward with Hunt and reached Los Angeles safely. There may have been individuals who struck out independently on the Jayhawkers' trail and fared badly. Some names are mentioned more or less casually in one or another of the accounts without statement of what befell them. The Wade family is mentioned as being near Last Camp, without information as to what became of its members; likewise a Mr. Towne and family (hence Towne's Pass, in the Funeral Range) were connected with the expedition in some way not explained.

Different accounts say that eleven men left the Jayhawkers far east of Death Valley and that all but two perished. Manly explicitly states that these nine, the four Jayhawkers who died after leaving Death Valley, and Captain Culverwell summed up the death list. Whatever others may have died there later, the evidence is that Culver-

well was the only one who died in Death Valley itself.

Every account of the expedition pays tribute to Mrs. Brier. "She was a better man than her husband," wrote one. Manly says: "All agreed that she was the best man in the (Brier) party. She was the one who put the packs on the oxen in the morning. She it was who took them off at night, built the fires, helped the children, cooked the food, and did all sorts of work when the father of the family was too tired, which was almost all the time. It seemed almost impossible that one little woman could do so much. It was entirely due to her untiring devotion that her husband and children lived."

It is to be borne in mind that this grim tragedy occurred in midwinter, at the most favorable time of year for such a journey. The furnace-like heat that means death to travelers lost in that inferno was missing at that season; the dangers were in lack of water and sustenance. East of Death Valley lie hundreds of miles of desert, and every resource of the Forty-Niners was dangerously reduced. Had the expedition been undertaken in midsummer, probably few of the members would have survived to reach Death Valley, and none would have passed that formidable barrier.

Dr. S. G. George and party, visiting Death Valley in 1860, found unmistakable traces of the Death Valley party. Indians had drawn, on a smooth clay bed near one of the camps, a record of the occurrence. Men and women were shown, with children slung in bags across the backs of

oxen, in single file, headed in the direction taken by Bennett. No rain had destroyed the drawings in a decade. Numerous relics were found and given to different collections. Iron work of wagons, chains, cooking utensils and other articles were picked up by different visitors, many of the metal objects as free from rust as on the day they were discarded. Most of such finds went to the Society of California Pioneers, and like all else of interest in the society's museum were lost in the great fire of 1906.

The bones of animals noted by Manly and Doty indicated that earlier travelers had braved the same perils. It is alleged that the Mexicans traveled the wastes, as "the old Spanish trail" goes to show, and probably they were the principal sufferers. There may have been other venturesome souls who, like many in later years on those deserts, simply dropped from human ken.

The George party found parts of skeletons near one of the springs. In one place a woman's skeleton, partly covered by a ragged calico garment, was found.

The Jayhawkers, though scattered to many different localities, held occasional reunions for many years. The last of these was at Mrs. Brier's home at Lodi, California, in 1911. Five of the party were living at that time, and three of them attended the reunion. Mrs. Brier died in 1913, at the age of 99 years. Manly died in San Jose in 1903, aged 83.

CHAPTER VII

A DECADE OF EXPLORATION

MORMONS SOUGHT SOUTHERN ROAD—AMARGOSA MINE FOUND—VON SCHMIDT'S SURVEY 1855-1856—RESERVATION PROPOSED—PARTY CROSSES KEARSARGE PASS—RUSS DISTRICT FIRST CIVIL GOVERNMENT—"WAKOPEE"—COSO AND TELESCOPE MINES.

After the Forty-Niners had walked in partnership with tragedy through Death Valley, a new period of Inyo history began. To call it a decade of exploration seems out of proportion, since we speak of but a single county; but the term seems less inappropriate when it is recalled that the county's borders inclose over ten thousand square miles of diversified surface.

The Mormons had begun an effort to establish an outpost of their faith at San Bernardino. To reach it, a route was laid out across the "leagues of cacti and sand and stars," through southern Nevada, entering California at the southeastern corner of the Inyo of today. Part of "the old Spanish trail" was utilized by the saints. The springs which Fremont, in 1844, named Agua de Hernandez, for a Mexican found there after his companions had been killed by Indians, were not far from the route of travel. A short side trip to the spot afforded a place where grass and water helped to recuperate stock exhausted by the long desert journey. It was renamed Resting Springs,

and still bears that title. Philander Lee was to use the flow from the springs, years later, to irrigate a 200-acre ranch; at that time the water nourished a goodly meadow.

Mormon emigrants are said to have discovered, at a point twenty-five miles south of the springs, the first gold mine found in the desert. This was in 1854. They named the rich quartz ledge the Amargosa. In later prospecting they discovered placer ground, and worked the earth by hauling it three or four miles in wagons, to some salt springs.

Four years later the Mormons found silver ledges in the Panamints, and built a small furnace which produced some bullion. Its location was at Anvil Spring, some distance south of the later camp of Panamint. The prospectors had been sent out by the heads of the church. Furnace Creek is said to have derived its name from a similar enterprise.

Occasional adventurers were crossing the Sierras from the west. In 1853 Harry Edwards, an Indian agent, came into Owens Valley, if credence be placed in the headlines of San Francisco papers; the printed text leaves in doubt whether Edwards actually came beyond Walker's Pass.

The first official attention to the eastern slope of the Sierras appears to have begun with a contract dated May 30, 1855, between John C. Hays —Col. Jack Hays of Texan fame—who was then Surveyor of Public Lands of California, and A. W. Von Schmidt. The latter agreed to survey the public lands east of the Sierras and south of

Mono Lake. His work began that summer, and under a supplemental contract was continued and completed the following year. The survey extended from the Mount Diablo base line, a few miles south of Mono Lake, to a point south of Owens Lake, including the townships mapped as 1 to 12 south and 31 to 35 east. The party, as enumerated in Von Schmidt's field notes, included, besides himself, R. E. K. Whiting, compassman; Joseph Jefferson, E. Ross, E. Maginnis, J. W. Newton, chainmen; Henry Gardenier and E. S. Gersdorff, axmen.

Von Schmidt's field notes are liberal in comments on the region; his opinions are in many instances contradicted by the facts of present knowledge. Writing of Owens Valley he said:

> "Land entirely worthless with few exceptions. The only portion of any value is near the banks of the little streams of water coming from the Sierra Nevada mountains. This valley contains about 1000 Indians of the Mono tribe, and they are a fine looking set of men. They live principally on pine nuts, fish and hares, which are very plenty. On the western edge of this valley I found great quantities of grouse; other game very scarce. On a general average the country forming Owens Valley is worthless to the white man, both in soil and climate."

This note was dated July 15, 1855. The valley had, of course, no cultivation at that time, and except for natural meadows in lowland spots and occasional trees on the streams its stretches, generally sagebrush covered, were not inviting to one fresh from the springtime aspect of the grassy and flowered hills of western California.

Long Valley, with its miles of natural meadow

and its delightful summer climate, impressed him much more favorably. "Splendid land for any purpose," he wrote; "soil first rate; fine grass, any quantity." However correct his estimate of the quality of that land may have been, he failed to take into account its 7,000 feet elevation and consequent winter severity.

He found many Indians in that region. Natural wonders received this mention:

"Fine pine timber scattered over the township. There are also some of the most remarkable boiling springs and geysers that I have ever met with on the eastern slope of the Sierras. I have no doubt but what these springs will be of great value for medicinal purposes, as I found large deposits of sulphur, iron, soda and alum. In the south portion there is considerable fine grass, but its principal value is in its fine pine timber and mineral springs."

Another reference to the springs (those of Casa Diablo and Hot Creek) definitely asserts that they must have some connection with the orthodox infernal regions.

Von Schmidt found in Round Valley

"land mostly level. Soil in general will average second rate, with fine grass, and also well watered, with but little pine timber on Indian Creek. I found many Indians in this fractional township, who live in deep mountain ravines and come down here for grass to eat; also to dig roots called 'sabouse' (taboose), which forms their principal article of food."

"Laid off today to fight Indians," remarks the surveyor in one place. There was little trouble with the natives, however, and as a rule the party conducted its observations in peace.

Now and then the field notes record that a township has fine streams of water, or that it is

well covered with grass. With scarce an exception, however, the soil is classed as second or third rate.

The report of Thomas J. Henley, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California, dated San Francisco, September 3, 1856, includes this reference:

"A. W. Von Schmidt, Deputy United States Surveyor, relative to the Mono Indians living on the east side of the Sierra Nevada, in Mariposa and Tulare counties (the present Mono and Inyo) says: 'They are a fine looking race, straight and of good height, and appear to be active. They live in families scattered through the entire valley, and get their living in various ways, such as it is. Game is very scarce; some few antelope are to be found in the valley, but the bow and arrow is not the proper instrument for game of that description, even if it were plenty. Hares are also found in some portions of the valley, which form their principal article of food in the meat line; but their principal article of food consists of clover and grass seeds, also of pine nuts, which I am told fail sometimes.

" 'They can also get fish, of a small size, in Owens River (the lakes Owens and Mono are both salt and have no fish). But with all this they are in poor condition. The families being divided off and each having his own hunting ground causes some to go without food for days. One chief told me that sometimes he had nothing to eat for six days at a time. I estimated the number to be about 1000 in the entire valley. They are in a state of nudity, with the exception of a small cloth about their loins, and so far as I can see are in want of every article of clothing.' "

Indian Agent J. R. Vineyard reported from Tejon Agency, California, August 20, 1858, as follows:

"A delegation of Indians from the region of Owens Lake, east of the Sierra, visited the reservation a short time since.

The people of that region, so far as I can learn, number about 1500. The delegation asked assistance to put in crops next season, also someone to instruct them in agriculture, etc. I would respectfully invite your attention to the subject, as they seem to be very sincere in their solicitations. I gave them presents of clothing and useful implements, and sent them back to their people, with the promise of transmitting their request to the great chief."

The Indian population of Owens Valley was augmented in 1859 by fugitive Indians from Tule River, in Tulare County. Deeds of violence had been going on in that region for several years, culminating in a campaign. The temporary advantage of the first fighting between the natives and settlers who sallied forth from Visalia was with the Indians. Old settlers, whites, asserted in later years that the white men were the ones at fault; the red warriors acted in a manner supporting this claim, for in their cabin-burnings and other depredations they attacked those who had taken the field against them. The war of a summer ended when soldiers from Fort Miller assisted the settlers in inflicting severe punishment, whether well deserved or not, on the marauding reds. This has properly a place in this history only because it sent into this county numbers of Indians with a ready-made and burning hatred of the white man and prepared to take part in keeping him out of Owens Valley. It appears in fact that the worst elements among the Owens Valley Indians throughout the Indian war were renegades from other regions.

The events mentioned played a part in causing an order by the national government, in February,

1859, suspending from settlement township 13 south, range 35 east, Mount Diablo base and meridian, this area extending from a point west of Independence to the eastern foothills, and from about three miles north of that point to an almost equal distance south. The order of suspension, which stated that the land was withdrawn pending decision as to making it the location of an Indian reservation, was not revoked until 1864. As will be further disclosed, the idea of making Owens Valley an Indian reservation persisted in official circles almost up to the time of the revocation mentioned. It was the purpose of several agents, and of a bill introduced by Senator Latham in 1862.

During the summer of 1858 a Tulare man named J. H. Johnson and five comrades were piloted across Kearsarge Pass, west of Independence, by a Digger Indian named Sampson—the latter a chief whose name was given to Sampson's Flats, where many years later Bandits Sontag and Evans held the center of the stage very briefly. When Johnson and his party reached this slope the Piutes were found to be hostile, and two Indians were killed in a skirmish. Their arms were bows and arrows and clubs.

After the secularization of the California missions, many of the neophytes became renegades and joined the Indians of the southern Sierras on the western slope. They raided the scattered ranchos, driving away horses for food purposes, until the designation of Horsethief Indians was generally used as their tribal name. Owens Valley,

known but vaguely, was supposed to be one of their strongholds. In July, 1859, a military expedition was organized at Fort Tejon to explore the valley, investigate the character of its inhabitants, and recover stolen stock. A correspondent accompanied the detachment, and an article from his pen was published in the Los Angeles Star of August 27, 1859, under the headlines, "Military Expedition to Owens Lake—No Stock in the Valley—Indians Peaceable and Reliable—Discovery of a New Route to Salt Lake." From it we learn that the expedition was commanded by Lieut. Col. Beall, who took a detachment of Co. K, First Dragoons, with Capt. Davidson and Lieut. Chapman as next in command. They started from Fort Tejon July 21, 1859, with rations for thirty days, a wagon, a howitzer and a pack train. Traveling via Walker's Basin, the Kern River mines, up the south fork of the Kern, and through Walker's Pass they came to Owens Lake. They found a fine meadow of 800 to 1,000 acres at the foot of the lake, and little or no meadow at any other one spot on its shores. The "emphatically saline" character of the lake water received comment; so also did "myriads of small flies over the water. The winds drive the larvae in large quantities upon the shore of the lake, where they are easily collected by the squaws."

The correspondent in speaking of Owens River says that the Indians call it "Wakopee." This is so similar in sound to "Waucoba" as to justify a surmise that the latter word may have had a more general application in the original naming

of this region than has been commonly adopted or supposed.

The expedition found "beautiful streams of clear, cold water, irrigating beautiful and fertile sections of the valley for the following sixty-two miles from Pine Creek, principal among which are Clark's and Dragon forks, either of which supplies nearly as much water at this season of the year as does the Kern River." "One of the greatest aqueous curiosities of the trip," says the letter, "was a single spring, to which was given the name of Mammoth, from which runs a stream of water with a fair current fifteen or twenty feet wide and about two and one-half feet deep." Later residents know this as Black Rock Spring.

The correspondent writes:

"Although for some distance below the lake we encountered temporary abodes of the Indians, yet in no instance were the troops enabled to get sight of a single one, they having fled before our approach (as we afterwards learned), they having been told that they would be killed, until we reached Pine Creek, where the interpreter found a poor woman attempting to escape with her crippled child. She having been assured that the people would not be injured soon became the means of reassuring the Indians, after which there was but little difficulty in communicating with them.

"To our surprise we saw but very few horses among them, and that, too, on the upper waters of Owens River, and these evidently were obtained from the Walker River Indians. They informed Captain Davidson that some four or five Indians, in years past, were in the habit of stealing horses for the purpose of eating them, but esteeming it wrong they some five years since punished some of the party with death and the rest had died from natural causes, since when none had been stolen by their people. They told us where we could find the bones of the animals they destroyed, and most certainly the appear-

ance corroborated their statement, for there were no bones of more recent date than four or five years.

"The Wakopee or Owens River Indians appear to be both morally and physically superior to any of their race in California, for in point of probity and honesty I certainly have never met their equal; and as to their physical condition, I saw none sick or infirm save the child already alluded to, although they will number 1200 or 1500 souls.

"Whilst talking to their head men, who had assembled for that purpose, Captain Davidson informed them that so long as they were peaceful and honest the government would protect them in the enjoyment of their rights. Their reply was that such had always been their conduct and should ever be; that they had depended on their own unaided resources; that they had at all times treated the whites in a friendly manner, and intended to do so in the future. He further informed them that should they become dishonest and resort to murder and robbery, they would be punished with the sword. The old captain or head man turned with a smile to the interpreter and said: 'Tell him that we fear it not; that what I said, I have said. I have lain my heart at his feet; let him look at it.' "

An editorial note in the Star said:

"Within 60 or 80 miles of Owens Lake there is an immigration of about 50 large wagons going to Aurora, Mono County, loaded with valuable goods and machinery, which can reach their destination by no other route than through Owens Valley, besides which there are on the road a great many thousand head of cattle, sheep and hogs for the above destination."

This indicates that there was probably quite an amount of Owens Valley travel, of which no record has been found, on the part of people having Aurora or other points to the north as their objective.

Notes exhibited in Los Angeles in 1859 claimed that a large deposit of coal existed in the south-

eastern part of what is now Inyo county. Stephen G. Gregg, James Bell and a man named Reynolds made a trip into the desert to find the supposed coal, and ascertained that the vein described was a different and useless material. This was the first of the many parties which crossed the Sierras on prospecting trips in this region, though the Mormons had given attention to the mountains of the eastern deserts.

In the winter of 1859 a company known as the Hill party came, probably from Mono Diggings, and established temporary headquarters near the present situation of Lone Pine. Prospecting was carried on in the foothills to the east and west, and what was called Potosi district grew—or rather started—from discoveries in the eastern range. There is no record of any district organizations. The party moved northward and prospected Mazourka Canyon, east of Independence, locating the Iowa and several other claims.

Lewis A. Spitzer, who was Assessor of San Clara County for many years, later, was one of a party which left Visalia early in 1860, and spent some weeks prospecting in the foothills bordering Owens Valley. The party, which included also Sam Kelsey, Charles and Jerome Smith and Charles Lumro, found nothing important enough to keep it from going on to Mono Diggings, the original objective.

About the same time Dr. Darwin French and his men entered the southern part of the county, and in March, 1860, they discovered silver-lead ores at Old Coso. The same expedition named

Darwin Canyon and Falls in honor of its leader. The men included Dennis Searles, D. M. Harwood, Robert Bailey, James Hitchens, —. Walweber, Henry Siddons, Montgomery Smith, Sam Clinger, Zebe Lashley, and Charles Uhl, with Dr. French as captain.

This discovery created a considerable amount of interest. The San Francisco Alta of July 24, 1860, reported that "assays of samples from the Coso mines gave, in silver at $1.34 per ounce, $1,226.69; gold, $26.45," these being from claims located by a party headed by M. H. Farley, following close after French. These men located on a wholesale scale, taking up ninety claims. They called the immediate locality Silver Mountain. Farley, in giving his report so that it reached the Alta, said that gold had also been found going "fifty per cent" to the pan. He described the country as sterile and waterless except for boiling springs, and may be further quoted:

"A few scattered Indians (the Coso tribe) live on herbs, roots and worms. They run swiftly away upon seeing the whites. About 20 miles to the southward of Silver Mountain the party visited an active volcano. On some of the cliffs in the neighborhood of the volcano were found sculptured and painted figures, the latter colored with some pigment—perhaps cinnabar. They were evidently the work of a former race, for the intelligence necessary to produce them does not exist among the squalid creatures now inhabiting that country."

Farley estimated that there were 500 men on the ground. His guess was probably as inaccurate as his reference to a "volcano," by which he doubtless referred to Coso Hot Springs. The Visalia Delta of the same month reported:

"Persons are leaving almost daily for the mines. There are now at the mines about 200 men, and about 100 prospecting south and east of Owens Lake."

The Oroville, Butte County, Record of July 21 reported, on the strength of statements by returned Orovillians, that there were eighty-two men at the mines or in the vicinity, and that the Coso Mining Company had been organized by Oroville people, with William McIntyre as president; W. C. Walden, secretary; W. B. Finch, treasurer; and with $78,000 capital stock, divided into 156 shares.

Men of the French party organized what they called the Coso Gold and Silver Mining Company, with James Hitchens as president. A report by Hitchens, printed the following January, was enthusiastic in its claim for the richness of the mines.

The most important ventures of that season, 1860, were the Russ and George parties. An address by Henry G. Hanks, delivered in the San Francisco Academy of Sciences and reported in the Bulletin of February 1, 1864, stated that the New World Mining and Exploration Company left San Francisco March 4, 1860. Among its twenty or more men were Col. H. P. Russ, the leader; T. H. Goodman, afterward captain of one of the military companies at Camp Independence, and later a high official of the Southern Pacific; O. L. Matthews, who was to become Inyo County's first judge; and John Searles.

Dr. S. G. George headed a contingent which included S. G. Gregg, in after years Inyo's Sher-

iff; W. T. Henderson, adventurer; Moses Thayer, and others. This detachment met and joined the San Franciscans at Walker's Pass, and the combined forces entered Owens Valley. A subdivision went eastward from Owens Lake.

The north-traveling section established a camp on Owens River, a few miles southeast of the site of Independence. Dr. George observed, through a field glass, the bold outcroppings of the Union lode, and he and Russ went to examine it. Finding the prospect encouraging, camp was moved to the vicinity of the croppings, and the men proceeded to organize Russ mining district, the first semblance of any form of civil government in the territory now included in Inyo County. Russ was chairman of the meeting and George was its secretary. Hanks, in his address, gave the date as April 20, 1860. Among the claims located at this time were the Union, Eclipse and Ida, as well as a number which, unlike these, were not afterward worked to any extent. Thayer was made superintendent of operations, but was soon succeeded by Gregg.

Indians began to visit the camp in friendly fashion, and were well treated. The whites sought to learn the names of surrounding objects. Chief George (who became a leader in the Indian war) told them that the name of the mountain range to the eastward was "Inyo," meaning, as near as could be ascertained, "the dwelling place of a great spirit." This is the origin of the county's name, and the occasion was the first time it had come to the whites' attention.

The detachment which had gone eastward had not been idle. Ores had been found in the rugged Panamints and other ranges, and Telescope mining district had been organized, at a date of which no record is known to exist. W. B. Lilly was its recorder and E. McKinley was his deputy. Henderson was appointed superintendent of the Combination mines.

The district took its name from Telescope Peak, the highest point of the Panamints and one of the most prominent landmarks of the entire desert region. Henderson had christened the height when he ascended it and noted the magnificent view from its lofty and isolated summit.

Henderson himself was a character of some notoriety. He had been a member of Harry Love's posse of man-hunters who pursued and killed the outlaw Joaquin Murietta, of western California record. Many credited Henderson with having fired the shot that laid that redoubtable murderer low. Henderson himself denied this, and said that Murietta was slain by J. A. White, who was a member of this Telescope party, and who was killed by Indians near those mines soon after the war began. In later years, Henderson became less averse to accepting the distinction of having killed the bandit, and when he died, in Coarse Gold, Fresno County, in December, 1882, his reputed part in that affair was generally accepted as fact.

Some of the Telescope people went back to San Francisco, taking several sacks of rich ore. An excitement of some consequence was skillfully worked up by these men, for whom a field

had been prepared by the rich mines of the Comstock lode. Bailey, one of the Telescope locators, was a leader in working the financiers, and Jack Prouty was another who shared in the game of selling stock in companies formed to work claims or extensions. Many thousands of dollars were picked up by these enterprising parties before they left the city to "develop the properties." They kept going. Prouty got to Mazatlan, Mexico, where he was murdered—greatly to the satisfaction of Henderson, who wrote that it was a "timely end of a miserable humbug." Bailey disappeared also, so far as his dupes were concerned, with $25,000 of their money. Stephen G. Gregg saw him afterward on a coast steamer, but was unable to find him when the boat reached San Francisco, or ever after.

Little work was done on the Telescope mines at that time. The following year Henderson and others started a 150-foot tunnel to tap the Christmas Gift ledge. They kept at it for a few months, until the Indian outbreak drove them out. The antimony deposit near Wild Rose Spring, northerly from Telescope Peak, was found during the first summer's trip to the region, if we accept the evidence of a chiseled "July 4, 1860" in its tunnel.

Argus district was not far behind Russ in organization, though there is disagreement as to its date. Hanks gave it as May 21, 1860. James E. Parker, in an address at Lone Pine on the Centennial Fourth of July, said it was July 23, 1860. These mines appear to have been found by

an independent party, for neither the name of S. D. Hassey, chairman of the organization meeting, or of M. Valentine, its secretary, appears on the roster of either the New World or the George company.

Later in 1860 the George party made another trip from Visalia and penetrated the Death Valley country. One of its discoveries, made December 25, 1860, was the Christmas Gift mine, on which Henderson worked the following year. This expedition chose its season to avoid the heat that had been found on the desert the preceding summer, and succeeded so well that snow fell over the whole countryside before a start was made for home. Provisions began to give out, and the last baking of bread was used at what the report calls Granite Springs. A mule and a burro were turned loose to shift for themselves. The next day it was found that the mule had perished in the snow, and the burro was making a meal off of the blanket which had been put on the animal to help to protect it from the cold. No wood was available; the scant sagebrush was too wet to use for fuel. The men were compelled to walk, jump and dance about their camp during the night to keep from freezing. The next day the party reached Coso Springs, and from there got safely home.

Dr. Darwin French had heard of some place on the desert where the Indians shot golden bullets. While there were few guns among the savages for such uses, the story sounded good enough to justify French in organizing another expedition. Among its nine members were John

and Dennis Searles, T. G. Beasley and T. F. A. Connelly. The party wandered for eleven months over different sections of Inyo, but failed to find any place where the yellow metal was so common, or where there was enough of it to tempt them to stay. They went back to Visalia satisfied that the story belonged in the same class with that of Ponce de Leon's fountain of eternal youth.

CHAPTER VIII

COMING OF THE STOCKMEN

CATTLE DRIVEN THROUGH TO AURORA—VANSICKLE AND VAN FLEET DRIVE IN—CATTLE IN LONG VALLEY—FIRST BUILDINGS ERECTED—PUTNAM'S—"NO MAS KETCHUM SQUAW"—BISHOP'S SAN FRANCIS RANCH—AN ELECTION FRAUD.

Prospecting had been the only purpose of the transient population of Owens Valley prior to 1861. Some livestock had been driven through the valley to reach the mining camps to the northward, and observant men had noted grazing possibilities which were later used. An extract from a Los Angeles paper, printed on a preceding page, indicates that this route was thus utilized two years earlier.

The father and mother of McGee brothers, J. N. Summers, Mrs. Summers, Alney, John and Barton McGee, brothers, and A. T. McGee, a cousin, gathered a herd of beef cattle in Tulare County in the spring of 1861 and started for Monoville, Mono County, via Walker's Pass. Barton McGee's account relates that from Roberts' ranch on the south fork of Kern River to Adobe Meadows in Mono County, considerably more than 100 miles, not a white person or white settlement was seen. They estimated that there were 1,000 Indians then in Owens Valley, who were not

friendly to the whites and considered that every one who came through their territory should pay tribute. Their demands on the McGee party were refused. No violence was offered, though efforts were made to stampede the cattle, until threats of death if there were further attempts in that direction put an end to such interference. The journey was finished without further molestation.

The first stockman to come this way to remain was Henry Vansickle, of Carson (then called Eagle) Valley, Nevada. A. Van Fleet came with him. W. S. Bailey drove his herds into Long Valley, just north of the Inyo line, about the same time.

Van Fleet was accompanied by men named Coverdale and Ethridge. The three went south as far as Lone Pine Creek, seeing no white men except a few scattered prospectors in the White Mountain foothills. Returning to the northern end of the valley, Van Fleet made camp at the river bend near the present site of Laws, and prepared for permanent residence. He put up a cabin of sod and stone, completing it in August, 1861—the first white man's habitation in Owens Valley. He cut some wild hay that summer, the first harvest of any kind.

While Van Fleet was building, a rough stone cabin was begun by Putnam, at Independence, a stone's throw westerly from where the county jail now stands. The building was torn down in 1876. During the war period it was as much fortress as residence, and was used as house of refuge, home station and hospital. The neighbor-

hood took the name of Putnam's, and was so known for some years. Once during the war, when the whites abandoned the valley, they prepared a surprise for any marauding natives who might undertake to destroy the cabin. A trench was dug around it and a quantity of blasting powder was poured into the trench, with a train leading to the wooden roof. The expectation was that one of the first acts of wreckage would be to burn the roof, and while the red men stood around enjoying the spectacle more or less of them would be blown into the happy hunting ground. But the close watch kept by the Indians defeated the plan. They carefully dug out the powder, and set a squaw at work with a stone mortar to reduce the large grains to suitable size for rifle use. While this was being done, a spark was struck in the mortar. The consequences were laconically explained by an Indian some years afterward; he told of gathering up the powder and putting some of it into the mortar, with the rest piled up close by, then "No mas (no more) ketchum squaw!"

Soon after Putnam put up his house, Fred Uhlmeyer and J. F. Wilson came from Visalia and "squatted" on land near Independence.

Samuel A. Bishop and his retinue started from Fort Tejon July 3, 1861, for the Owens River country, which had been examined by his scouts. Mrs. Bishop, the first white woman to tarry in the valley, came with her husband; in the party were also Mrs. Bishop's brother, named Sam Young, E. P. ("Stock") Robinson, Pat Gallagher

and several Indian herders. They drove between 500 and 600 head of cattle and 50 horses. On August 22 they reached Bishop Creek, and established a camp at what Bishop named the San Francis Ranch, at a point where the stream leaves the higher sandy bench lands and gravel foothill slopes and enters the lower level of the valley, about three miles south of west of the present town of Bishop.

Pines growing near by were felled, and from them slabs were hewn for the construction of the first wooden structures, two small cabins.

While Bishop's residence in this valley was brief, as his name was given to the stream and later to the town we note some details of his career. Samuel Addison Bishop was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, September 2, 1825. He started for California April 15, 1849, and after an adventurous journey reached Los Angeles October 8th. We next hear of him as an officer in a war with the Mariposa Indians in 1851. By 1853, he was virtually in charge of the Indian reservation at Fort Tejon. That year he and General Beale, later prominent in Kern County affairs, formed a partnership in stockraising and land ownership. During the period he was the sole judge of what courts there were in the region, and appears to have filled his trust with credit. In 1854 he and Alex Godey, one of Fremont's scouts, contracted to furnish provisions for the troops at Fort Tejon. The government decided to build a military road from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Fort Tejon, and Bishop and Beale took a contract for its construc-

tion. While Beale began at the Fort Smith end, Bishop started to build easterly from Tejon. The partners were allowed the use of camels which the government had imported for desert work. The undertaking was full of adventures with which this record has no special concern.

Bishop's next venture was into this valley, after he and Beale had dissolved partnership. Following his stay in Inyo, he took a prominent part in affairs in Kern, and became one of that county's first Supervisors when its government was created in 1866. Two years later he and others secured a franchise for constructing a car line in San Jose, and that city was thereafter his home up to his death, June 3, 1893.

In the fall of 1861 J. S. Broder, Col. L. F. Cralley, Dan Wyman (hence Wyman Creek), Graves brothers and others came from Aurora to seek placer mines said to exist on the east side of the White Mountains. They spent the winter on Cottonwood Creek. Early the following year Indians from farther eastward ordered them to leave, when Chief Joe Bowers interfered, saying it was his territory. He later warned the whites, however, that they had better go, as he might not be able to protect them though he wished to do so. They took his advice, after giving him such provisions as they did not need and caching their mining goods. After the first hostilities of the war had ended, the party went back, accompanied by T. F. A. Connelly. Joe helped them to find the cached goods, which had been raided. One item in the stock was a flask of quicksilver. A

hole had been broken in the iron flask, and the metal spilled. In explaining the occurrence, Joe demonstrated by making motions of picking up something, then showing his empty fingers, with the remark: "Heap no ketchum." Joe was friendly to the whites throughout the Indian troubles; and as will later appear, one of the men he specially befriended had less of decency and justice in his makeup than did the aboriginal chief.

The brief tenancy of prospectors in "White Mountain District" in the fall of 1861 served as a basis for an attempted election fraud which attracted much attention in California legislative affairs in 1862 and 1863. That section, now in Inyo County, was then under Mono's jurisdiction. The latter county was joined in a legislative district with Tuolumne, for election of State Senator and Assemblyman.

"Big Springs Precinct" was established by Mono Supervisors, August 26, 1861, with its polling place at what is now known as Deep Springs. This was done by the Mono board on a request bearing one or two signatures. The election was held September 4th, so the precinct was created less than two weeks in advance.

The candidates for the State Senate from the district were Leander Quint, Union Democrat, and Joseph M. Cavis, Union; for the Assembly, B. K. Davis, Breckenridge Democrat, and Nelson M. Orr, Republican. Election returns as submitted by the County Clerk gave the vote as follows: For Senator: Cavis 372 in Mono, 1,664 in Tuolumne; total 2,036; Quint 741 in Mono, 1,467

in Tuolumne, total 2,208. For Assemblyman: Orr 1,728 in Tuolumne, 344 in Mono, total 2,072; Davis 1,563 in Tuolumne, 657 in Mono, total 2,220. On the face of the returns, therefore, Quint and Davis were elected.

Orr, of Tuolumne, was convinced that there was something wrong with the figures, so he came over to Mono and made a personal investigation. The returns of that county showed that Big Springs precinct had cast a total of 521 votes. McConnell, for Governor, had received 406 of these. Quint had been given 510, and Davis 298. Not a single Republican vote was noted, and another singular disclosure was that while a full State ticket was being elected no votes were returned for any office except Governor, Senator and Assemblyman. Orr visited Big Springs precinct, and was able to find only a handful of men in the region.

Orr and Cavis applied to the respective Houses of the Legislature to be seated in place of Davis and Quint. The Assembly Committee on Elections held a lengthy hearing, calling many witnesses from Mono County. Orr, petitioner, alleged that no election was held in the so-called Big Springs precinct, and produced evidence that there was virtually no population in the precinct. Davis' witnesses (none of whom were from the precinct) testified that they had sold goods to be taken to Big Springs to an amount indicating a large population, and that they believed there were at least 500 voters there. They also testified that one of Orr's witnesses had been paid $250 for

his testimony. R. M. Wilson, County Clerk of Mono, when called on to produce the ballots and poll list, said he had mailed them to Sacramento, but singularly they failed to reach that city.

A witness testified that he saw the alleged poll list and election returns prepared in a cabin near Mono Lake; that they were written on torn fractional sheets of blue foolscap paper. Others were unable to identify more than two or three names on the alleged poll list, when it had been presented to the Supervisors, as being those of persons known to be in Mono County. A citizen who looked over the list was struck with the familiar appearance of some of the names, and finally ascertained that the list had been copied from the passenger list of the steamer on which he had come from Panama to San Francisco.

Notwithstanding the palpable fraud, a few in each House were found to support its beneficiaries. Orr was declared to have been elected, by vote of the Assembly February 13, 1862, forty-eight for Orr, four for Davis. The Senate, like the Assembly, had a Democratic majority in that session, but proved to be less ready to right the wrong; and it was not until March 28, 1863, well into the session of a year later, that Cavis was seated by a three-fourths Union Senate.

CHAPTER IX

BEGINNING OF INDIAN WAR

CATTLEMEN WINTER IN VALLEY—SEVEREST SEASON IN INYO ANNALS—SETTLERS MENACED AT SAN FRANCIS—TREATY SIGNED—A SCRAP OF PAPER—MARAUDING COMMENCED—INDIANS KILLED AT PUTNAM'S—MURDER OF WHITE MEN—ALABAMA HILLS FIGHT.

As the winter of 1861-62 approached, some of the cattlemen who had driven into Owens Valley saw no reason for leaving its abundant grazing. As late as the first week in November Barton and Alney McGee got together a drove of 1,500 head of cattle, and came this way. While they were at Lone Pine, on November 12th, snow fell to a depth of four inches. They went on to George's Creek, then concluded to winter in the valley. Barton McGee reported that there were then settlers on Little Pine Creek (Independence), Bishop Creek and in Round Valley. He went to Aurora for supplies, where he found eight feet of snow. Returning with provender, the party went to Lone Pine and put up a cabin. Fine weather favored them until Christmas Eve, when there came the real beginning of probably the hardest winter that white men ever saw in Inyo. McGee noted that there was not a day of the next fifty-four without a downpour of either rain or snow; "not continuous," he wrote, "but at no time did it quit for a whole day, snowing to a

depth of two feet or more and then raining it off. The whole country was soaked through and all the hills were deeply covered. All the streams became almost impassable, while the river was from one-fourth to one mile in width, about half ice and half water, and sweeping on to the lake, paying no respect to the crooks and curves of the old channel in its course to the lake, which it raised twelve feet.'' These reports of severe weather in Inyo are corroborated by official records for other parts of California, for during that January the rainfall at Sacramento was over fifteen inches. A book published two years later refers to the floods of that winter as ''the most overwhelming and disastrous that have visited this State since its occupation by Americans.'' The first flood submerged the Sacramento Valley about December 10th, the water rising higher than in either of the memorable floods of 1851 and 1852. For six weeks thereafter an unusual amount of rain descended. On the 24th of January the second flood attained its greatest height, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys were transformed into a broad inland sea stretching from the foothills of the Sierra to the Coast Range, and somewhat similar in extent and shape to Lake Michigan. In that same month of January, a rain of three days' duration fell on the accumulated snow around Aurora, many of the adobe and stone buildings of the camp fell, and loss of life was occasioned by a flood in Bodie creek. The McGee account indicates that Owens Valley shared fully in the great downpour.

The few white men in the valley had nothing on which to subsist except beef, and much of the time they were without salt to make their monotonous fare more palatable. What must have been the plight of the Indians? Life was a hard struggle for them at the best; and under the conditions of that severe winter the herds of the whites offered the only means of preventing starvation. Besides, the Piute held that the white men were intruders. That the natives began to gather food from the ranges was only what might have been expected; it was what most white men would have done under such circumstances. The whites submitted to the loss of many animals before beginning retaliation.

The first act of revenge by the white men occurred when Al Thompson, a herder in Vansickle's employ, saw an Indian driving away an animal and promptly shot him. This occurred not far southeast of Bishop. A man named Crossen, better known as Yank, was then captured and killed by the Indians. He had come from Aurora and had stayed for a few days with Van Fleet. He crossed the river to the west side and was taken not far from where Thompson had done his killing. All that was ever seen of him again was part of his scalp, found at Big Pine.

It appears to be true, however, that scalping was not a usual practice of the Owens Valley Indians. Instances of that kind were very few. During the Indian war, a collection of a dozen scalps of white men were found in a cave near Haiwai (now Haiwee). The supposition was that

they were evidence of a massacre by some other tribe.

The principal Indian settlement of the northern part of the valley was on Bishop Creek, within a short distance of Bishop's camp. Indians from all parts of the valley, and beyond, gathered there in the fall of 1861 and held a big fandango. Among those who were mixing war medicine were the usual sorcerers, who claimed that their magic would make the white men's guns so they could not be fired. The anxious stockmen kept their weakness concealed as well as they could, until reinforcements happened to arrive. A storm had wet the guns in camp, and to insure their reliability when needed they were taken outside and fired. This, disclosing to the tribesmen that the sorcerers' guarantees were not wholly dependable, helped to prevent the threatened assault, and the gathered Indians moved away.

The situation caused great alarm among the scattered settlers, and they gladly agreed to a pow-pow with the Indian chieftains. This conference was held at the San Francis ranch on the last day of January, 1862. Chief George defined the Indian view by marking two lines on the ground to show that the score was then even, referring to the Indian killed by Thompson, and the killing of Crossen. A treaty was drawn up and signed, as follows:

"We the undersigned, citizens of Owens Valley, with Indian chiefs representing the different tribes and rancherias of said valley, having met together at San Francis ranch, and after talking over all past grievances, have agreed to let what

is past be buried in oblivion; and as evidence of all things that have transpired having been amicably settled between both Indians and whites, each one of the chiefs and whites present have voluntarily signed their names to this instrument of writing.

"And it is further agreed that the Indians are not to be molested in their daily avocations by which they gain an honest living.

"And it is further agreed upon the part of the Indians that they are not to molest the property of the whites, nor to drive off or kill cattle that are running in the valley, and for both parties to live in peace and strive to promote amicably the general interests of both whites and Indians.

"Given under our hands at San Francis ranch this 31st day of January, 1862."

Signed for the Indians by Chief George, Chief Dick and Little Chief Dick, each of whom made his mark; for the whites by Samuel A. Bishop, L. J. Cralley, A. Van Fleet, S. E. Graves, W. A. Greenly, T. Everlett, John Welch, J. S. Howell, Daniel Wyman, A. Thomson and E. P. Robinson.

One of the chiefs missing from the conference was Joaquin Jim, leader of the tribe in southern Mono, which then included the valley as far south as Big Pine Creek. It was probably Joaquin Jim's braves who began renewed depredations. At any rate, the treaty proved to be merely a passing incident. Within two months war was on in earnest.

During February Jesse Summers came from Aurora for beef for that market. He gathered a few in the southern end of the valley and went back to Aurora, leaving Bart and Alney McGee to drive the band. They got as far as Big Pine Creek, where Jim's camp happened to be at the

time. Jim and a few of his men visited the McGee camp, and acted so unfriendly that the brothers concluded to move. Alney went to get the horses, and Jim demanded something to eat. Bart poured him a cup of coffee, which he threw, cup and all, into the fire. McGee jumped toward the guns, which the Indians had set to one side. McGee took the precaution to discharge the weapons, then told Jim to take them and go, which he did. The brothers moved on and spent the night safely though uncomfortably in a wet meadow, with their horses close at hand. Alney went on the next day with Summers, whom he met at Van Fleet's. Bart went to the San Francis ranch. The next day he rode back to Putnam's and reported that the northern settlers wanted help. On his way down the speed of his horse got him safely past a band of Indians at Fish Springs, untouched by the many shots they fired at him.

Fifteen men came with McGee from Putnam's to help to move the cattle from Bishop Creek. The night they reached the San Francis ranch the Piutes provided a striking exhibition of fireworks, running about and waving burning pitchpine torches secured to long poles. The Indians surrounded the cabin and sent in a delegation. Though they claimed to be friendly, they held a war dance around the building, and told the whites that the Piutes had charmed lives and could spit out the bullets that might enter their bodies. The night passed without violence.

The next morning the drive of stock began, reaching what is now Keough's Hot Springs the

first night. Though pickets were put out, Indians succeeded in driving off 200 or more head of cattle. The next morning three of the men went after the stock, and were met by a line of forty or fifty Indians who ordered them back—an order with which they could do nothing but comply. Indians hovered about the flanks of the drive down the valley, but did not molest it further.

A few days later Barton and John McGee, Taylor McGee, Allen Van Fleet, James Harness, Tom Hubbard, Tom Passmore, Pete Wilson and Charley Tyler ("Nigger Charley") were near Putnam's when they saw four Indians going toward the cattle. Bart and Taylor McGee, Van Fleet, Harness and Tyler went out to where they were. The Indians when interrogated said they were going after their horses. They were told they could go on, but must leave their weapons until they came back. This they refused to do. The controversy continued for some time. One account is that Van Fleet made the first threatening move by leveling his gun at an Indian; his own story, and that of other whites, was that the Indian first pointed an arrow at him. Whatever the facts of this, Van Fleet turned his body and got the first wound, an arrow in his side, where its obsidian head remained until his death fifty years later. Harness was also wounded before the whites shot. In the mêlee which ensued all the Indians, one of whom was Chief Shondow, were slain. Hubbard was shot through the arm with an arrow.

It is fully possible that the whites were to

blame in this affair. An account reaching Aurora held them responsible, and Barton McGee, in writing of it, said: "This occurrence created a little trouble in our ranks, some thinking we were not justified in firing on them and others saying we did exactly right. Be that as it may, it was done." This does not well accord with the narration of the fight as above printed on the statements of McGee and Van Fleet.

A few more than forty white men were gathered at Putnam's, and they began to strengthen their fortification. Rocks, old wagons, boxes and other materials were used to pile up a barricade. Charles Anderson was elected captain, and a constant guard was maintained while the company remained there. Sheriff Scott, of Mono, was among the men, and in a letter said: "The Indians appear warlike here, and we expect a battle before many days—possibly tonight. There are forty-two of us, armed with rifles, shotguns and sixshooters. We have fortified ourselves the best we could with wagons, oxbows, yokes, rawhides, etc. I can escape easily, but to do so would be to weaken the force in the fort, and so enable the redskins to wipe out those who would be obliged to remain."

A band of natives had gone to Van Fleet's cabin on the river, previous to this gathering at Putnam's, and had demanded admission. After some parley he gave them provisions. They set out toward Benton, then known as Hot Springs, where a prospector named E. S. Taylor lived alone. Taylor's cabin was attacked and riddled

with bullets and he was killed, but not until ten of his assailants had paid with their lives. Van Fleet was the only authority for this statement, except that others wrote of passing and seeing the bullet-riddled building. A report taken to Aurora by Albert Jeffway, an express rider who had been in Owens Valley, told of the death of another Taylor, near Putnam's. Taylor, he said, was hot-headed, and got into a row during which he killed two or three Indians. The Piutes set fire to his cabin, and as he came from it they shot him. It is at least possible that this was a mistaken version of the Benton affair.

Two men known as Vance and Shorty were still in the upper end of the valley, or may have gone there from Putnam's, to gather up what stock they could. Seeing Indians after their animals, they went to investigate, were fired on, and killed two natives.

Whatever of division there may have been in the Putnam camp over the killing of Shondow, there was no dissent when it was proposed to strike a blow that would discourage raids on the cattle. Preparations for a campaign were made, and twenty-three men, led by Anderson, left Putnam's after dusk masked their movements. Cralley was chosen lieutenant. Scott Broder, the McGees, Tyler, Harness and Shea were among those in the column, which went that night to the sod cabin of Ault and Sadler, not far from the Alabama hills.

As soon as the east began to gray, three men were left with the horses at the cabin and the

others set out in two equal squads. Anderson's detachment went to where the light of campfires could be seen over the Alabama hills; the others went up the stream. The sun was just rising as Anderson came up to where the Indians were breakfasting. Firing commenced at once, a number of Indians being killed at the first volley. They ran to shelter in the rocks, "and a good shelter it was," wrote Bart McGee, "cavities where they were out of sight in less than thirty seconds. We could not follow them in, so we did the best we could from the outside, shooting into the mouths of their dens, while the Indians threw arrows among us in showers. It seemed the air was full of arrows all the time. They did not have any guns or they would have made it a hard fight for us. We fought there for about an hour before the other boys, hearing our firing and coming across the rough hill, could reach us. We fought until about 1 o'clock, hitting some 30 or 40 of them, destroying about a ton of dried meat and some of their camp outfits." The white casualties included another arrow hole in Hubbard's arm, a wound in Harness' forehead made by an arrow which shattered against the skull without penetrating, and an arrow wound in Scott Broder's shoulder. The last mentioned injury was so troublesome that the citizens withdrew to the fort, leaving the natives in their stronghold. While McGee mentions that 30 or 40 Indians were hit, and another account said that Negro Charley Tyler himself shot four Indians, a report sent to Los Angeles gave the total Indian strength in the fight as 40 and said that their dead numbered eleven.

CHAPTER X

WHITES DEFEATED AT BISHOP CREEK

INDIANS SEEK OUTSIDE HELP—INDIAN ELOQUENCE—RENEGADE RED MEN GATHER IN OWENS VALLEY—HELP FROM AURORA—KELLOGG AND MAYFIELD COMMANDS JOINED—DEATHS OF SCOTT, MORRISON AND PLEASANT —WHITES COMPELLED TO ABANDON FIELD.

During this time the Owens Valley Indians had sent calls for aid to all their people. Nevada Piutes had suffered severely in a recent war of their own, and the majority were not inclined to hunt further trouble. They had realized the truth of predictions attributed to Numaga, one of their leaders. While it is a digression from the immediate subject, the speech credited to Numaga in trying to keep his braves from the warpath is worth preserving:

"You would make war upon the whites. I ask you to pause and reflect. The white men are like the stars over your heads. You have wrongs, great wrongs, that rise up like these mountains before you; but can you from the mountain tops reach up and blot out those stars? Your enemies are like the sands in the beds of your rivers: when taken away they only give place for more to come and settle here. Could you defeat the whites, from over the mountains in California would come to help them an army of white men that would cover your country like a blanket. What hope is there for the Piute? From where is to come your guns, your powder, your lead, your dried meats to live upon, and hay to feed your ponies while you carry on this war? Your enemies have

all these things, more than they can use. They will come like the sand in a whirlwind, and drive you from your homes. You will be forced among the barren rocks of the north, where your ponies will die, where you will see the women and old men starve, and listen to the cries of your children for food. I love my people; let them live; and when their spirits shall be called to the great camp in the southern sky, let their bones rest where their fathers were buried."

But in spite of advice, some came from the Nevada tribes to venture further in warfare. More came from the west, across the Sierras, from the Kern and Tulare bands that had been but recently defeated, and from southern California. Some, like Joaquin Jim who was already an Owens Valley leader, had been outlawed by their own people. Jim was a Fresno renegade, a man of unusual courage and determination, and he was never reconciled to white rule. The gathered Indian host in Owens Valley was estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 fighting men.

The Reds found allies in the mining camp of Aurora, in the persons of two merchants named Wingate and Cohn, who were said to have carried on a thriving traffic in supplying ammunition for what guns the western Nevada and Mono Indians had. The same Wingate refused to sell ammunition to a messenger from the settlers, saying that all the whites in Owens Valley should be killed.

Al Thompson and a companion were sent to Aurora for help for the threatened settlers. A party of eighteen was organized there, commanded by Capt. John J. Kellogg, a former army officer. One of its members was Alney L. McGee, who had gone to Aurora from the valley.

After the Lone Pine battle the citizens at Putnam's had elected Mayfield their captain. Accounts of the expedition next starting from there do not agree, ranging from twenty-two to thirty-five; the best supported estimate seems to be thirty-three. This force moved northerly to attack the Indians. At Big Pine they found the bodies of R. Hanson and Tallman (or Townsend), who had been killed by the Indians a few days before. Both corpses had been torn and mutilated by coyotes, and that of Hanson (a brother of A. C. Hanson, one of the expedition and in later years County Judge) was identified by the teeth.

Kellogg came down east of the river, the same day. He believed the Mayfield command, which could be seen across the valley, to be hostiles. The mistake was straightened out and the two commands united. All night long the hostiles occupied the rock-strewn hillsides near by, and kept up a continuous howling. The next day, as the force moved northward, an Indian scout was killed by Tex Berry. Dr. A. H. Mitchell, who proved to be an abject coward in the later fight, acted consistently with that character by scalping the Indian and tying the bloody trophy to his saddle. He afterward lost horse, saddle and all. About noon of April 6th camp was made at a ditch or ravine about two miles southwest of the present town of Bishop.

The Indians held a line extending from a small black butte in the valley across Bishop Creek and to the foothills south. Their numbers were variously estimated at from 500 to 1,500. Oppos-

ing them was a white force of from fifty to sixty-three men.

The Piutes were defiant in their demonstrations, and the white men waited only long enough to eat a meal before going into action. Kellogg's force moved up along the creek; Mayfield took his men more southerly. A deep wash was encountered, and the pack animals were left there with a man in charge. Mayfield, Morrison and Van Fleet were at the head of the line when the Indians opened fire. Van Fleet dismounted and handed his bridle to Mayfield. A bullet penetrated Morrison's body, and Mayfield, not seeing his men coming up, became panic-stricken and would have fled leaving Van Fleet afoot if he had not been threatened with summary vengeance.

Kellogg saw that the Indians were about to move around and either cut off the line of retreat or separate the two parties of whites. In response to his call for a volunteer to warn Mayfield, Alney McGee made the ride, during which his horse was killed.

The white men then retreated to the shelter of the ditch. Morrison was put in front of Bart McGee, on the latter's horse, and with Alney McGee steadying him was taken to the trench. "Cage," or James Pleasant, a dairyman who had come from Visalia, was in front of them. They happened to be looking directly at him when a bullet hole appeared in the light gum coat he wore. He did not reply to a question asked, but rose in his stirrups and fell from his horse, dead. The situation was so pressing that for the time the body was left where it fell.

Anderson collected some of the men at a small hill and kept the foe back until Morrison could be taken to a safer place. As the men went back, an Indian wearing only some feathers in his hair was seen going toward the pack train. It was suggested to Hanson that there was his chance to get revenge for his brother's death, and Hanson and Tyler rode out and killed the too venturesome red man. The latter's costume was similar to what a great many of the warriors were wearing at the time. "The uniforms they wore was nawthin' much before, an' rawther less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

The whites reached the ditch intrenchment without further casualties, and from there maintained a defensive battle. One veteran of the fight stated that "Stock" Robinson killed an Indian who was crawling through the ditch to get at close quarters with the defenders. One Indian had a point of vantage behind a pile of grass from which he fired several shots. He was killed by Van Fleet, who watched for his rising to shoot. Mitchell, who had distinguished himself by scalping the Indian scout killed on the way up the valley, proposed that all make a run for safety. Anderson, knowing that if that were done the whole party would be exterminated, said he would shoot the first man who left them to run. Mitchell then bravely proclaimed his own intention of taking a shot at any one who would exhibit such miserable cowardice.

The whites had spread out some of their powder to have it handy for loading purposes.

Some one struck a match which fell into it, and one man was severely burned in the explosion which followed.

Darkness came on, and firing from the Indian lines almost ceased. N. F. Scott, Sheriff of Mono, who had come from Putnam's with the Mayfield party, raised his head above the ditch rim as he undertook to light his pipe. As he did an Indian bullet struck him in the temple, causing instant death. He had come into the valley on official business a short time before.

The beleaguered whites waited until the moon went down, well along in the night, before making a move. Then they retreated to Big Pine, unmolested. Morrison was taken with them, but died soon after reaching Big Pine Creek. This brought the white dead up to three. The number of Indians who fell was unknown, but was variously estimated at from five to fifteen or more. A report published soon afterward said that eleven Indians were killed. The fatalities in this affair, as in nearly every case during the fighting, resulted from bullet wounds. Indian arrows did little harm except at close quarters. Fortunately for their opponents the Indians had but few guns, and were too ignorant of their care and use to make them very effective. Had Piutes possessed any marked degree of courage they could have wiped out the little company of white men, though of course it would have been at a heavy cost to themselves.

The men, who were in this fight, so far as ascertained from different records, included Har-

rison Morrison, "Cage" Pleasant and N. F. Scott, who were killed; Captain Mayfield, Charles Anderson, Alney McGee, Barton McGee, A. Van Fleet, A. C. Hanson, Thos. G. Beasley, R. E. Phelps, E. P. Robinson, John Welch, Thomas Hubbard, Thomas Passmore, William L. Moore, A. Graves, James Harness, John Shea, —. Boland, Pete Wilson, L. F. Cralley, Tex Berry, James Palmer, A. H. Mitchell, "Negro" Charley Tyler, a Tejon Indian, and others unrecorded.

No two of the several accounts of this fight agree in all respects; the versions having the most corroboration of fact or probability have been accepted.

CHAPTER XI

WHITES AGAIN BEATEN

INDIAN AGENT WASSON COMES TO MAKE PEACE—APPEAL FOR TROOPS—A CAUTIOUS GOVERNOR—WASSON ENTERS VALLEY AT HOUR OF BATTLE—EVANS' TROOPERS ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS RETREAT FROM ROUND VALLEY—MAYFIELD KILLED.

Enters now into these chronicles the nation's soldiery, also one Warren Wasson, acting Indian Agent for the Territory of Nevada.

Through news reaching Carson by way of Aurora, Wasson learned of the beginning of trouble in Owens Valley. Under date of March 25, 1862, he telegraphed to James W. Nye, Governor of Nevada, who was then in San Francisco.

"Indian difficulties on Owens River confirmed. Hostiles advancing this way. I desire to go and if possible prevent the war from reaching this territory. If a few men poorly armed go against those Indians defeat will follow and a long and bloody war will ensue. If the whites on Owens River had prompt and adequate assistance it could be checked there. I have just returned from Walker River. Piutes alarmed. I await reply."

Governor Nye promptly conferred with General Wright, commanding the Department of the Pacific, and on the same day notified Wasson to the following effect:

"General Wright will order 50 men to go with you to the scene of action. You may take 50 of my muskets at the fort, and some ammunition with you, and bring them back. Confer with Captain Rowe."

It will be observed that the Governor was careful of the property under his charge. Presumably the guns were for the arming of settlers in the valley.

Captain E. A. Rowe, of Company A, Second California Cavalry, was ranking officer and commander at Fort Churchill, Nevada. Wasson immediately visited him, and the result was an order to Lieutenant Herman Noble to take fifty men to "Aurora and vicinity." "You will be governed by circumstances, in a great measure," his instructions read, "but upon all occasions it is desirable that you consult the Indian Agent, Mr. W. Wasson, who accompanies the expedition for the purpose of restraining the Indians from hostilities. Upon no consideration will you allow your men to engage the Indians without his sanction."

Wasson came on ahead of the troops. He found the Walker River Indians greatly excited, and apprehensive of general war with the whites. He sent messengers to the different bands of Piutes in that region, with instructions to keep quiet until his return. The mass of the natives were anxious to keep out of trouble, and he found all quiet when he went back.

A Piute named Robert accompanied him to Mono Lake, where the Indians were congregated and preparing for a war they feared. They were much pleased with his mission, and sent with him one of their number who could speak the Owens River Piute dialect.

Wasson and his interpreters joined Noble's

column at Adobe Meadows on the night of April 4th. The next day he traveled eight or ten miles ahead of the soldiers, and about noon passed the boundary of the Owens River Piute territory. On the night of the 6th camp was made at the northerly crossing of Owens River. At that very hour the Mayfield and Kellogg companies were defending themselves in the trench near Bishop Creek. Wasson saw no Indians, but plenty of fresh signs. On the following morning the Mono Indian said that he knew the Indians were to the right and up the valley. He was sent to interview them, with a message that the purpose of the mission was to inquire into the cause of the difficulties and to arrange a fair settlement.

Wasson and the Walker River Indian went on south. After going twelve miles down the river they saw a body of men at the foot of the Sierras and waited until Noble came up. Lieutenant Noble and Wasson then left the cavalry and went across the valley to learn who the men were. They found the citizens who had retreated from Bishop Creek, together with troopers of the Second California Cavalry under Lieutenant Colonel George S. Evans. Evans had left Los Angeles March 19th, and shortened the trip to Owens Valley by keeping to the east of the Sierras instead of going into the San Joaquin Valley and crossing Walker's Pass, as seems to have been the invariable route before then. This appears to have been the first travel on the route now used south of Walker's Pass. He arrived at Owens Lake April 2d. He found a dozen men and a few

women and children at Putnam's "fort." Leaving Captain Winne and seven soldiers there, Evans moved on up the valley with seventy-three men and met the Mayfield-Kellogg men near Big Pine.

Wasson made his mission known, but found little encouragement for peaceful hopes. The larger force wished only to exterminate the hostiles. When Mayfield met the cavalry, Evans had induced forty-five of the citizens to turn back northward with his company, the rest being sent on to Putnam's.

The meeting with the contingent from Nevada occurred about six miles south of Bishop Creek. Evans, being the ranking officer, directed Noble to bring up his company. When this was done the force moved to and camped at the scene of the previous day's fighting. The body of Pleasant, left in the flight of the citizens, was found, shockingly mutilated. All his clothing had been taken for Indian use. The body, wrapped in a blanket, was buried. It may be noted that when circumstances favored the Piutes again dug up the remains and took therefrom the blanket shrouding them. Once more the whites made a grave for Pleasant, at a point a little east of the San Francis ranch. Search in later years failed to discover the place of its final interment. Pleasant Valley, a small subdivision of Owens Valley, was named for this victim of the war. The body of Scott, buried in the trench the night of the retreat, was undisturbed.

Evans started scouting parties in different di-

rections at daylight of the 8th. Eight or ten men who had gone northwesterly returned about noon and reported having found the enemy in force twelve miles to the northwest, in what is now called Round Valley. A rapid movement in that direction was ordered, and in two hours the soldiers and citizens reached the mouth of the canyon in which the Indians were believed to be. A heavy snowstorm had begun there, and a strong gale swept down from the summits. Evans ordered an advance, sending Lieutenants Noble and Oliver up one ridge with forty men while he and Lieutenant French, with an equal number, took the opposite wall of the canyon. Wasson criticizes the wisdom of this plan, as the gale, all in favor of the Indians, would have given them a strong advantage. The pursued foes had gone on, however, and no Indians were found. The troops returned to the valley below.

The storm abating somewhat, Wasson did some investigating for himself, and discovered Indian signs in a canyon a mile to the north of the camp. Following it, he came upon a fresh trail leading northerly. At a point over two miles from the command he turned back. As he started back, he heard a call from rocks a few hundred yards away. He replied, in English, Spanish and Piute, but got no response. This performance was repeated several times as he rode toward camp; he believed it to be an effort to decoy him. That night campfires were visible in the canyon.

The next morning Evans ordered Lieutenant Noble and nine of his men to reconnoiter the can-

yon, while the whole command moved in that direction. The detail was fired upon after it had advanced some 300 yards into the canyon. Trooper Christopher Gillespie was instantly killed and Corporal John Harries was wounded in the left arm. Gillespie's body was left behind in the retreat, but was afterward recovered. A published report mentioned the killing of a Sergeant McKenzie, but this is not confirmed by the military report.

The main command was half a mile below the mouth of the canyon. The cavalrymen were dismounted, and Noble and his company were sent to occupy the mountain side at the left, or south, side, Mayfield and four other citizens accompanying them. Evans was to take the north side of the canyon, and the citizens not with Noble were to remain at its mouth. Noble reached his designated position, and drew a brisk fire from two directions. Mayfield was wounded, and Noble, seeing that to hold his position would probably mean heavy loss, ordered a retreat. Mayfield was being carried back when a bullet passed between the legs of citizen John Welch and inflicted a fatal wound on the already injured citizen captain. John A. Hubinger, bugler, later a physician in Pasadena, was surrounded by Indians, and a bullet grazed his ear, but he made good his escape.

Evans found that the mountain side was too rugged and steep to permit the advance he had planned for his company, and he also ordered a retreat, not only from the immediate vicinity but

back into Owens Valley. Before the soldiers had gone a mile and a half the camp ground they had occupied was dotted with Indian campfires.

Wasson's report, dated April 20, 1862, gives little credit to Evans for his management of the affair. He wrote:

> "During the engagement I selected a high rock at about the center of the operations, where I could observe all parties, and I am satisfied there were not over 25 Indians who had been left behind as a decoy to the whites and to protect the main body and families, who had gone on into the mountains to the north to avoid a collision with the troops. . . . Lieutenant Noble conferred with me and we agreed as to the course to be pursued, until we met Col. Evans, who then took command. This reinforcement ruined all our plans. We might have done better; we certainly could not have done worse. Lieutenant Noble and his men behaved gallantly on the field."

In referring to the Bishop Creek fight of April 6th, Wasson says the citizens had been "shamefully defeated." That is, after starting a campaign against from ten to thirty times their number, the white command had been forced to retreat. If to abandon that undertaking were "shameful," what shall be said of the result in Round Valley? Evans had under him a force of more than 150 men, of whom more than 100 were soldiers. After a skirmish, he abandoned the whole attempt, without discovering anything about how many or how few foes he had engaged. The sole result of his campaigning was to increase the confidence of the Indians, as Wasson had foretold, and to add to the probability of other outbreaks.

Evans camped that night on the Bishop Creek battleground. He had no provisions except what he procured in the valley—a singular condition which he attributed to his having distributed supplies to needy settlers—and was compelled to return to Camp Drum. Lieutenant Noble accompanied him as far as Putnam's, to escort the settlers from the valley with their herds and flocks. The latter included 4,000 head of cattle and 2,500 sheep. Among the men who left at that time were the McGees, who met Indians, but were not molested. A general exodus took place.

Wasson appears to have had not only much sympathy with the Indians in their pathetic resistance to the inevitable white domination, but a bias that led to occasional overstatement. He assured Governor Nye that they "had dug ditches and irrigated nearly all the arable land in that section of the country, and live by its products." The products were the native plants, irrigated to a limited extent and not cultivated at all. We quote him further:

"They have been repeatedly told by officers of the government that they should have exclusive possession of these lands, and they are now fighting to obtain that possession. . . . Having taken up their abode along Owens River as a place of last resort, they will fight to the last extremity in defense of their homes."

CHAPTER XII

TEMPORARY PEACE

INDIANS IN FULL POSSESSION—MILITARY EXPEDITION—CAMP INDEPENDENCE ESTABLISHED—PEACE ARRANGED—COSO—SAN CARLOS MINES FOUND—BILL TO ESTABLISH RESERVATION CREATES CONTROVERSY AND IS FINALLY FORGOTTEN.

By the first of May, 1862, the Indians were in almost undisputed possession of the whole of Owens Valley. Occasional venturesome travelers fared badly. Harvey C. Ladd had left San Bernardino two months earlier with his family, wagons and stock, and lost all his possessions, the persons being fortunate enough to escape. Alexander Godey, ex-scout and at that time Indian Agent, noted a report that a man named Pete Abel and thirteen or fourteen others had been massacred, one man alone escaping to tell the tale. The party had four wagons loaded with provisions, and 45 horses. They were besieged in a corral which they formed with their wagons, and in an attempt to escape all but one lost their lives. Another party of six were all killed. Information given in Los Angeles was that the Indians had acquired a hundred rifles among them; that there were from 1,000 to 1,200 fighting men in the valley; that a thousand head of cattle had been stolen or killed by them, and that practically

every white habitation on the eastern side of the Sierras north of Walker's Pass had been destroyed.

Miners in the Coso region were still at work, nevertheless, but under such dangerous conditions that the miners appealed to the military authorities at the San Francisco Presidio for protection. Hitchens, of Hitchens & Montgomery, of Coso, made his way out on this mission. His accounts of the condition were far more extreme than what appears in these pages. He stated also that there was a quantity of mill machinery at Walker's Pass to be taken to Coso when it became safe.

General Andres Pico, in Los Angeles, sought permission to organize an independent expedition against the Indians. Volunteers for his proposed forces were numerous enough, but it appears that the Governor refused him the desired permission.

A letter purporting to come "from citizens residing in the vicinity of Owens River" reached the authorities, asking that no steps be taken for the establishment of a military post; that if the soldiers would come and clear out the valley, giving the whites possession, the latter would take care of themselves. The communication was believed to have originated with designing plunderers. A Los Angeles paper said that to send out the expedition for only 60 days would cost $100,000, and called for a public meeting to urge the establishment of a military post in Owens Valley.

Whatever the motive for the alleged protest, it was unheeded, and General Wright directed Colonel Evans to prepare for the "Mono and Owens River Military Expedition."

During May Captain Rowe, from Fort Churchill, Nevada, had a conference with the Mono Lake Indians, after an interpreter had induced them to hold a parley. The red men were found to be sullen and not caring whether peace was made or was not. They said as many whites as Indians had been killed and while they were satisfied, they were perfectly willing to continue the war.

Evans started from Fort Latham, between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, June 12th, with 157 men, including Company G and detachments from Companies D and I of his regiment, the Second California Cavalry. Captain Winne, who had commanded G Company on the first trip into Owens Valley, had committed suicide in a Los Angeles hotel, while mentally deranged, and T. H. Goodman had replaced him in command. The cavalrymen made camp on Oak Creek on July 4, 1862; erected a 50-foot flagstaff, raised the flag and fired small-arm salutes, gave three times three cheers, and otherwise departed from the daily routine. Because of the day, the site selected by Colonel Evans was named Camp Independence. The soldiers immediately began to provide shelters for themselves, some building cabins and some digging out caves in the walls of a large ravine near by.

John C. Willett, for many years a resident near Independence, was a saddler with Company G. In a letter written in 1903 he stated that when the soldiers reached the foot of Owens Lake they were instructed to kill all the Indians they saw. One Indian was slain at the lake.

Captain George was met at the Alabama hills, bearing a flag of truce and a letter from Indian Agent Wasson directing a cessation of hostilities, as he believed that a peace could be arranged.

During July, Wasson was called from Carson to confer with Governor Stanford, General Wright and J. P. H. Wentworth, Indian Agent for the Southern District of California, regarding the Owens Valley situation. He was directed to collect the Indians at Camp Independence, to which point Wentworth was to come with presents and to make a treaty. In the meantime Captain Rowe's command had come into the valley from the north and made camp east of the river, opposite Camp Independence. A powwow was held there July 5th, and a temporary peace was made with the Indian leaders. No friction was reported during the summer, though a letter written at the time said: "The Indians feign friendship, but show what they would do but for the troops."

Wentworth left San Francisco in September, going by steamer to San Pedro. From there he went to Fort Tejon and secured the aid of Alex Godey as interpreter and guide. They brought a quantity of presents and provisions for the natives. Runners were sent to the different rancherias and bands, and in response many Piutes gathered for a council. The Indians asked only that the government give them protection and means of support. They were assured of the folly of war, and were told that while good conduct would be rewarded, rebellion would insure punishment. On October 6th a treaty was made, and

was celebrated by the Indians with a fandango. Chief George remained at the fort as a hostage for the good conduct of his people. While these events were transpiring, other factors were at work leading to renewed trouble; but on the surface at the time, Owens Valley had passed to the control of the whites within a few months of the time when they had been driven from it.

Miners had been at work at Coso more or less continuously during all the troubles in the valley. Twenty arrastras were at work, and rich ore was being taken out. A report in a Los Angeles paper in July, in 1862, told of the arrival of a Dr. Bagley with twenty-six pounds of gold from the mines.

During the summer "Lake City" was laid out near Owens Lake, by T. F. A. Connelly and W. B. Lilly. A few small shanties were erected, and proved to be the full extent of the "city." Other occurrences of the summer included the beginning of work at the Eclipse mine, under R. S. Whigham as superintendent, and the bringing in, via Walker's Pass, of machinery for a quartz mill at Coso. T. F. A. Connelly did this freighting.

A prospecting soldier found free gold ore in the range east of Independence. It was sent to San Francisco, and immediately caused the organization of the San Carlos Mining and Exploration Company. On September 24th Henry G. Hanks, James Hutchings of Yosemite Valley note, and Captain Corcoran left the city as representatives of the company, to investigate the ledge from which the specimens had come. They outfitted

in Stockton, and crossed the Sierras at Bloody Canyon, near Mono Lake. In passing through Yosemite they gave to Cathedral Spires the name now borne by that bit of scenic grandeur. Their route was via Monoville and Aurora, and at the latter place they were joined by George K. Phillips. Coming southward, they passed Bodie, where some prospecting was going on. At Hot Springs they saw the riddled cabin in which Taylor had been killed by the Indians some months before. On October 24th, a month from the day of starting, they made camp three miles northeast of Camp Independence.

A rich galena vein was found the following day, within a mile of the camp, and the Romelia claim was located on it. Hanks, assayer for the party, tested the ore under difficulties. When the work was nearly done, he related, a dog upset the balances and spilled the small buttons of metal. A long search failed to bring the missing buttons to light, and the prospect was that the laborious process would have to be repeated, when some one suggested that the missing material might have fallen into the dog's fur. The canine was given a combing, the buttons were found, and ascertained to show a richness of ore that highly encouraged the men.

News of the find created strong interest in San Francisco. Companies and stocks were plentiful, and parties of prospectors headed for the new bonanza. San Carlos camp became a busy little place the following year.

While these happenings forecasted the ulti-

mate occupation of Owens Valley by white people, officialdom had, just before, remembered the earlier intention of establishing an Indian reservation. Senator Latham introduced his bill to sell the reservation lands in the southern part of the State and move their populations to Owens Valley. Agent Wentworth made strong objections; that his objections served the purpose is sufficient without quibbling at these reasons he set forth in a report dated August 30, 1862:

"The scheme is utterly impracticable. In my department there are 16,000 Indians, and Owens River Valley, cultivated in the most skillful manner, with all the modern improvements, by intelligent white labor, would not support that population. How then would it be possible for the numerous tribes, strangers to each other and comparatively ignorant of the first principles of agricultural pursuits, to sustain themselves on such a reservation? The narrow valley of Owens River is only, at this time, sufficient for the very small number of Indians, 1500 by census, who at present occupy and inhabit it, and the cause of the war now waged there is the desperation of the Indians because of the fact that the emigration to the mines has destroyed the grass seed upon which they, in a large measure, had been accustomed to subsist. . . . The war there has already cost the Government more than $90,000. If the Committee on Indian Affairs had responded promptly to the estimate which I made last winter for funds, viz., $59,300, I sincerely believe the whole difficulty would have been avoided."

Wentworth had, however, laid off a reservation for the Piutes, embracing six townships, extending from foothill to foothill and from Big Pine Creek on the north to George's Creek on the south. He reported that while it seemed large for the number of Indians, about 2,000 (disagree-

ing with the alleged census of 1,500), "it must be remembered that it is only in small spots that it is susceptible of cultivation, the balance being scarcely fit for grazing purposes, and none of it attractive to settlers." This reservation was recognized and respected by the whites during the brief peace of that summer.

The agent further reported:

"Should the Department agree with me, as I trust it will for I see no other way of keeping these Indians quiet, I hope it will recommend to Congress the immediate appropriation of $30,000 for the purpose of enabling me to establish this reservation. That sum, judiciously expended in the purchase of seed, stock cattle, mules, wagons, ploughs, etc., would place these wretched people beyond the necessity of stealing for a livelihood, and would relieve the Government from any further expense for their support, as well as dispense with the necessity of maintaining an expensive military post in a country where everything has to be hauled a distance of 300 miles over a sandy road, with water only at long intervals, and every obstacle to surmount which is objectionable for a military depot. Already the Government has expended many thousands of dollars in sending and keeping troops there to suppress difficulties that would never have occurred had Congress appropriated, a year ago, for this reservation.

"The discovery of gold and silver mines in the ranges of the mountains on the borders of the Great Basin make what was three years ago an unknown region at this time a great thoroughfare; and the importance of averting at this time such a calamity as an Indian war is more pressing, as it would prevent travel and deprive the country of valuable resources made known by the energy of our hardy pioneers.

"It would be impossible to remove the Indians of the more southerly portion of my district to this proposed reservation, because the rigor of the climate is such that it would be difficult to keep them during the inclement portion of the year, when snow covers the ground, even if the expense of moving

them were not an insurmountable objection to such a proposition. The importance of prompt action by Congress in this matter cannot be presented more strongly than in the fact that it can, by a small appropriation, if made at once, secure permanent peace with a people who have shown themselves formidable in war, and save the Government the enormous expense attendant upon an interminable Indian difficulty which will inevitably occur.

"Aside from this view of the matter, every principle of justice and humanity demands that a portion of what really belongs to them by inheritance should be secured to them, and that a nation as noble as ours should lend a helping hand to these people to raise them from their degradation."

Wentworth's recommendations went to Wm. P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Dole passed them on to J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, but with a letter of disapproval. He favored finding some other location, large enough to accommodate all the Indians of the District of Southern California.

Nothing came of either Latham's bill or of Wentworth's recommendations. Congressman Aaron A. Sargent successfully opposed the latter, claiming that the amount asked was too much, and unnecessary, as there were not 500 Indians in the whole Owens River country. Wentworth came back in a later report with evidence that Sargent did not know what he was talking about, and that the original claim of Indian population was correct, but no further action was taken.

The year closed peacefully in Owens Valley, though the desert regions to the southeast remained dangerous for white men.

CHAPTER XIII

FRESH OUTBREAKS

WAR MEDICINE MADE—LONE TRAVELERS MURDERED—McDONALD KILLED AT BIG PINE—CABINS BROKEN OPEN AND PILLAGED—WEAK MILITARY DEMONSTRATIONS—ESCAPE OF THE McGEE PARTY FROM INDIANS NEAR BLACK ROCKS—TYLER CAPTURED BY NATIVES.

After the ostensible pacification of the Piutes, a part of the military force at Camp Independence had returned to Camp Babbitt, near Visalia, leaving Captain Goodman and Company G at the former post. Goodman resigned January 31, 1863, and the command devolved upon James Ropes, promoted to the captaincy.

While Wentworth and Wasson believed they had made progress in their philanthropic efforts to better conditions for the Owens Valley Piutes, and while Captain George and his followers apparently desired the peace for which they had bargained in October, renegades from other regions were preparing for the warpath, with Owens Valley as the scene of their contemplated operations. The Indians under Joaquin Jim, north of Big Pine Creek, had taken no part in the Independence council, and George did not speak for them; neither did he represent the outlaw element from Kern River, Tehachapi and the eastern desert region. All that faction held a great pow-

wow in September (while Wentworth was at Camp Independence), on an island in the south fork of Kern River, and agreed to a campaign in Owens Valley the following winter and spring. One of those warriors told Weldon, a rancher in that vicinity, that the intention was to keep the Mormons out of Owens Valley.

John Lee and Jose Grijalva, packing goods to Coso, were murdered at Canebrake, in Walker's Pass, in September. Two teamsters met a like fate not far from Weldon's. During the next two or three months lone white men were killed in that region whenever safe opportunity offered itself to the Indians. Prospectors Hall, Shepherd, Turner and White, working near the Christmas Gift mine, were among the victims. Five woodchoppers in the hills northeast of Lone Pine went the same way. Five men named McGuire, Morrison, Taylor, Cowles and Hall were besieged in a camp near Coso, and escaped by abandoning their horses and camp.

On the forenoon of March 3, 1863, a meeting was being held at San Carlos for organizing a district. While it was in session, men named Walker, Bellows, Crohn and Badger came in with a young man named Ayres, just escaped from an adventure in which a companion had lost his life at Big Pine. The meeting hastily adjourned, after deciding that until the valley reached a more peaceful state all development work might be suspended without prejudice to the validity of locations already made.

Three Ayres brothers, Hiram, aged thirty-five,

Albert, twenty-five, and William, twenty-one, and Hiram McDonald were camped at Big Pine Creek, March 2, 1862. Hiram Ayres had gone to the hills to cut some stakes. Returning toward camp, he saw an Indian loading horses with camp property, while none of the white men were in sight. He hid until towards morning, when the moon went down, then started for Camp Independence, where he arrived toward the following midnight.

William Ayres was the one who was brought in by Walker and associates. He said that he was in camp at dusk when he heard McDonald say: "Look out, Bill! They're going to shoot!" Then a gun was fired, and William saw an Indian warrior running toward him with arrow fixed. He ran, and was shot as he did so. He got into thick brush and under a bank washed out by high water. Though the Indians hunted and even poked his body with sticks they did not find him. When all was quiet he stole out and escaped, carrying an arrow in his body. He was taken to Camp Independence, where after long treatment by the post surgeon, Horn, he recovered.

Hanks, William Wallace, Oscar Bacon and —. McNamara set out to seek Albert Ayres, whom they found struggling toward camp. He had been with McDonald until the latter had been struck by four arrows and had given up hope of escape. Ayres pulled out the arrows and urged McDonald to try to get away, but he insisted on Ayres leaving him and going to warn the miners to the southward. When McDonald was last seen the Piutes were pelting him with stones.

Word came from Captain Ropes that Chief George had disappeared from the fort after receiving his rations on March 1st, and trouble was expected. Several hundred Indians were seen, March 2, passing along the valley across the river from the mining camp. Their women and children were with them, which, the miners afterward concluded, was the only reason an attack was not made then. Ten men, well armed, were in the camp, and believed they could have put up a good battle.

Hanks and partners had returned to their claims and were working when they were told that their cabin had been broken into and ransacked. On going to it, they found everything except the laboratory table in a state of wreckage. Superstitious fears probably accounted for the table and apparatus being undisturbed. All clothing, guns, ammunition, knives, looking-glasses and portable stuff for which the marauders had a fancy had been taken. Mattresses had been cut, emptied, and their cloth taken. The door had been broken open with the camp ax. Hanks wrote, following this:

"I am beginning to change my mind about Indians. I used to think they were a much-abused race and that the whites were generally to blame in troubles like this, but now I know to the contrary. Those very Indians who had been entertained at our house were the ones to attack it, and would have murdered us had we been at home."

Again he wrote:

"I want you to use all your influence to have the Indian reservation done away with, and to prevent a treaty until the

Indians are punished severely. The citizens of this valley are exasperated to that extent that they will not respect any treaty until the Indians are completely conquered and punished. The Indians are a cruel, cowardly, treacherous race. The whites have treated them well, paid them faithfully for all services performed by them, and have used the reservation only after gaining the consent of Captain George, their chief. After living on the charity of whites all winter, having gambled away the blankets and beads given them by the Government, they now, without giving us the slightest warning, pounce down like vultures, rob those who have treated them best, and murdered where they could without danger to themselves. They rush upon their prey in great numbers, like a pack of wolves, and not satisfied with filling the bodies of their victims with glass-pointed arrows, beat them into a pumice with stones. Can we be expected to give such inhuman wretches a chance at us again? We call upon you, the people of California, State and Federal authorities, to have this reservation and this set of wild savages removed to some other point. This valley is the natural thoroughfare through the mountains, and destined by nature to be the seat of a large population."

A lone cabin owned by a miner named Ladd, a mile from the San Carlos camp, was broken open and robbed March 6th. On that same day, not far from the Ida Camp, east of the present Manzanar, Curtis Bellows fell a victim to lurking Indians. The natives, seeking metal with which to make bullets for their guns, had destroyed the lead pipe which supplied water for the camp, making it necessary for Bellows and his partner, named Lambert, to visit a spring half a mile distant. Bellows was returning from such a journey when an arrow from ambush entered his body. He pulled it out and broke it. Another and more fatal shot struck him, and he

sank dead upon the trail. His partner, seeing Bellows fall, ran to their cabin, followed by Indians. By shouting orders, he made the Indians think several men were in the place, and they retreated. A detail of fifteen soldiers recovered and buried the body of Bellows.

Another letter from San Carlos said:

"We hear that 40 men of Co. E, Second Cavalry, under Lieut. Davis, are on the way from Visalia. The force of soldiers here is Co. G, under Capt. Ropes. There is every probability that the Indians will want another treaty very soon, when they find nothing can be gained by fighting. They have been treated well, many of them fed by the United States, and their persons and those of their women protected by stringent military orders. I have yet to hear of the first act of injustice toward them since the treaty."

Captain Ropes sent Lieutenant James C. Doughty and six men to the Black Rocks, where the Indians were known to be in force. No statement of the purpose of this weak expedition is found in any military or other record. Near Black Rock Spring they were attacked by a force of Indians estimated at 200, armed with guns as well as with bows and arrows. Private Jabez T. Lovejoy was shot through the body and died that evening. Privates George W. Hazen, John W. Armstrong and George Sourwine were all wounded, and Lieutenant Doughty was shot in the hand with an arrow. Sourwine's horse was killed; he took Lovejoy's, and carried the mortally wounded man in front of him to Camp Independence.

An account written at the time gives the name of Henry Bosworth as one of the wounded men,

but no such name appears on the company roll.

Three days later Ropes took twenty-seven soldiers, accompanied by Charles Anderson, Dr. Burnham and other citizens, to the Black Rocks. As they neared the tumbled lava masses, a few Indians were seen, throwing sand in the air and yelling like fiends. They opened fire on the whites, but without doing any damage. Hanks wrote: "Ropes retreated slowly to draw the Indians from the rocks, but they were too wary to be trapped, and stayed in the natural stronghold of the Black Rocks. After a few vain shots the soldiers went back to camp." Local stories alleged that Ropes made a disgraceful retreat. John C. Willett, writing of it, said the soldiers were short of ammunition.

One of the most noted events of the war was the escape of the McGee party from the Indians, on March 7, 1863. This story has been printed in different journals, generally with errors and embellishments designed to add to its readability. The following is the account given to the author by Alney L. McGee, for many years a citizen of Inyo and with a record of uprightness in keeping with his personal bravery:

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Summers, Alney L. McGee, his mother, a little girl (his niece) and Negro Charley Tyler camped at the soon-to-be site of Owensville on the night of March 6th, during a journey from Aurora to Visalia. Near Big Pine they came upon the body of McDonald, whose murder has been narrated. The corpse had been stripped of every shred of

clothing. This discovery spurred them to a hasty flight down the valley. Signal smokes were seen as they neared the hills below Fish Springs. As the party moved east of that low range, a band of Indians estimated at 150 was seen blocking the way ahead. The party left the poorly marked road to cross the river. The wagons stuck in the soft mud in the bottom of the stream, then at a low stage, and the horses were cut loose. By the time the whites had crossed the Piutes were at the western bank, sending arrows and bullets among them. This was near a mound ever since known as Charley's Butte, a short distance from the present intake of the Los Angeles aqueduct.

On reaching the east bank Summers and McGee put the women and little girl on the horses' backs, and ran alongside, holding to the manes, and thus drew beyond the Indians' reach. The yelling Indians pursued, but their inferior ponies were unable to overtake the fugitives, who reached Camp Independence that night. Negro Charley was less fortunate. He tried to catch one of the band of loose horses which were being driven with the party, but did not succeed. When last seen he was running and fighting, and without doubt some of the assailants paid with their lives. He had taken part in the valley's Indian fighting, and had accounted for several of the enemy. His fate was never definitely known. Captain George claimed that he was taken alive and was tortured to death on Big Pine Creek. A pioneer told of the finding of a skull and vertebræ of a man, later that year, on a stream west of Charley's Butte.

The skull had been so crushed that its race could not be determined. It appeared that the victim must have been dead before his body was triced up with withes over a fire. Mr. McGee did not believe that Charley was taken alive.

When the escapes reached the fort they were halted by John C. Willett, doing sentry duty. When Mrs. McGee was lifted from her horse she was unable to stand. At their request Willett hunted up citizen acquaintances in the camp, and the matter was reported to Captain Ropes. The latter's reception of them was not to his credit; however, they remained at the post until May, when they went back to Aurora.

The party lost twenty-two horses and their wagon with its load of personal property, including $640 in money. Unlike many other cases of Indian depredations, this loss was never made good by the Government.

A San Carlos report said that Captain Ropes was to send men northward to prevent similar attacks on other travelers.

CHAPTER XIV

CONTINUATION OF THE WAR

SETTLERS ON DEFENSIVE—MORE TROOPS ARRIVE—A SUCCESSFUL MUTINY—FIGHTING ON BIG PINE CREEK—WARRIORS FOLLOWED BY CITIZENS TO BATTLEGROUND ON WEST SHORE OF OWENS LAKE—INDIAN BAND ALMOST EXTERMINATED.

Assayer Hanks, reporting to the president of the San Carlos company in San Francisco on March 8th, wrote that Capt. (Chas.) Anderson and himself had taken six carbines and a lot of cartridges to the Union mill, probably eight miles south of San Carlos. "I look on the magnificent landscape," he writes, "and thought that such a valley was well worth fighting for." At Rodebank's (an error for Coburn's, according to some old residents) on George's Creek, everybody was armed and expecting an attack. Putnam's stone cabin on Little Pine Creek sheltered a number of men, prepared to defy any Indian force. Lone Pine had two camps wherein citizens had gathered for defense. Four men were fortified at Clayton's house (locality not stated). Everywhere all hands were burning off brush, moving hay, cleaning guns, cutting portholes in cabin walls, and otherwise preparing for battle. Two nights earlier Indians had fired the haystack near the Union mill, and the camp was burned at the

same time. Hanks remained to help defend the Union mill; he notes that he considered the preservation of the mill to be of great importance.

Troopers Johnson and Potter had left Camp Independence early in March for Aurora, for a purpose not explained but probably to warn intending travelers. When they reached Black Rocks, March 12th, on their return trip, they found 300 Indians along the road, with 50 guns. Chief George gave them a pressing invitation to come to his camp, but they preferred not to be the central figures in an Indian holiday. Riding close to him, they put spurs to their horses and dashed through the line, escaping with nothing more serious than a wound in Johnson's hand and a bullet crease across the neck of his horse.

Hanks' manuscript, March 10th:

"Today 14 soldiers under Lieut. Doty (Doughty) crossed at the ferry and went up to the ford to put up a notice of warning to any party who may be on the way down, to come down and cross at San Carlos. Last night Indians were all around the mill, as we could see their tracks this morning."

March 11.—"Today Mr. Summers, one of the men who escaped from the Indians, came down to the mill. He tells a thrilling story. He says the Indians did not go up the river yesterday. They found the ferry boat had been cut loose. Party left the Union mill this morning and went up as far as San Carlos. Found the rope cut and boat gone, and window and door smashed at the house. No other damage was done."

Hanks' notes of March 12th relate the Johnson-Potter incident, with the remark that a large party of soldiers had gone to see if they could find the Indians.

No record of events of the latter half of March is available, though it was in the middle of the busiest season of trouble. On the 4th of April the military force at Camp Independence was augmented by the arrival of Company E, Second California Cavalry, under Captain Herman Noble—the same who as Lieutenant of Company A had accompanied Wasson in his wasted peace mission the year before.

Company E had the unique record of being the only successful mutineers in the United States army. While the incident is aside from the purpose of this history, it is worth preservation as well as being a temporary change from the narration of the guerrilla warfare then prevailing. It was told by Chauncey L. Canfield, a private in the company: Company E was made up of Tuolumne County volunteers, and was allowed to choose its own officers. The choice for captain fell upon D. B. Akey, a Mexican War veteran, hard-working miner and good citizen. Like other California volunteers, the members expected to be sent to the battlefields of the Civil War; and like others, the company was held in the West. This started the discontent; a march to Fort Humboldt during a hard winter increased it; and the climax was reached in Akey's proving to be a veritable tyrant. The company fought Indians in northern California until midsummer of 1862. It was then agreed among the men that on a specified date no man should obey any order given by Akey, though expressing a willingness to act under any other officer. Though under the Articles of War each was

liable to death for mutiny, it was felt that the circumstances justified desperate measures. Akey got wind of the situation, and went to San Francisco. During his absence the company was moved to Red Bluff, but any hope that some other officer would be sent in his place was shattered by his arrival there. At Akey's direction the orderly sergeant had the company drawn up in line. He then said: "All those who intend to refuse to obey my commands as their superior officer step two paces to the front." That command, at least, they obeyed, for every man, except two who had joined subsequent to the compact, took the two steps forward. The captain glanced up and down the line, said nothing, and turned and walked to the ferry, passing from his company forever. The company remained there four months, while the War Department was considering its case. The decision was to muster it out of service, without pay, and it was marched to Benicia Barracks for that purpose; but through the intervention of Governor Stanford the sentence was revoked. Noble was appointed its captain November 21, 1862, and in December the march for Owens Valley began. Akey was transferred to Noble's former company, A, and resigned eleven days later. He went to Nevada, and in after years visited Inyo.

The two companies at Camp Independence left there April 9, Ropes in command. A soldier of the expedition, writing to the author from Massachusetts, stated that the white force included 120 soldiers and 35 citizens. The following day a band of 200 Indians was found strongly posted on a

spur of the Sierras north of Big Pine creek. Firing lasted all afternoon, and toward evening the Indians withdrew into the mountains. A number (not definitely stated) of Indians were killed or wounded; white casualties, Private Thomas Spratt, of G Company, dangerously shot in the head, and Private John Burden, of E Company, slightly wounded. Spratt was sent back to the fort for attention, with J. S. Broder as one of the attendants. A large band of Indians pursued them among the Black Rocks, but they made a successful escape.

Sergeant Huntington, of Company G, and half a dozen men had a running fight with Chief George and a large body of Indians in the Black Rocks, and reached the fort safely, after killing several of their pursuers.

The chief Indian headquarters of the mid-southern part of the valley was at Chief George's rancheria on the creek which still bears his name, and west of the present Manzanar townsite. On the night of April 18 the natives had a feast there, having slain a work ox belonging to the whites. The next morning J. L. Bodle saw them leaving in a southerly direction, and with his companions counted thirty-seven of them strung out in single file. Word was sent to Camp Independence, and thirty or forty soldiers and citizens took their trail. It was followed west of the Alabama hills to a point two miles or so north of Cottonwood Creek, where a bullet through a man's hat gave notice of the nearness of the foe. A running fight ensued, the Indians being driven from one point

to another until they made a last stand on the west shore of Owens Lake, not far from the mouth of the creek. Their guns were so foul that they could ram bullets into the barrels only by pounding the ramrods with stones. Lieut. Doughty was dismounted by accidentally shooting his own horse through the head. It is also said that the only casualty to the white forces resulted from a misdirected shot from one of their own pistols. When this wounded man fell, an Indian known as Chief Butcherknife dashed up to finish him, but was slain. Completely beaten, the Piutes sought refuge in the lake. A strong wind was blowing from the east and interfered with their making much progress in swimming, and one after another was killed in the light of a full moon just rising over the eastern mountains. The whites established a long line along the lake shore, and remained until the bodies began to wash ashore. A pioneer participant alleged that the next morning a pair of water-soaked moccasins was found near the lake, presumably indicating that an Indian had survived the rain of lead and had emerged when opportunity offered. One Indian fled westward during the fight; he headed up the mountain, with derisive signs, and thereafter lived with the Kern Indians. Taking the count made at George's Creek, thirty-five or thirty-six Indians were killed in that affair. Milo Page, a pioneer, asserted that he passed the spot soon afterward and saw thirty-three skulls, from which coyotes had stripped the flesh, piled up in one place. Bancroft's Handbook, 1864, said sixteen Indians were killed in the fight; all evidence is that this was much understated.

The George's Creek white residents joined the soldiers on their way down, leaving only J. L. Bodle and one other man as guards for the property at that settlement. A. L. McGee, John Kispert, W. A. Greenly, Meyer and others well known in later Inyo affairs were among the citizen combatants.

From the body of one of the dead Indians was taken the Colt's powder and ball pistol which Negro Charley had carried, and this weapon was still in the possession of Mr. McGee at the time of his death a few years ago. Contrary to oft-repeated report, Mr. McGee stated that it was the only bit of property of the Summers-McGee party recovered from the marauding Indians.

CHAPTER XV

RUTHLESS SLAUGHTERINGS

SOLDIERS MASSACRE INOFFENDING INDIANS ON KERN RIVER —PRISONERS TAKEN BY TROOPS—DESTRUCTION OF INDIAN STORES—POWWOW WITH CHIEF GEORGE—MANY INDIANS SURRENDER—MURDERS BY WHITES—MERRIAM'S THRILLING ESCAPE.

Company L, Second California Cavalry, Captain Albert Brown commanding, arrived at Bishop Creek in April, 1863, and remained for a few weeks before going on to Camp Independence. It returned to Fort Churchill, Nevada, in June.

Company D of the same regiment became more prominent in Owens Valley affairs. With Captain Moses A. McLaughlin in command, it left Camp Babbitt April 12, and reached Keysville, Kern County, six days later. The official report says:

"Heard that a large party of Indians were camped a few miles above, and at 2 o'clock in the morning of the next day surrounded their camp and killed 35 of them. Not a soldier injured."

Pioneers of both Inyo and Kern Counties speak of this affair as a cold-blooded massacre. The Kern Indians were at peace with the whites. Hearing that troops were approaching, they were much alarmed, but were advised by white acquaintances to give up their arms and stay close to the

settlements. They delivered eighteen guns to the white settlers, and camped near Kernville (then called Whisky Flat) eight miles from Keysville. The soldiers surrounded the camp and told two Kern petty chiefs to pick out the chiefs of their bands. The thirty-five remaining Indians were herded to one side and ruthlessly shot down. This was the account given by J. W. Sumner, a resident there at the time. He said further that no evidence existed to implicate the victims in the Owens Valley troubles a hundred miles away. The superintendent of Tule River Reservation, the nearest, mentions in a report that year that the Indians under his charge had frequently given information in regard to the movements of their more hostile neighbors of Owens Valley, and when solicited to join against the whites had absolutely refused. There were renegades among them, however, who had engineered the Kern River war council the preceding fall.

McLaughlin's command reached Camp Independence April 24, and McLaughlin, as senior captain, became ranking officer at the post. The following day his company started on an unsuccessful two-day scout after Indians. On the arrival of this reinforcement the Summers-McGee party asked for a military escort through the valley on their way to Aurora, but the request was refused. In May enough citizens to form a strong party left for Aurora, and the refugees went with them. On the way out Alney McGee and H. Hurley encountered and killed three Indians on Owens River.

During May the cavalrymen were active. Lieut. George D. French, of McLaughlin's company, and twenty men made a scouting trip, during which French and seven of his men attacked an Indian band, killing one and mortally wounding three. About the 10th or 12th twenty-five or thirty Indian prisoners were taken at Big Pine and sent to the fort, by a detachment of Company E. Four men of Company L, under Sergeant Henry C. Church, came on a party of fourteen Indians on the headwaters of Owens River and killed four, the rest retreating into the rocks. This company was out almost continuously and by its destruction of many caches of Indian stores inflicted more serious punishment on the natives than the killing of a few of their braves would have been. During May it destroyed about 300 bushels of "seed" (pine nuts and taboose) found cached in the vicinity of Bishop Creek. Captain McLaughlin himself was in the field with a detachment, seeking Joaquin Jim, leader of the southern Mono Indians. Jim's camp was found and destroyed, its residents escaping.

Sergeant McLaughlin (not the captain) succeeded in getting a conference with Captain George, and induced him to visit the fort in peace, arriving there May 22. Subchief Dick also came. The Indians were fed and treated well, and said they had no further wish to fight the white man. Other Indians began coming in, "clad in native costume, a head of hair," remarks an unidentified correspondent of a San Francisco paper of that year. Captain George is described as second to

Joaquin Jim alone in influence over his people. He was about thirty-six years old, of medium height, wily and shrewd, and manly in bearing. His face, normally round and full, was wan and pinched from privation when he was brought to the post. Getting enough to eat was an ever-present problem with the Owens Valley Piutes, and was aggravated for some of them by the rigid enforcement of strict subtribal boundaries on hunting grounds. The most effective campaigning of the troops was in destruction of the scanty native stores of food. At this time, through constant flight and loss of supplies, the Indians were in dire want.

The soldiers themselves were ready for a rest. Company D's report for May says:

"The company during the month has performed several severe marches in the mountains, suffering much for want of water and rations. These marches have been performed on foot, it being impossible to use horses; but their labors, combined with that of other troops in the valley, have been crowned with success, resulting as they have in the subjugation of the Indians, and terminating thus speedily a war which promised to be of much longer duration."

While such congratulatory reflections seemed justified at the moment, they proved to be premature.

Four hundred Indians surrendered at Camp Independence June 4. Runners to outlying bands met with fair success, but their work was largely nullified by that of a few white men. Captain Ropes, in a letter published in the Esmeralda Star, of Aurora, July 30, bitterly criticized citizens who had lacked the courage to bear their share of fighting and danger.

"As soon as a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed by the commanding officer these stay-at-home fellows grew wondrous brave, and boldly declared their animosity to the whole red race. Two Indian messengers that were sent from the post to the White Mountain district to gather these Indians were fired upon by some chivalrous miners, though the messengers were unarmed and bore a white flag. Of course they never returned, and today prospectors are in danger of their lives. Then, again, a Tehachapi Indian who had been for three months in irons was released and sent home to induce his tribe to cease hostilities and come in. With what would have been considered astonishing good faith in even a white man, he seems to have worked faithfully to accomplish his mission, and was returning with a number of his people, men, women and children, when they were fired upon in a most cowardly way while they were sitting in their camp only 15 miles from the post. Two men and one little girl were killed, and all were scalped by these brave and chivalrous gentlemen, who rode off and exhibited their bloody trophies of the war. At the Big Lake the recollection of their glorious deeds so stirred their noble souls that they became slightly oblivious, and in that state one of the noble trio, Frank Whitson, was arrested by Lieutenant French, who had been sent for him. The gentleman is now in our guard house in irons, and awaits an order for trial. Of the Indians who escaped from this attack, most of them made their way to the mountains, where they now are and where they will remain for all that anyone can do to drive them out. Never again can any of them be induced to place any faith in the promises of white men, and if another outbreak occurs it will be far the most desperate we have ever seen.

"I should have mentioned that the last party of Indians mentioned also bore a white flag, traveled openly in the road in daylight, and that their purpose was known to everyone. But for such ruffians as those who fired upon them, unarmed as they were, there would not today be a hostile Indian in the entire country; and those who may hereafter suffer will have Mr. Whitson and others of like ilk to thank for it."

Milo Page, writing many years later, gave a

version of this affair quite different in details, but not changing the appearance of murderous treachery. His statement was that an Indian known as Thieving Charley was given a white flag by Captain McLaughlin, with a note stating to whoever read it that Charley was on his way to bring the Panamint Indians to Camp Independence to surrender. This note fell into the hands of W. T. Henderson, in the Panamint region. Charley rounded up eleven Indians, and on his return to Owens Valley he was followed by Henderson, Lyman Martin, John Shipe, Frank Whitson and —— Ringgold. At Charley Johnson's, at Lone Pine, Ringgold got drunk and was not in the subsequent affair—a procedure which Henderson claimed resulted from cowardice and intention. The Indians camped near the Alabama hills. Henderson and fellow murderers attacked them early the next morning and killed nine of the twelve. The two survivors went on to Camp Independence and reported to Captain McLaughlin. A detachment of soldiers was sent to bring in the culprits. At Olancha the commander asked loudly if anyone there had been killing Indians. Answered in the negative, he told his men they could go in and get a drink. Henderson, Martin and Shipe were visible as they crawled into their brush from their blankets. Whitson ran to catch his mule, and a corporal went, under instructions, to ask if he had been killing Indians. If Whitson had said no (says Page's story) there would have been a report that no guilty men could be found; instead, Whitson said, "Yes; what are you going

to do about it?" He was arrested and taken to Camp Independence, where he was kept under guard. Finally word was sent by Page that they were tired of guarding him, and if he would try to escape the boys would shoot at him, but not to hit. Still Whitson refused to escape, and was taken to Fort Tejon, where he was kept for a few months and finally released.

With such happenings as this and the Kern River massacre in mind, it was not surprising that many of the Indians remained utterly unreconciled, and that as opportunity offered they resorted to every primitive method of revenge and reprisal. They could not be more vicious than some whites had proved to be. However, at that time they were completely beaten in the valley of which they had been so recently the complete masters. Chiefs George and Dick knew that resuming the warpath meant hunger, if not starvation, for their families and people. At the post they were safe and were being fed.

Indian Agent Wentworth was requested by General Wright to receive the Owens Valley Indians at San Sebastian Reservation, near Fort Tejon. In a report dated September 1, 1863, he again referred to the $30,000 appropriation for which he had asked with which to care for the Inyo natives. Had Congress granted it, he said,

"No Indian war would have been waged, and the country would have been saved more than $250,000 in its treasury, the lives of many of its valuable citizens, and many of the poor misguided Indians, to whom the Government has promised protection, would today, instead of being dead, be

living and tilling the soil of their native valley, and through their own willing hands obtaining an honest and well-earned livelihood. . . . . Owing to recent and extensive mines discovered in the Owens River Valley, and the consequent rush of miners and settlers there, I deem that locality for an Indian reserve entirely impracticable, and the present war fully demonstrates that the Indian and white race can never live peacefully in close proximity to each other. I have therefore to recommend the abandonment of that valley, for an Indian reservation. The mines, which are of unsurpassed riches, will cause thousands to permanently settle there during the coming year, and as heretofore throughout all California, the rights of the Indian will be disregarded, and constant turmoil and war will be a natural result."

Pursuant to instructions, Captain McLaughlin left Camp Independence July 11, 1863, with 906 Indian men, women and children. The escort comprised seventy men of companies D, E and G, and twenty-two men of the Fourth California Infantry, of whose presence at the post there is no other record.

At Hot Springs Valley, near Keyesville, orders were received to abandon Camp Independence, and McLaughlin and Company D returned to make the necessary preparations. McLaughlin sold the Government's property at the post to Warren Matthews. Having no instructions or authority for this proceeding, he was court martialed and dismissed from the service the following year. President Johnson removed part of his disabilities three years later.

The band of Piute captives went on to Tejon, arriving there July 22. While it was certain that a large number of Indians had escaped along the way, to return to their native valley, Wentworth

reported the delivery of 850 at the reservation, and said that twice as many were yet in Owens Valley. When the settlers learned that stragglers were returning from the reservation journey, they made a virtue of necessity and sent an invitation to the exiles to return and live in peace.

Even while McLaughlin was convoying his captives to Tejon, the valley north of Big Pine Creek was as dangerous as ever to isolated men. While Joaquin Jim's chief stronghold was in Long Valley, he constituted himself the overlord of northern Owens Valley as well. Two of his warriors were killed in the White Mountains by prospectors, who after this amicable preliminary left a white flag as a bid for peace. Jim himself gave the answer, as the next visit of the whites to that locality disclosed, by carrying away the flag, and putting in its place his own war banner, a scarlet cloth bordered with raven feathers—said to have been a handsome piece of work.

About the first of August nine prospectors ventured into Little Round Valley, at the threshold of Jim's stronghold. Part of them warily prospected while the others remained as a camp guard. No Indians were seen until the following evening, when the camp was attacked in force. Two Indians were killed. The whites were unhurt, but made their way to Fish Slough that night, and to Owens River the next morning.

W. L. Moore and Mark Cornish, coming from Aurora, battled with Indians, killing two near Adobe Meadows.

In the early part of July there came to the

valley a company known as the Church party. Its members, named Parker, Long, Ericson, Chase, Evans, Miller and one more, were from San Francisco. They believed that Indian friendship would result from an attitude of generosity and good will. This party made its camp near where Laws now is. Nothing is narrated of the doings of these men prior to the arrival, late in August, of Ezra D. Merriam, a young man who brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco. During the weeks reports and warnings of Indian dangers had come to their camp, but nothing of those facts was told to Merriam; it would appear that he did not take strongly to the olive-branch idea.

On the invitation of Silas Parker, Edmund Long and Edward Ericson, Merriam started with them to locate timber on the mountains northwest of the valley. This trip resulted in the deaths of the first three, and gave Merriam an experience that ranks among the notable incidents of the period. We narrate it in his own words, as found in the Hanks collection of manuscripts:

"We left camp in the Keyes district, Owens River Valley, September 2d, to locate some timber on the headwaters of Owens River. We camped at night twenty miles from the starting point, being unable to reach water. Resumed our journey at daylight on the third. Saw signs of Indians five miles further on. Five miles more brought us to the timber, where the Indians had been gathering pine nuts. We were unable to get a road and concluded to cross the river. We found an Indian trail to the river, half a mile from the top of the bank down the trail, and 600 feet perpendicular. Breakfasted at the river at noon—the first water we had for

twenty-three hours. We saddled our horses and started up the other bank, after one and one-half hours rest, with Parker in lead, Long second, Ericson third and myself last.

"When we were twenty-five yards from the top, which was covered with large rocks, eight rifle shots were fired. Parker fell, pierced by two balls through the breast, exclaiming 'My God, I'm shot!'

"Long and Ericson left their horses and jumped behind rocks, rifles in hand. Not seeing an enemy I took refuge behind a rock ten feet from Ericson, who had laid down his rifle and was exposing himself, calling to Parker. I saw the crumbling of a rock from the top of the hill, and dodged my head down as a ball whizzed past, a few inches above.

"The Indians were in front and on both flanks. About the same time a shot was fired from the right. I asked Ericson if he was hit. He said he was. He was clasping his thigh, and raised his hand, from which blood was streaming. I saw nothing of Long after he went behind his rock.

"I then attempted to get to another rock, but missed my footing and slid down the bank for twenty feet. Indians on the left started down the trail. I reached the bank at a different point from the trail, could not cross, and hid in the chaparral. Heard two more rifle shots, but saw no Indians for two hours; then I saw seven Indians on the opposite bank, motioning to others on my side of the river and pointing to where I was concealed. I worked through the chaparral, and saw ten Indians coming there, so I arose and ran down the canyon. They whooped and gave chase.

"I outran them for a time, then found that they were gaining on me. I jumped into the river, but found that I could not cross it on account of the rapid current. Half a mile below I came to a fall fifteen feet high. Tried to reach the bank but could not, and was carried over. The current had carried me faster than the Indians could pursue. I struck bottom and caught between two rocks, and had almost lost breath when a final struggle extricated me. Came to the surface, caught my breath, then dove and came up under chaparral on the bank, hiding me from view. A small rock projected twelve inches from the bank and three inches above the water. I sank my body and raised my nose under the rock.

"In a few minutes I heard Indians on the bank and just above my head, and saw two on the opposite bank with rifles, scanning the bank under which I was. Some of the Indians on my side moved part of the chaparral that covered me. My hat had washed ashore, and an Indian took it. I remained there three hours before the Indians left. Half an hour later all was silent; and I floated down stream until I struck a large rock on which I climbed. Jumped for shore, caught a bush, and finally got out. I hid in a canebrake until dark, completely chilled and scarcely able to move. Could see no signs of Indians. Finally I managed to get up motion, reached the top of the hill and ran through the timber. I went to the camp we had left on the 2d, traveling all night and until 10:00 the next morning without water, until I reached the valley. On my way down I saw several Indian camp-fires."

Word was sent to San Carlos, Bend City and the Union mill, and from each came men to take a hand in punishing the Indians. George K. Phillips was elected captain of the company of thirty well armed men. A letter of the time comments that it was a strangely assorted band, though a determined one. There were Texas rangers and frontiersmen, and there were those but recently from clerkships or to whom for other reasons outdoor life was a novelty and who were scarcely browned by exposure. The party rode up Bishop Creek to the foothills, and along the latter to "Greenly's Valley," (Round Valley). Camp was made, and to insure intent alertness pickets were changed hourly. One of the pickets created an alarm by firing, harmlessly, at one of his fellows. The next morning Merriam guided the party to the scene of the ambush. Long's body was found, pierced by nine bullets. Ericson had been shot

through the head. Both bodies had been dragged along the trail, that of Ericson by a willow withe around his neck. The body of Parker was not found, nor was it accounted for, except by the supposition that he had been captured alive. The following paragraphs are from a letter written by one of the men of the expedition:

"On finding the bodies of Ericson and Long, we dug graves, covered the bodies with pine branches, piled in rocks and earth. One man said: 'Come, boys, let's go; we can do no more for the poor fellows;' then in a lower and tremulous voice he added: 'God give his soul a better show than this.' I have listened to long prayers in grand cathedrals, where the sunlight poured in through stained glass windows and fell on pews of carved oak, but I never heard so fervent, so touching a prayer as this, far away in this mountain land, among the pines, under the shadow of the giant Sierras, where the river, deep in the wild and rocky canyon below, murmured the requiem of the dead; where the blue sky, widespread, extends from mountain range to mountain range, over mile upon mile of valley land and wooded hills. We left them, sadly and silently, and went up to our comrades on the hill.

"We examined where the men fell, and saw where the rocks were drenched with their blood. We saw where Mr. Merriam ran down the hill, and wondered how it was possible for a man to accomplish so much. We came to the conclusion that this was not a war party, although we think Joaquin Jim was among them. . . . . Joaquin Jim has never been conquered. He has said frequently that he would not let the whites occupy his domain.

"After we had buried the dead and returned to our horses we commenced a search about the Indian camp. We found baskets, great quantities of piñons cached, the bridle of Mr. Merriam's horse, a pair of shoes which belonged to Mr. Ericson, and his hat with a bullet hole through it, covered with blood. We each took as many piñons as we could carry. One or two stayed behind and destroyed all that remained by burning them.

"Unless something is done for us we shall have much trouble. We cannot prospect and watch Indians at the same time. We cannot prospect with a rifle. There is no need of a military force near San Carlos—we can defend it ourselves; but we want stations along the valley so that people may safely pass, and prospectors find a refuge from the savage, who is peaceful today and warlike tomorrow."

The chase seeming to be hopeless, return was made to San Carlos. On the way down, the party met two men named Bell and Slocum at Big Pine, where they had gone with the idea of starting a sawmill. Indians had warned them to leave, and after talking with the Phillips company they concluded that it would be wise to comply.

Henderson and associates, mining in the southeastern Inyo ranges, had been driven out in March by Indian dangers. They went back after an absence of not more than a month. On reaching the Josephine mill they learned that Chief Bigfoot had the better of a fight with the miners the day before and had gone across to the Panamint Mountains. Henderson waited until the arrival of Ringgold from Owens Lake, and the two followed the trail of White and others to their mines in the Panamints. After traveling seventy miles the camp of White was found at Mesquite Springs. Going on, Indians were seen in pursuit. Henderson and Ringgold waited until they came near enough to parley. The Indian spokesman said in Spanish that White and his men were up in the mountains. The whites, seeing that a battle was intended, opened fire and killed two of the leaders. A fifteen-mile running fight ensued; its casualties were the killing of three Indians and Ringgold's being left

afoot by the killing of his horse. Henderson visited the neighborhood in 1870, and found parts of the skeletons of three men and some bones of a woman in the ruins of a cabin which had been burned at Combination Camp. He gives the date of the killing of his companions as April 13, 1863.

Work had begun at the Josephine two years earlier. Machinery for its ten-stamp mill was the first freight brought into Inyo, as freight; this was hauled by T. F. A. Connelly in 1862 via Walker's Pass. J. W. Wadleigh was superintendent of the Josephine venture at that time. The mill was built at Granite Springs. It was a crude affair, as would be expected in a remote country where the delivery of each pound of freight involved a cost of twenty-five cents for transportation; while the shoes and dies of its batteries were iron, wood served for the stems and wherever else possible. Primitive though the plant was, its owners later put a valuation of $250,000 on it when they tried to collect from the Government for its loss as an Indian depredation. It was burned during this year. Its destruction was attributed to Indians, by the owners. Not all the pioneers in the country agreed in this conclusion, however; some of them said the mill was never profitable, and that its loss was to the advantage of those interested. Certainly they tried to secure ample reimbursement from the nation—an attempt which freighter Connelly's evidence helped to block.

Slate Range mines had been discovered by Dennis and John Searles and others in 1861, and they had a mill built in time to be burned during

the troubles; this was unquestionably done by the Indians.

Ten or twelve skulls of white men, and other human bones, were found under a shelving pile of rocks near Anvil Springs in 1874. Nothing was known of the identity of the victims or of the time of their deaths. The supposition was that they had there taken refuge from Indians and had all been killed. For this discovery there has been found but one authority. It is certain, however, that an unknown number perished on the lonesome trails of that region.

CHAPTER XVI

PIONEER SETTLEMENTS

MILLS AND HOUSES PUT UP—SAN CARLOS, BEND CITY, OWENSVILLE—PLACES THE SITES OF WHICH ARE UNKNOWN—A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN 1864—A SMELTER THAT SMELTED ITSELF—SAWMILL BUILT—FARMING IN ROUND VALLEY—OTHER PLACES.

There were no further encounters of consequence in Owens Valley during the later months of 1863. In the belief that Indian warfare was at an end, settlers began coming in a steadily increasing stream to the little settlements, and new places sprang up. A letter to the Alta California, dated at San Carlos September 4, 1863, reviews a number of "rushes" to different localities—White Mountains, Slate Mountain, Keyes District, Head of the Lake, and the Sierra foothills.

"Mills are going up and houses are being built at San Carlos and elsewhere. The San Carlos company have finished 2,700 feet of their ditch and are rapidly progressing with their mill. The Center company are running three tunnels. The Nelson mining company are about to commence work, their teams, with provisions, tools, etc., having arrived. The Monster Hill Tunnel company, Regina Tunnel company, and Clara company are about to commence. The Inyo G. & S. M. company have commenced running a tunnel on the Lucerne and Granada. From Chrysopolis the most flattering accounts and rock full of gold are sent down. In Russ district several companies are at work. The Eclipse is turning out very rich ore and is of great extent. If it is not the richest mine

in all California we are all mistaken. . . . . It would be impossible to name or notice the numerous leads which have been recorded in the various districts. . . . . Our miners, who are generally men of education, vie with each other in selecting refined names for their mines. Silver Cloud, Norma, Olympic, Golden Era, Welcome, Chrysopolis, Gem, Green Monster, Blue Bird, Red Bird, Evadne, Fleta, Bonnie Blossom, Calliope, Romelia, Lucerne, Pluto's Pet, Birousa, Proserpine, Atahualpa, and Ida are among the mines here.

"San Carlos is progressing rapidly. It now boasts of two stores, two butcher shops, two assay offices, an express office, a saloon, and mechanics of all kinds.

"Our population is about 200. Yesterday we polled 106 votes, 58 of which were Union. Many of our citizens went down to the Union mill to vote, as it was feared there might be a dispute, it not being certain yet whether we are in Mono or Tulare county. Others who claim a residence in Mono went up to Van Fleet's to vote.

"There is a new express started from San Carlos via Aurora. Perhaps when we grow a little, Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co. will honor us with an office. We are quite as worthy of it as Fresno City, yet I saw their sign on a house there, which was, at the time, deserted."

A letter to the Alta from Bend City, December 17, 1863:

"The Coso company is running its plant, eight-stamp mill, five amalgamating pans, sawmill and blacksmith shop, at the foot of Big (Owens) Lake. The rock is hauled from the mines, sixteen miles away. J. S. Allen is superintendent.

"At Owens River, the Union mill is at work; eight-stamp; steam used here and at Ida mill, a mile above.

"At Bend City, now about thirty houses; adobes. This city has been regularly surveyed. A grand ball is on the tapis for Christmas Eve. The most work has been done by the Clara company. Mt. St. George, in the first range of hills at the foot of the Inyo Range adjoining town, appears to be a complete network of leads of the richest mineral. The Clara company has fourteen claims. With regard to the In-

dians, all has been quiet on Owens River for months past, and there is no prospect of a renewal of hostilities."

A San Carlos correspondent mentions the first death in the camp, except those from Indian warfare, as that of a man named Warner, February 11, 1864, his demise resulting from an accidental wound in the arm. The marriage of Mr. Woolsey to Miss Warner (no relative of the deceased) is mentioned in the same epistle—doubtless the first marriage in the valley. This letter predicts great things for Keyes District and the Rubicon mine, somewhere in the later Poleta neighborhood.

Owensville was for a few years the chief point in the northern part of the valley. A letter from there to the San Francisco Alta California, and published in December, contained the following:

"I have just arrived with a party of fifty-six men, one family, eighty-two yoke of oxen and saddle horses innumerable. The valley contains fifty-two claims of 160 acres each, and Wm. McBride and the Hutchison boys have surveyed the Bishop Creek Valley at the risk of their lives. Just heard of forty men, all farmers, and twelve ox teams, who have arrived."

Most detailed maps of the time designated as "Bishop Creek Valley" that part of Owens Valley north of Big Pine Creek.

Another letter, in a later issue of the Alta, said:

"A few months ago scarce a house could be seen throughout the extent of this valley, but now animation, life and activity greet the eye wherever you look. A fine settlement has been formed at Lone Pine, near the mouth of Owens River. Bend City is a town of sixty or seventy houses. San Carlos is about the same size, and both rapidly improving;

while further up the river Chrysopolis, Galena, Riverside (alias Graham City) and Owensville are raising their voices for recognition."

Other ambitious camps mentioned in notes of the period were Benton, Partzwick, Yellow Jacket, Camp Enterprise and Montgomery, all in what is now southern Mono County.

Galena and Riverside, or Graham City, as well as Camp Enterprise, are now so completely buried in oblivion that even their sites cannot be learned by the inquirer.

Owensville was on the east bank of Owens River, near the present Laws. A circular corral, standing within its townsite, is built of stones that once served as foundations for Owensville buildings. A little to the northeast, a rough slab of stone marks the grave of Mrs. T. H. Soper, who died there. No other trace of pioneer habitation remains; the old-time streets are part of the river bottom's level and unbroken meadow.

John Soper, a resident of the place when his mother died, later went to Hawaii and was commander in chief of the military forces of the provisional government of Hawaii, which forces dethroned Queen Liluokalani preceding the islands becoming American. In correspondence Gen. Soper narrated the shooting of two members of a gang of ruffians from Montana, by "Pap" Russell; also the unsuccessful attempt of a disreputable resident to organize a punitive expedition against the Indians because two old squaws had given him a thrashing, doubtless deservedly.

John E. and Thomas E. Jones, pioneer settlers

in Round Valley, came to Owensville in 1864. Notes by T. E. Jones enumerate many of its residents, among them the father and mother of Rev. Andrew Clark, the valley's pioneer minister; their son Thomas; the Soper, Gill and Hightower families; J. L. Garretson, H. Caleff, J. F. and Thomas K. Hutchison, A. Thomson, W. P. George, William Horton, W. S. Bailey, Reuben Merriman, Frank Powers, William and John McBride, nearly all of whom were well known in Inyo in later years, and most of whom ended their days here. George Hightower and wife were residents, and their daughter Ada was the first white child born in this part of Owens Valley. John B. White, who was murdered at Big Pine twenty-odd years later, had a saloon. John W. McMurry was storekeeper, restaurant man and postmaster. He chanced to become the victim of an accidental shot, getting a bullet from a burning house from which he was saving property. He recovered, to become a leading citizen of Big Pine. Andy Ault and Jesse Spray and their wives were among the arrivals from Bridgeport. Ault took the liberty, at Adobe Meadows on the way down, to kill an Indian whom he suspected of having stolen his pistol. Whether or not he felt mortified over his act when he later found the gun hanging on the wall under a garment is not recorded.

Milo Page, a participant in many of the happenings of the period, told of a Fourth of July celebration in Owensville in 1864. Will Hicks Graham, a capable lawyer who was said to have been Pat Reddy's instructor, was master of cere-

monies and reader of the declaration; John Evans, superintendent of the Great Eastern mining company, chaplain; W. P. George, orator. Music and singing by the seven ladies present was much appreciated by the 150 men who attended. The instrument used was a portable melodeon, belonging to and played by Thomas Soper. There were many Southerners among the men, but all joined in the commemoration regardless of the great war then waging between the States. Still earlier than this, on May 1, had occurred probably the first social event of any kind in the northern part of the valley, a dance in a ten by twelve adobe cabin. One of the institutions of the place was a lodge of the Sons of Temperance, of which C. C. Scott was the head.

Aurora was the nearest source of supplies. Communication was difficult, and stores ran low at times. During such a period, McMurry refused an offer of $20 for a sack of flour, saying that he would not sell it for $40, as he would need it for his family. A pony mail service was started by Daniel Wellington, and W. J. Gill was the rider. This service connected at Benton and Partzwick with a semi-weekly pony express to Aurora. Each letter had to bear the proper postage and to be accompanied by a twenty-five cent payment as recompense to the mail carrier.

Owensville looked to mines in the White Mountains for its upbuilding. The Golden Wedge mine, at last accounts still bearing that same name and now included in a group known as the Southern Belle, was the first find; its discoverers were

Charles Nunn and Robert Morrison, who was later killed at Convict Lake. Another mine not wholly forgotten was the Yellow Jacket, belonging to a company organized in Gilroy, California. A reduction plant was built on Swansea Flat (Fish Slough) by an Owensville company with T. H. Soper, president; H. Caleff, metallurgist; John Soper, H. Chambers, G. Thomas, Dawson, Snooks, the Round Valley Jones brothers and another Jones as members. An arrastra was built to pulverize supposedly fireproof material transported to the scene by horse and ox-teams. Even barren quartz was crushed and brick molded from it. Alleged fireproof stone was hauled from Aurora. Almost daily specimens were brought in by prospectors, and Tom Jones records that Judge Caleff usually pronounced them "very fine conglomerations of argentiferous galena." The furnace was completed, and melted down as quickly as the ore with which it had been charged. Undaunted, the amateur smelters obtained different materials and built another plant. It was crammed full of wood, charcoal, ore and flux, and fired—and in a few hours was, like its predecessor, a seething, plastic pile of ruins. It may be noted that a precisely similar experience befell a furnace undertaking by Greenly, Edwards and others that same year at a site a little east of the present court house at Independence.

Demands for lumber were met by the erection of a sawmill in the Sierras near Bishop, by John Pugh and Joe Spear, with T. D. Lewis as its manager either from the first or soon after. Machinery

for it was hauled by wagon from Stockton by John Clarke, at a freight rate of twenty-five cents a pound. After the decline of Owensville this lumber was taken from its buildings and rafted down the river by A. A. Riddle, to be used in Independence and Lone Pine, and to a less extent in Big Pine. The latter settlement, when it started, had a mill nearer, Bell and Slocum having returned in 1864 to the project they had abandoned under protest the year before.

Owensville's career was brief. Its corner lots were held at $1,000 and even $1,500 each for a short time, but before the end of 1864 some of its buildings were torn down. One of them, the blacksmith shop of the Consort mining company, was bought by Clarke and moved, becoming the first structure of any kind on the present Bishop townsite. It stood a little distance to the south of West Line street and near Main. It was put up late in 1864.

During the quieter portion of 1863 a beginning on farm work was made not far from Bishop. W. P. George and associates put in a truck patch a little to the west. Andrew Thomson broke ground in West Bishop, and also established G. W. Norton on a place a mile north of the present townsite. Tom Evans located in Pleasant Valley. It is probable that similar undertakings were begun at Lone Pine that year, though no confirmation of that is available. A little patch of corn was planted at Independence.

One of the companies operating in the White Mountains bore the name of the San Francisco.

A "town," called Graham City, after D. S. Graham, the superintendent, was started "at the foot of Keyes District, opposite Bishop Creek Valley," says a letter of the time. No other identification is obtainable, though its prospects were supposed to be so promising that a correspondent of the Alta wrote: "Should the mines (and of this there appears to be no doubt) turn out all right, this town will rival Aurora or Virginia itself for population." If there were other aspiring settlements, not herein named, north of Chrysopolis at that time no record of them has been left.

John E. and Thomas E. Jones decided to undertake ranching in Round Valley, and sowed the first wheat there in the spring of 1865. They had been preceded by a man named William Frank, who had built a small stone cabin. The ranching experiment did not do well the first year, for in June the tilled acres were invaded by some of the many hundreds of cattle that were being ranged in that neighborhood, and no crop was grown and harvested until the following season.

San Carlos miners had provided a free ferry across the river at their camp, a little north of east of Independence. The equipment was rafts, hauled back and forth by rawhide ropes. Bend City, a few miles farther south, was the center of population of the middle part of the valley during the latter part of 1864. There was also a primitive ferry, but for its use a toll was collected. The Bend Cityites, noting the free ferry at San Carlos, tired of paying tolls, especially as circulating medium of any kind was scarce. To escape this con-

dition, it was decided to build a bridge across the river. An election to settle its location was held in December, and sixty votes were cast, according to the report of Will Hicks Graham, clerk.

Mining was in progress for miles up and down that part of the range. The principal mines, from the Chrysopolis on the north to the Union, Ida and New York on the south, were the Green Monster, Clara, Rothschild, Owens River, Gray Eagle, Maid of Erin, White Rover, Drummer Boy, Center, Concordia and Santa Rita.

Nearly all of the sixty or more houses at Bend City were adobe. Among them were two hotels, of which the Morrow House was the "swell" place. Five stores sold goods; number of saloons not recorded, but unquestionably ample. A circulating library was a public convenience in that period of scarce reading matter. Even a stock exchange was among the institutions, though a notation of a trade in which a burro was paid for a block of stock does not indicate brisk transactions.

I. N. Buckwalter and A. C. Robinson, running a tunnel not far from the mouth of Mazourka Canyon, twice lost their stores of provisions through Indian raids, but escaped personal harm. Mr. Buckwalter tells of paying $2.50 to a cobbler for nailing on a bootheel, using three sixpenny nails and three minutes of time. He made a trip to the valley in August, 1915, revisited those scenes, and unearthed a number of mining tools which he had cached when leaving, decades ago.

Bend City was stirred by news that a man named William Graves had shot his partner dur-

ing a row beside their campfire, in Deep Spring Valley. A vigilance committee was formed, but did nothing. Up to that time there was no peace officer of any kind in the valley; the Tulare County officials then concluded to appoint a Justice of the Peace. They selected John Beveridge, whose name was later given in a mining district easterly from Lone Pine, as Justice, and a man named Kendall as Constable.

In September, 1863, a second killing nearer home gave the vigilantes occasion to act. Men named Mitchell and Cuddy had disputed, and Cuddy had vowed to kill the other. Knife in hand he crossed the street of San Carlos and was shot and instantly killed by Mitchell, who fired from within John Lentell's store. Mitchell was taken into custody. T. F. A. Connelly acted as prosecutor, and the Alta's correspondent, Campbell, served as attorney for the accused. A delegation of the vigilantes appeared and demanded to be allowed to remain during the hearing; otherwise they would take Mitchell and themselves dispose of the case. Consent being given, they remained, and at its close took a vote among themselves. They were unanimous in declaring it to have been a case of self-defense. The court did not hold the same opinion, however, for he held Mitchell for trial in Visalia. Constable Kendall proposed to make his prisoner walk the whole distance, he himself riding on horseback. Members of the committee found it necessary to compel more humane treatment. Mitchell was discharged, after remaining in the Visalia jail for a few months.

White Mountain City and Roachville were settlements just over the White Mountain summit from Owens Valley, in that White Mountain District which had been used for fraudulent election purposes in 1861. A writer visiting there early in 1864 tells all that we know of these would-be mining centers; the "city" from which he wrote was on Wyman Creek, on the Deep Spring slope; its rival, Roachville, was on Cottonwood Creek, and was named by its proprietor, William Roach, hailing from Santa Cruz. Both places had regularly surveyed town plats. S. (no doubt Scott) Broder was the District Recorder.

CHAPTER XVII

MORE INDIAN TROUBLES

COSO COUNTY AUTHORIZED—POLITICAL CONVENTION—PIUTES START DEPREDATIONS—AFFAIR AT CINDERELLA MINE—MRS. M'GUIRE AND SON KILLED AT HAIWAI—VENGEANCE OF CITIZENS AT OWENS LAKE—END OF THE INDIAN WAR.

Formation of new counties in California is now dependent on a comparatively large population, the idea apparently being that all sections of the State are fairly well supplied with local government. Railroads, telegraphs and automobiles have annihilated distance. It was very different in the '60's. The sparse and widely separated communities were days apart in communication; the latter was limited to horse-flesh as a means of travel; there were no telegraphs in the outlying regions; and the whole west was lawless enough at the best. Only a liberal policy of county creation could provide any civil control over tens of thousands of square miles of territory. Maps of that period show counties duly outlined, but without a single place prominent enough to be noted.

Mono had been officially created in 1861. It was presumed to include the booming camp of Aurora; but when a corrected survey proved that Aurora was outside of its borders the county's

population was so small that the first census thereafter gave it a total of but 430, Indians included. With this and other examples before them, Owens Valleyans did not hesitate to petition the Legislature, in February, 1864, to create a county on this slope south of Mono. It was proposed to name the county Monache, to make San Carlos its county seat, and to establish the northern boundary near Mono Lake. But when the petition reached the Legislature and in accordance with it a bill was introduced, the name given was Coso, Big Pine Creek was designated as the northern line, and Bend City was selected as the seat of government until such time as an election might decide differently. This was to be determined by an election set for June 6, 1864, at which time a full corps of county officers was to be chosen. E. S. Sayles, G. J. Slocum, D. C. Owen, John R. Hughes and John Lentell were named as commissioners to designate precincts, name election officers, canvass returns, and do other things necessary to start the new machinery, they to cooperate with a county judge to be appointed by Governor Low. The Governor offered the position to Dr. S. G. George, but he declined it. Owens Valleyans favored O. L. Matthews, but no appointment was made.

The population of the proposed county was overwhelmingly Republican. A convention of that political faith was called, and met in San Carlos about May 24th. Any one who stated himself to be a Republican was admitted and allowed full voice in proceedings. The result of an orderly

and harmonious session was the nomination of W. A. Greenly for Sheriff, John Thorn for Clerk, Abraham Parker for Treasurer and W. S. Morrow for Attorney.

Whether because of neglect or some other reason not now known, the election was not held June 6th. As the law gave no authority for holding it at any other time the whole organization went by default.

Another law passed at the legislative session that sought to establish Coso County chartered a corporation under the name of the Owens River Canal Company, for constructing canals for transportation of passengers and freight and for using Owens River for irrigation and water power. The company was granted the right to improve the river canyon and to collect tolls for a period of fifteen years. Its rates were to be fixed by the Supervisors of Mono County, but were to be such that the estimated revenues would yield 2 per cent per month on the investment. Mono was to have the right to take up the investment after ten years if the county so desired. R. S. Whigham, Speer Riddle, William Fleming, William P. Pratt and Isaac Swain were named as trustees of the company. No more was ever heard of the project.

These gropings toward local self-government and permanency were broken into by further threats of Indian troubles. The abandonment of Camp Independence the year before had been highly unwelcome to the settlers. Particularly after the Merriam affair the white people avoided

the neighborhoods which Joaquin Jim, most dreaded among the Indian leaders, claimed as his own. During the latter part of 1864 depredations began once more, and lone white men were picked off when it could be done safely. One such instance was in the Black Rocks. A Visalian named Watkins brought a band of horses into the valley and located not far from Black Rock Spring. His position was isolated, and he fell an easy prey. This event and others pointing to a fresh outbreak led to the sending of petitions to General McDowell, then commanding at the Presidio. McDowell could not, or at least did not, spare any troops for Owens Valley. Learning this, many residents struck out for safer climes; the remaining inhabitants determined to fight the issue to a finish. They, and not the soldiers, ended the Indian war. The return of a military force after the last killing of natives at Owens Lake, and the maintenance of that force for a dozen years afterward, doubtless had a useful part in preventing subsequent outbreaks.

The citizens of Owensville organized with Will Hicks Graham as captain, and at Bend City W. L. ("Dad") Moore and W. A. Greenly were selected to lead the volunteer forces.

Among the miners who ventured into the mountains believing that hostilities were over were three named Crow, Mathews and Byrnes. They located a claim which they called the Cinderella, at a point about four miles from the Gilbert ranch, east of the White Mountains. On November 21st, 1864, Mathews was cooking din-

ner while his partners were at the claim. An Indian and squaw came to the camp and asked for something to eat. As Mathews turned to get them something, the Indian shot him through the jaw. About the same time a shot ended the life of Crow, working at the mine windlass. His body either fell into the shaft or was thrown in by the Indians. Byrnes, 60 or 70 feet below, was kept busy dodging rocks with which the attackers tried to kill him, but by dextrous use of his shovel he managed to fend off the missiles. Believing their purpose accomplished the Indians left.

Mathews had been wounded, but not enough to prevent his fighting. When he opened fire the two who had attacked him ran away. He was sure his partners had been killed, and determined to strike out for Owens Valley. He had a rifle, a shotgun and a revolver, but soon threw away both of the large weapons. It took him two agonizing days to get over the mountains, his sufferings being intensified by lack of water. Reaching Owens River, he fell into shallow water while trying to get a drink. This loosened the clotted blood in his mouth and throat—a relief on which he dwelt in narrating the circumstances. The attention of a horseman was attracted, and Mathews was taken to a ranch where Big Pine now is. For many days he was fed through a cowhorn, and at last he recovered his general health. He was never afterward free from some effects of his wound, however; to the day of his death, in Round Valley twenty-four years later, his speech was

intelligible to only a few. He had been in California since 1831.

While Mathews was escaping, Byrnes was prisoned in the shaft with the body of Crow for company. The Indians had taken away the windlass rope. Joe Bowers, Indian chieftain, came to the place soon afterward and found means of lowering water to Byrnes, then came across the mountains and told the whites what had occurred. S. G. Gregg went as far as Lone Pine and gathered a party of thirty men to rescue Byrnes. The latter had been in the shaft five days when he was hauled out. The body of Crow was buried there.

Now mark the ingratitude of the man whose life Joe had saved. The Piute leader had his home camp at a place called Antelope Springs. A few years subsequently Byrnes decided that he needed the land and water more than Joe Bowers did, so he drove the latter away. Joe went to Independence and told his loyal white friends, who formed a posse and forced Byrnes to vacate. Fourteen also joined in an agreement to support Joe, as a reward for his friendship and services during the Indian troubles, and thenceforward he was quarterly supplied with provisions and clothing. Capt. MacGowan, a later commandant at Camp Independence, employed him as a scout. The departure of the soldiers from Owens Valley, when the post was finally abandoned, dropped Joe from the payroll, but left him with a claim to a six dollar pension. This was regularly collected by S. G. Gregg and used for the old Piute's welfare. Signing the receipt for this (with an X)

was an important ceremony for the beneficiary. He was taken to San Francisco in 1871 to see the wondrous achievements of the white man, and attracted no little attention. During the early '70's, a reception given to a land officer who had engineered a land steal caused a burlesque of the affair to be given in Joe's honor, at which he was presented with a hat, a pipe and tobacco, and made a speech admitting his own merits. He died early in this century in Deep Spring Valley.

It is not to be inferred that Joe was a second Uncas in virtues. He had many of the failings of his people, and one of the chief cares of his white friends was to see that he did not gamble away what they provided for his welfare. He took a moral view of things, and his condemnations of intemperance and other vices were more picturesque and forcible than adapted for polite ears. He had foreseen more clearly than his fellows the ultimate success of the whites, and appreciated the advantages they possessed. He was always their friend, sometimes at his own peril, and was respected by his own people as well.

The murder of Mrs. McGuire and her little son at Haiwai, and the settlers' retribution in Indian lives, were with one exception the last items of Indian warfare.

The waters of Haiwee reservoir of the Los Angeles aqueduct system now cover lands known in pioneer days, and for years later, as Haiwai Meadows. (Haiwai is the Indian word for dove.) To those meadows, 25 miles south of Owens Lake, came in 1864 a man named McGuire, with his

wife and six-year-old son. They established a little way station, which received the patronage of the scant travel between Visalia and Owens Valley. The hostess endeared herself to all who came, and her bright little son was a favorite.

On the last day of 1864 two men were at the place. Their names as given by H. T. Reed, whose letter written a few days later is principally followed in the details of which he professed to be well informed, were Newman and Flanigan. Another account calls them O'Dale and Kittridge—which may be remarked to somewhat resemble the names Coverdale and Ethridge, of earlier Inyo record. McGuire had occasion to go to Big Pine for a plow, and asked them to remain until he returned. Before daylight of the following morning, January 1, 1865, the occupants of the house were awakened by fire, and found that the roof was blazing. The men ran out, but on being fired on ran back into the house. They commenced knocking off shingles from the inside, and by using what water was at hand and the brine from several barrels of corned beef had nearly extinguished the fire when the attack was renewed with firebrands, stones and shots. The heat became so intense that to remain inside was impossible. The men urged Mrs. McGuire to run with them and endeavor to escape; she refused, saying that nothing could save them and it would be no use. Flanigan and Newman, unwilling to share her peril, ran, escaping with a wound in the forehead of one and a shot through the hat of the other. Says Reed's letter: "They arrived

here (at Little Lake, 17 miles) at 11 a. m., Newman weak from loss of blood and both nearly exhausted."

Walter James and John Harmon, southbound, reached Haiwai that forenoon. Smoke was still rising from the burned dwelling. A hundred feet or more from it was Mrs. McGuire, with fourteen arrows in her body, mercifully insensible and with but a little span of life remaining. The little boy was dead. His tiny hand clasped a stone, indicating a spirit of defense to the last. Six arrows had pierced his body, and had been pulled out by his mother. Quoting Reed again, "Both Mr. and Mrs. McGuire had done more for the Indians than they were able, often denying themselves to feed them. Her loss is deeply felt by all, and no one who ever stopped there will fail to remember the hearty welcome and the happy face of bright little Johnny and his noble mother."

The bodies of the victims were placed in a wagon box and James remained to guard them while Harmon hurried back to Owens Lake. A messenger was sent to Lone Pine, where the bodies were brought that day for burial.

Some pioneers who were implacable foes of the Indians acquitted the latter of guilt for this atrocity, maintaining that it was the deed of the two white men. Reed's letter indicates no such doubt, however, nor does any other account or reference at the time nor the later story of it written in a letter by W. L. Moore. The arrows found and the trail followed by the avengers supported the white fugitives' story. The unmanly

and selfish cowardice of those men received ample comment in the accounts at that time.

A dozen or more men, headed by W. L. Moore and W. A. Greenly, immediately started for Haiwai, camping near Olancha that night. The next day they went to Haiwai and took up the trail of a party of fifteen or sixteen Indians until it divided among the sand hills east of the meadows. Some of the natives had started southerly to the Kern River trail, the rest going northerly and east of Owens Lake. From the dividing point the citizens returned to Haiwai, and Moore and Thos. Passmore (each of whom later became Sheriff and each of whom was killed in the discharge of official duty) took up the trail of Newman and Flanigan. On the way they picked up a loaded rifle, a little further on a loaded pistol, and still further along a shotgun with one barrel loaded. The trail was followed to Little Lake, where the two men were found. They told the story as here written. They were told to leave the country at once and not to return, under penalty of death.

When Moore and Passmore returned to Haiwai the party went to Coso, reaching that settlement January 3d. The Mexican miners who composed its population showed no disposition to aid in any way or to accommodate the Americans. The latter wasted scant ceremony in supplying the needs of themselves and their animals. Returning toward the valley, the Indian trail was again picked up, and followed directly to an Indian camp near the lake shore east of the river's mouth. The party rode on past the camp to Lone Pine.

Four Piute prisoners were being held in that settlement. Some of the citizens advocated slaughtering them forthwith; others objected. Subsequent proceedings are narrated by a pioneer:

"During the discussion one of the Indians saw a chance to run, and did so, escaping at least a score of shots until Dick Mead jumped on a horse and overtook and killed the fugitive. Thos. May and John Tilly took the remaining prisoners to Tilly's house for safe keeping during the night. One, outside with May, made a break for liberty and was shot. Those in the house, hearing the shot, also undertook to escape, when Tilly killed one with a blow from a six-shooter and May shot the other."

A general council of whites was held at Lone Pine, and it was determined to inflict a crushing blow on the natives by destroying their settlement near the mouth of Owens River. A day or two was spent in gathering a force, which left Lone Pine during the night of January 5th to reach the lake camp by daylight of the 6th. Greenly and Moore were selected as commanders; with them were Passmore, Tilly, Chas. D. Begole, Thos. May, T. F. A. Connelly, Dick Mead, R. M. Shuey, H. Meyer, John Kispert, F. W. Fickert (later a prominent rancher of the Tehachipi region), James Heffner, Haslem, McGuire (husband of the murdered woman), Rogers (whose shocking ending will be presently recorded), Green Hitchcock and three or four of his brothers, Charles Robinson, and others to a total strength of thirty-two.

The plan was for Greenly's detachment to cross

the river and guard against escape to the eastward, while Moore's party was to attack the camp. Snow covered the ground. The Indians, unsuspicious of danger, had no sentries, and were asleep in their camp when the attack began. Greenly's three-mile detour was not allowed for, and Moore and his men had practically concluded the bloody work before Greenly appeared.

According to the judgment of those who had trailed the Indians from Haiwai, eight or ten of the perpetrators of that atrocity were in the lake camp. For their guilt the whole village population, of whom at least three-fourths were innocent of any possible participation in the Haiwai deed, were ruthlessly slaughtered—as the whites would have been had circumstances been reversed. Neither age nor sex were spared among the forty-one who died there. Six Indians had taken to the icy waters of the lake. The account by Fickert said that two squaws and two little boys were permitted to come out alive; that of T. F. A. Connelly said that three, a boy and his two sisters, were spared. McGuire shot two bucks in the water. The boy, aged about fourteen, was shot at, and asked in English why they wanted to kill him. He said he had not hurt any one. Heffner told him that if he would come out he would not be hurt. The boy also said his two sisters were in the lake, and was bidden to tell them to come out.

By this time the Greenly subdivision had come up. Some in each party were anxious to do away with the young captives. Heffner asked how many

would stand with him in protecting them, and about half declared in his favor. The wrangle threatened to result in bloodshed among the citizens, when Mead requested all who favored sparing the children to stand with him. Two-thirds of the company moved to his side, after which there was no further argument. The girls were taken as far as the foot of the lake and there released. Heffner adopted the boy.

This version faithfully follows accounts given to the author, personally or by letter, by several of the men who were present, and narratives written by others within a few years of the occurrence. This fact is mentioned because this affair, more than any other occurrence of the Indian war, was distorted and garbled in California papers at the time. Some of the reports then published contradict themselves, when read by any one who knows the country. Some other statements they contain may or may not have been true, no other light having been obtained. One was that an Indian had Mrs. McGuire's purse, with a few dollars in money; this is probably false, as the McGuire house was not raided. Another was that one of the slain Indians had a rifle which had belonged to William Jones, a miner, said to have been killed in the White Mountains two weeks before. Large quantities of freshly painted arrows were said to have been found in the camp; no account given to the writer mentioned such a find, though it may have been made.

Apparently a little earlier than the Owens Lake affair, a sortie by a white expedition resulted in

the killing of seventeen Indians near the stream now known as Division Creek, north of Independence. Two prisoners at Camp Independence were shot by a man named McVickers, who said they were attempting to escape.

January 3d a white force of seventeen men went to the Black Rocks and found that the Piutes had burned the camps and fled to the mountains, killing cattle as they went.

A little earlier than this, probably in the fall of 1864, an Indian Agent had visited the valley, accompanied by a Lieutenant Daley, who reported:

"The Indian supplies are not good, and most of the Indians have left for the mountains. The Indian Agent invited them to come in; sixteen came, who said they had been maltreated. Said the whites would not pay the Indians who worked for them. I learned from Mr. Maloney, one of the present proprietors of Camp Independence, that settlers would go to Tule River reservation for Indians to come and work, and when they got through would decline paying them and drive them away. The Indians said they would retaliate and drive the whites out."

Reed, heretofore quoted, wrote that Daley's report was not founded on fact, and that he knew of no single instance where the Indians had been treated wrongfully. Nor does it look reasonable, in view of all the trouble that had occurred, that any settler would go as far off as Tule River in order to bring back more Indians with whom he planned to have further difficulty. The migration to the mountains was probably for pine-nut gathering.

The Union mill was burned during that winter,

ing of Indian doctors threatened trouble as late as 1877, when the dominant race undertook to punish murders of condemned medicine men.

It has been noted that one Indian leader never did submit to white rule. Joaquin Jim, while he ceased marauding, remained aloof to the end of his days. The Indian story was he came to his death, some years after the war, from overeating some special tribal delicacy; the white version was that he was killed by one of his own warriors. Another so-called Joaquin Jim appeared at Tule River reservation in 1863 to be treated for wounds received in Owens Valley. A squad of soldiers from Camp Babbitt went to arrest him, but he saw them coming, fled, and was pursued and killed. "The body was found with a number of fresh wounds and many scars. Joaquin Jim was known to have murdered two white men in cold blood, and had fought desperately in several battles," said a published report. Nevertheless, that Indian was not the noted leader of the southern Monos.

Perhaps it is not the business of a record of this character to philosophize on the Indian war subject. The facts as nearly as they can be had have been set down; the comments of men writing at the time, some for, some against, the natives, have been impartially given. Probably it will lead to a conclusion that the whites were not all free from wrong; that the Indian's resistance to trespassing on the domain that had always been his was but natural; that however pathetic the native's displacement as overlord, the white dom-

ination, here as elsewhere, and its making use of resources which to the Indian meant much less than the comfortable living the conquerors have brought him, were inevitable and necessary.

Residents of Owensville estimated the total death list of the war, so far as they knew it, to be 60 whites and about 250 Indians.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHITES IN POSSESSION

TRAVEL IN VALLEY CONSIDERED SAFE—LAND ENTRIES AND SETTLEMENTS—A REVOLTING CRIME—KEARSARGE MINE DISCOVERED—HARD TIMES—KEARSARGE CAMP DESTROYED BY AVALANCHE—SOME OF THE RECORD OF THE MINE.

Re-establishment of a garrison at Camp Independence, together with the severity of lessons given to the Indians on every provocation, justified white settlers in believing that their supremacy in Owens Valley would not be again disputed. Almarin B. Paul, writing from Kearsarge May 5, 1866, said: "It is now fully as safe to travel up and down the valley, as far as Indians go, as it is in the streets of Sacramento or San Francisco. The worst class of Indians who formerly made this valley their hunting ground have moved farther eastward. Those who are in the valley prefer peace and to work, which they do for fifty cents a day and hogadie." Increased activity in prospecting and in settlement began. Growth was slow, nevertheless. Visalia and Los Angeles, to the south, and Aurora, to the north, were the nearest places of importance. Each was over 200 miles away, reached by trying roads. Besides, the whole West was yet in the exploration period, and the idea of encouraging immi-

gration had not been evolved. Five years later, the census of 1870 showed a total Inyo population of but 1956, of whom most were Indians.

Land entries had been made in 1863. Jacob Nash and E. D. French filed on claims near Olancha, March 9th; John M. George located near Lone Pine, April 2d; James A. Brewer located at George's Creek, May 21st; J. C. White did likewise at Independence, June 5th. None of these claims were perfected. The oldest completed claim in the valley was that of Thos. Edwards, for land on which the townsite of Independence was located. W. L. Moore, who with Chas. D. Begole as his partner had lived in the vicinity of Lone Pine for some years, filed on land there July 17, 1867. The pioneer claims at Big Pine were made during the last few months of 1869 by Duncan Campbell, Fred Reinhakel, W. F. Uhlmeyer and S. G. Gregg. Record of the settlement of Bishop lands is not available, beyond the fact that the users of Bishop Creek water in 1870 numbered 34, among them some of the pioneers who had taken part in the exciting events of a few years before. The land filing dates given are from land office records; perhaps in most instances, as in that of Moore, the claimants had previously exercised a squatter right on the tracts to which they sought to establish title.

Most of the early settlements "just growed," à la Topsy. Independence townsite plat is the oldest now to be found on the county records. Its survey, made at the instance of Thomas Edwards, was completed February 13, 1866, and recorded

May 12, 1867. Few other places now existent were platted until they had attained some permanency. Laws, originally Bishop Station, was surveyed on the building of the railroad, some of its lots being where the primitive cabins of Owensville had stood. Keeler was also laid out when the railroad was built; whether its name should be Keeler or Hawley was for some time an unsettled question. Darwin was also one of the earlier surveyed townsites.

To go slightly ahead of the story, Bend City faded away, its site ere many years marked by only piles of crumbled adobes through which the road from Independence to its railroad depot passed. San Carlos vanished even more completely, though its mill was not torn down until 1876. Long thereafter a lone smokestack stood to show where the camp had been. Owensville, by that name, lost its last inhabitant in 1871.

An incident unique in its revolting depravity occurred in 1865. E. M. King, who claimed to have been a preacher, had located on a piece of ground near Owens Lake, on the Visalia road, and kept a place at which wayfarers were fed. There came to this place, in June, 1865, J. N., better known as "Hog," Rogers. His uncomplimentary designation was conferred because of his being in the pork-raising business in western Tulare. He was one of the citizens at the Owens Lake massacre that January. When he arrived at King's, he had with him $1,500, the proceeds of selling property at Owensville.

A little later travelers named Snow and Dear-

born tarried with King, who waited on and fed them. During the meal, of which they heartily partook, King asked them if they knew what kind of meat they had been eating. They replied that they supposed it was pork. "Well, that's some of old Rogers" was the startling enlightenment given. It developed that King had killed Rogers, made a razor strop from a strip of his skin, and had cut his flesh into pieces, some of which were then drying on the place. Other portions of the body had been fed to chickens. Snow and Dearborn hastened to Independence, and after their story had been told a party went to the lake and captured the murderer. He was brought to Independence, but escaped from there and went to Visalia, where he adopted the name of Butterfield. He was recognized by some one from Owens Valley, arrested, tried and found guilty, and was hanged in Visalia by the Sheriff, December 7, 1865, the second legal execution in Tulare County. He made a full confession.

A sawmill was cutting lumber near Big Pine, and another was established northwest of Independence. Up to that time the lumber used there had been cut by whipsaws. Among those who had been cutting in the primitive way were Thomas W. Hill, G. W. Cornell and A. Kittleson, camped at what was long known as Todd's, now Gray's Meadows, a few miles west of Independence. Hardships of the period were graphically related by Mr. Hill to the author during the course of a day's railroad journey together. The need for haste in gathering the reminiscences of the

old-timers was singularly illustrated in his case, for the old pioneer died of heart failure before he left the car that evening.

Cattle ranged all over the valley, Mr. Hill said. Owners knowing that Indians would take the stock as opportunity favored, gave settlers permission to do the same. There being no local agriculture of any consequence, and outside communication being uncertain or worse, the roving cattle were often the sole reliance for food. Even if farming had been seriously undertaken, that was a specially discouraging season, for it is said that the year 1864 was so dry that in midsummer Little Pine Creek was so low that its water did not get down to Independence.

Hill and his partners had raised a little corn in their mountain nook, and from it ground four sacks of meal, using coffee mills as machinery. It was agreed among them that the chance of getting other supplies was so slender that none of the meal should be sold. One day while Hill was alone in the camp, a man came from Bend City with the statement that his wife and children had nothing to eat and he did not know where to get food for them. Finally Hill said: "We agreed not to sell any of this meal, and I'm not going to do it. I'm going to the creek after some water, and if there happens to be a sack missing when I get back I won't do much hunting for it." His back was scarcely turned when he heard his visitor's wagon clattering away—and that evening Hill had to account for the meal.

The men prospected from their camp. In the

fall of 1864 they with Thomas May and C. McCormack discovered promising croppings. Shortly before, sympathizers with the South in the Civil War had named the Alabama hills, near Lone Pine, in evidence of their gratification at the destructive career of the Confederate privateer Alabama. Having the ending of that career by the Kearsarge fresh in mind, Hill and his partners, staunch Unionists, evened it up by calling their claim after the Union battleship. Other discoveries, including the Silver Sprout and Virginia, were made on the slopes of the great peak which took the name of its first mine. Four tons of Kearsarge ore were sent to Dall's mill, near Ophir, Nevada, and netted $900 a ton. The phenomenal find attracted attention, and a controlling interest was sold to Charles Tozier, Almarin B. Paul, D. L. Bliss, Chas. Vangorder, I. L. Requa and John Gillig—all men of prominence then and later in coast financial and mining circles. Systematic development of the claims began in 1865, and by the end of that year quite a camp had arisen in the canyon at the western base of Kearsarge's highest rise.

Though isolated by storms and snows, the little camp passed safely through most of the winter. Came February, 1866, with storms worse than any that had preceded. Snow, whirled by gales, flew in clouds over all the foothills, and still more violently about Kearsarge Peak and the cabins nestling under its shoulder. New-fallen snow massed on the smooth surface of the earlier coatings of the winter, and began to shoot down the

steep declivities. Kearsarge camp escaped damage until the afternoon of March 1st, when an avalanche buried the larger part of it, sweeping away a number of cabins and a life with them.

Messengers went at once from the houses which were undamaged, making hard-won progress to Hill's, Camp Independence and Bend City. Every available man answered the summons, Hill, Kittleson and Cornell being the first to reach the scene. Occupants of destroyed cabins were accounted for until that occupied by mine foreman C. W. Mills and his wife was reached. The house had been crushed until no trace of it could be seen above the snow. After some digging a part of the rough stone wall was found. Hill was the first to grasp a bit of cloth, part of the dress enclosing the lifeless form of Mrs. Mills. Death had come with so little warning that her stiffened fingers still grasped a needle and the thread that she was about to place in it. Search for the body of Mills was about to be abandoned when a man known as "Crazy" insisted on keeping up the hunt. Mills was finally found, barely alive, and with a broken leg. He recovered. E. Chaquette and wife occupied a house in the edge of the slide's path. A dog's barking caused him to look out in time to see the avalanche coming. He caught up his wife and ran, and escaped so narrowly that the edge of the slide caught him and broke his leg.

The population of Kearsarge moved that night to Hill's, and preparations for safer stopping places were made the next day. Development of the mine went on unchecked. To follow to a con-

clusion the fortunes of the property: The owners incorporated, and in the summer of 1866 the company built a ten-stamp mill at a cost of $40,000. The Silver Sprout mill, in the same vicinity, was already at work, and some Kearsarge ore was worked in it. Almarin B. Paul, later notable in coast mining affairs, was superintendent. The bullion produced was sent to Gold Hill, with an escort of soldiers. When it was found to net but 12½ cents an ounce Paul quit in disgust, and I. L. Requa became superintendent, with D. P. Pierce in direct charge. Pierce's first working produced $60 per ton of ore. He had found the company $15,000 in debt when he took hold. After a month's smooth running, and when he began to be hopeful of success, creditors demanded that the bullion be turned over to them. Pierce, intending to use the proceeds to settle affairs in his own way, hid it. The matter got into the courts and a receivership was ordered. Finally the property passed to other owners, with George Stead as manager. One of his first acts was to sell to the miners the ore that was then on the dump and at the mill. Some of this was sorted and sent to San Francisco, where it yielded over $700 a ton. Stead soon left, and his successor, D. P. Low, bought from the creditors what ore remained, paying them $40 a ton. Some of it, specially selected, brought $700 a ton, and the average was $140 a ton. Another change in the scrambled affairs of the company occurred in 1869. The ore continued to prove its value, fifty tons of it averaging $165, while the average of all that was worked

from the mine was $60. Managements came and went for a number of years; and for all the rich returns that were reported the old mine showed a balance on the wrong side of the ledger and was virtually abandoned by the company, passing to other hands.

CHAPTER XIX

INYO COUNTY ESTABLISHED

MORMON EFFORTS TO SECURE TERRITORY EAST OF SIERRAS—INYO CREATED—NINETY-ONE TOTAL VOTE AT FIRST ELECTION—FIRST OFFICERS—THREE HUGE SCHOOL DISTRICTS—FIRST CHURCH ORGANIZATION—BOUNDARY CHANGES.

Musty records show that for a little time the Mormons had hopes of ruling the Great Basin as far westward as the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, including the area now comprised in Inyo County. In March, 1849, they held a convention in Salt Lake City and (so far as they could) organized the "State of Deseret." It included the present Utah, Nevada, Arizona, some of Colorado, some of Oregon, southern California as far north as Santa Monica, eastward and northward through half of Kern County through Tulare, to and across the summit of the Sierras, and along the latter range. This took in our present county as well as others further north and east of the mountains. This liberal claim of territory was denied, so far as California was concerned, by the Act admitting this State into the Union and ratification of its constitution prescribing the boundaries as they now exist. That the Mormons meant business in their claim was indicated by an invitation to "the inhabitants of that

portion of Upper California lying east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains'' to participate in their convention. Needless to say that there was no response from any of the country south of Lake Tahoe, at least. What prompted the Californians to ordain their line southeasterly through the desert, including the utterly unknown region between it and the Sierras, is but surmise.

When people of western Utah held a mass meeting at Genoa, August 8, 1857, and prepared a petition asking Congress to organize a new Territory, separate from Utah, they looked on the Sierras as their natural boundary and suggested that the range be made the western boundary of their soon-to-be Nevada. This too was disregarded in defining the lines established by the enabling act.

The greater part of the present Inyo County was within the lines set in 1852 for Tulare, and that county exercised what little jurisdiction existed, south of Big Pine Creek. Owens Valley north of that stream had been allotted to Mono when, in 1861, it was created from "those portions of Calaveras, Mariposa and Frezno counties lying east of the summit of the Sierra Nevado Mountains."

The unsuccessful effort to establish Coso County has been set forth. Owens Valley's scattered settlers memorialized the next Legislature, and on February 17, 1866, Assemblyman J. E. Goodall of Mono and Tuolumne, introduced a bill to establish Inyo County. It passed without opposition. It prescribed the boundaries as had

the Coso County bills, the Sierra summit on the west, State line on the east, the line until then bounding Tulare on the south, and on the north "down the middle of Big Pine Creek to its mouth, thence due east to the State line." Bend City had waned, and Independence was named in its stead as the seat of government until the citizens should decide otherwise. Kearsage was the largest precinct. Thomas J. Goodale, L. F. Cooper, W. A. Greenly, W. A. Baker and Lyman Tuttle were designated as commissioners to form precincts, name election officers, canvass returns, and so on. The date of election was set for March 3d. The creating act did not become law until March 22d, so the whole proceeding would have been null but for the provision, prompted by the experience in the Coso County effort, that in case the election was not held on the day set it might be called at any time within one year.

Salaries of the officers of the proposed county and their official bonds were set as follows: County Judge, salary $1,000; District Attorney, $500 salary, $2,000 bond; Supervisors, each $300 salary, $1,000 bond. The Sheriff, whose bond was $7,000; Clerk, bond $3,000; Treasurer, bond $10,000; Assessor, bond $1,000; Coroner, bond $2,000; and Surveyor, bond $2,000, were all to be paid according to a general State law enacted in 1855. That the whole salary and fee schedule was on a modest scale is apparent from the statement that the Assessor's pay was $8 per day during the time he was actually employed in official duties, and the Superintendent's compensation was $150 per year.

Inyo was attached to the County of Mono for Assembly district purposes, and to that and a number of other counties in judicial district matters.

One provision of the Act required the appointment of two commissioners to confer with a like number from Tulare to arrange for the new county to take over its proportion of the Tulare county debt. No record has been found proving that this was ever done.

The organization election was held some time in May—exact date not ascertainable from records. The officers elected were W. A. Greenly, Sheriff; Thomas Passmore, Clerk; John T. Ryan, Assessor; John Lentell, Treasurer; Lyman Tuttle, Surveyor; B. D. Blaney, Coroner; Josiah Earl, Superintendent of Schools; John R. Hughes, John R. Westerville (properly Westervelt) and C. D. Begole, Supervisors. John Beveridge was elected District Attorney but did not qualify, and Thomas P. Slade was appointed to that position. O. L. Matthews had been appointed County Judge, by Governor Low.

The Supervisors convened in Independence May 31st, and elected Hughes chairman. An election was ordered to be held June 16th, to choose township officers. The townships then established, the polling places designated and the small vote subsequently cast indicate the limitations of population of the new county.

First township: Polling places, George Shedd's house at Fish Springs, Oro Fino Co.'s office at Chrysopolis. Election officers J. S. Gill,

E. M. Goodale and M. Stewart, and R. S. Whigham, Wm. Pedlar and Wm. Fleming respectively at the two points. In a total vote of 15, Fleming was elected Justice and Jack Shepherd and P. Green, Constables.

The Second township had also two polling places: at Kearsarge, where votes were counted at M. J. Byrne's house and the election officers were M. Meagher, Samuel McGee and W. J. Lake; and the Independence schoolhouse, with S. P. Moffatt, R. Hilton and J. G. Payne as officers. The whole vote of the townhip was 56, and the officers elected were J. J. Mankin and S. L. McGee Justices and Wm. J. Lake and Wm. Wallace Constables.

In the Third township voters cast their ballots at Begole and Moore's house, with A. C. Stevens, Lyman Tuttle and Robert Law as election officers. Four of the twenty voters were put into official positions—R. M. Shuey and J. J. Moore as Justices and N. F. Coburn and Peter Peerson as Constables.

Appointment of George Shedd, J. G. Payne and Reuben Van Dyke as Road Overseers, completed the government of Inyo County.

While the salary set for the County Judge was small, his duties generally corresponded. His jurisdiction was between that of the Justice and the District Court. The latter corresponded to the present Superior Court, except that its judge had several counties in his district. Judge Matthews' first case was a murder affair, that of E. H. Rogers for killing Theodore Bayer; the next two were

of the kind termed "civil," and the fourth was a bankruptcy proceeding. He went through his term without having occasion to sentence a felon, the first commitment to San Quentin being made by Judge A. C. Hanson in 1869, when a grand larcenist "went below" for three years.

Three school districts were established. One included all the county north of Independence; Independence and vicinity was the second, and the southernmost included all territory "south of the first section line south of J. W. Symmes." It would appear that the Supervisors looked on Mr. Symmes as a fixture.

In the county vaults at Independence is a small morocco-covered book on whose few sheets of foolscap paper are the early records of the Supervisors. A critical reader would find it to be more incomplete in details than would now be sanctioned; for example, public roads were designated as "running from Bend City to Kearsarge," "from Independence to the northern line of the county," "from Cerro Gordo to the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains." Those descriptions sufficed to be understood at the time, probably better than if they had been sprinkled with survey figures and "thences."

In the winter of 1866-7 A. N. Bell built a flouring mill on Oak Creek. It was burned April 12, 1870, and rebuilt soon afterward.

When the election of 1867 came, Chrysopolis was wholly dead, and its voting precinct was abolished; Kearsarge was also dropped from the list. Cerro Gordo had started, and was recognized

as a precinct. Some growth was indicated by a vote of 31 votes at Fish Springs, 115 at Independence, 53 at Lone Pine and 7 at Cerro Gordo. The county's vote was close politically, Phelps, Republican, for Congress, receiving 102, Axtell, his Democratic opponent, 104. The vote on county officers was as follows:

Sheriff—Thos. May, 86; W. L. Moore, 123.

Clerk—C. L. Jackson, 95; S. P. Moffatt, 113.

Treasurer—Isaac Harris, 96; A. N. Bell, 108.

Attorney—F. K. Miller, 103; Thos. P. Slade, 107.

Assessor—A. C. Stevens, 106; S. L. McGee, 104.

Surveyor—Lyman Tuttle, 107; Jack Dow, 98.

Superintendent—C. M. Joslyn, 106; Josiah Earl, 98.

Coroner—A. Farnsworth, 104; John A. Lank, 103.

Supervisor First District—J. W. McMurry, 16; J. W. Westerville, 14.

Judges were chosen at a separate election, at which A. C. Hanson defeated John Alexander, 102 to 84 for County Judge, and the county gave 96 votes for Theron Reed for District Judge to 93 for L. F. Cooper.

Changes in the official corps were frequent during the first few years. It appears to have been considered courteous and proper for the Sheriff whose term was about to end to resign in order that his elected successor might acquire a little experience. Greenly resigned in November, 1867, and W. L. ("Dad") Moore was appointed for the

month between then and his own term by election. Two years later, he in turn resigned just before being succeeded by Elder. The District Attorney's office was subject to frequent changes. Beveridge failed to qualify, after the first election, and Slade was appointed. Slade was re-elected, and resigned. Pat Reddy was appointed, but did not qualify, and Paul W. Bennett was appointed. Beveridge was again elected in 1869, and again failed to qualify, and Bennett was again appointed. Passmore tried the Clerkship for a year before he resigned and Moffatt was appointed. Stevens served as Assessor for a year, quit, and was succeeded by L. A. Talcott. Farnsworth, Coroner, was hardly more than sworn in before he made way for John A. Lank. A brief experience in public office seems to have been sufficient for most of the old-timers; it was no more than an even chance whether any one elected would serve out his term.

In the election of 1869, the successful candidates were A. B. Elder, Sheriff; S. P. Moffatt, Clerk; Geo. W. Brady, Assessor; John Beveridge, Attorney; Isaac Harris, Treasurer; Lyman Tuttle, Surveyor; J. W. Symmes, Superintendent of Schools; John A. Lank, Coroner; John Shedd and John Shepherd, Supervisors.

A report of conditions in 1867 said that 2,000 acres of land had been enclosed, of which half was cultivated. Barley was the principal crop. Independence had a population of 100. Fourteen quartz mills, ten of them steam driven, were operating in the county, dropping 130 stamps and rep-

resenting a $350,000 investment. The San Carlos Canal, to be 15 miles long and to cost $30,000, was proposed. Mention of the names of streams included Indian (George's), Sycamore (Alabama hills) and Little Pine creeks. It was estimated that there were 500 voters in the county. A road across Kearsage Pass was advocated.

Nothing has been unearthed from county records to show who first served as teachers of the children of Inyo's huge districts. Designation of the schoolhouse at Independence as the polling place for the precinct in the election of 1866 is the only available proof of the existence of a school at that time. In that same year the first school was begun in northern Owens Valley, then part of Mono County. Only one white child was in the Bishop vicinity in the early months of the year, until in March Mr. and Mrs. Joel H. Smith and their six children arrived. The coming of other families led to Mrs. Smith opening a school, supported by subscription. The first public school teacher north of Independence was Milton S. Clark.

Among the Owensville inhabitants were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark. Their sons came soon afterward; one of them was Rev. Andrew Clark, with his family. That pioneer minister and his brothers had served in the nation's army on Shiloh's bloody field and elsewhere during the Civil War; and with the coming of peace they looked to the West. Sincere in convictions, Mr. Clark arranged for a church organization; and on January 1, 1869, he and six others established the

Baptist Church at Bishop Creek, as the settlement was then called. This was the first religious society in eastern California. The Methodists sent their first resident minister, Rev. E. H. Orne, to Independence as the central point of the "Owens River Charge" two years later. These pioneer laborers in the cause of Christianity underwent virtually all the hardships of the "circuit riders" of the mid-West, for they held services regularly all the way from Cerro Gordo to Benton, and in Deep Springs Valley.

Temperance societies were first among fraternities in this field. Existence of the Sons of Temperance at Owensville has been noted. That body's career was brief. Next in secret society pioneering was St. Orme's Lodge of Good Templars, in Round Valley in 1869, soon reinforced by Oasis Lodge of the same order at Bishop.

Placer gold was found on Big Pine Creek in 1869. The first taken was a two-ounce nugget. Some placer mining was done there and some in the foothills west of Bishop during later years.

During the season of 1869 the valley's estimated production of grain was 250 tons; the lands in cultivation amounted to 5,000 acres. Flour for home consumption was being ground in home mills, and lumber cut in the nearby foothills was being used for buildings. Seven steam and two waterpower quartz mills were dropping 100 stamps regularly, and four furnaces and twenty arrastras were helping to swell the mineral production of the region.

A bill was introduced in the Legislature,

passed, and approved by Governor Haight, March 28, 1870, changing the northern boundary of Inyo County from Big Pine Creek to the line between townships five and six south of Mt. Diablo base line. In consideration of the transfer of territory from Mono to Inyo, provision was made for a payment of $12,000 to the former county. This was payable $3,000 annually, beginning January, 1871. The last of the debt was not paid, however, until 1875.

The precise location of the boundary between the two counties was in dispute until a survey was made by J. G. Thompson, of Mono, in 1876. Prior to that the neighbor county had laid claim to a large part of Round Valley, and finding out that the claim was not well founded caused much resentment, particularly in Benton, then a camp of considerable importance and liveliness.

One other slight change in boundary lines was made in 1872. The southern line, as inherited from Tulare, ran a little south of westerly from the Nevada line. The new code description changed it to a straight east-and-west line. This took a few miles of Sierras from us and in return gave us jurisdiction over a few more square miles of desert inferno at the far southeastern corner of the county.

While these were the final changes, that fact is not due to lack of agitation. In 1864 the Nevadans returned to their original idea of jurisdiction to the summit of the Sierras, and memorialized the California Legislature, asking that all the territory in the State east of that range be trans-

ferred to Nevada. If the whole could not be presented to the Silver State, the petitioners were anxious that Mono and Alpine, at least, should be. John R. Dudleston, then a prominent Monoite, urged that the line be run from Mt. Dana to Mt. McBride, "the point where the State line crosses the White Mountains." The effort had no result. Passage by the Nevada Legislature in 1870 of a resolution asking for the proposed cession was as fruitless. The same proposal has been made since, and at times had some support in the area affected.

In 1873 residents of the northern part of the county started a movement to have the county line re-established at Big Pine Creek, throwing the Bishop vicinity back into Mono. This arose from county dissensions. Three years went by before the subject was seriously renewed. It then grew to such proportions that the Supervisors took official notice of the matter. A protest against any change was adopted by the votes of Curtis, of Independence, and Meysan, of Lone Pine, for the protest and that of Garretson, of Bishop, against it. Next came Assemblyman Matthew Griswold, of Mono, with a bill to create Monache County, to include Olancha, the booming camps of Darwin and Panamint and the desert region generally. This measure died on the files.

A step forward for the county was made when in June, 1870, a newspaper, the Inyo Independent, was established at Independence by Chalfant & Parker. Among its items were statements that a petition was in circulation to secure a tri-weekly mail between Independence and Aurora. Mines

at Fish Springs were paying well. That camp was headquarters for a tough crowd known as "Morgan Courtney's gang"—characters who later contributed to the criminal records of some of the Nevada towns. A wagon road between Independence and Visalia was being discussed. Inyo County's debt was $33,525.52. Bullion to the amount of 1,419,387 pounds had gone out from the Cerro Gordo furnaces. It gave pleasure to announce that two regular mails a week had been arranged for, the government paying for one and the stage company putting on one of its own accord. Henry G. Hanks had refused $30,000 for the Monte Diablo (later Mount Diablo) mine at Candelaria. Isaac Friedlander was making application for a patent on the Eclipse mine, southeast of Independence.

The year 1871 was an election year, and developed some of the hottest politics the county ever had. One of its features was a campaign journal largely devoted to personalities, named The Inyo Lancet, of which Thomas J. Goodale was the editor-in-chief. The issues involved were of but temporary interest. Winners in the election were Cy Mulkey, Sheriff; M. W. Hammarstrand, Clerk; E. H. Van Decar, District Attorney; Henry M. Isaacs, Treasurer; J. F. Dillon, Assessor; John A. Lank, Coroner. Precincts in the territory acquired from Mono County cast votes as follows: Deep Spring Valley, 18; Round Valley, 40; Bishop Creek, 92. Older Inyo precincts cast 77 votes at Fish Springs, 111 at Independence, 95 at Lone Pine, 29 at Swansea, and 124 at Cerro Gordo.

CHAPTER XX

TWO AFFAIRS OF 1871

CONVICTS ESCAPING FROM CARSON HEAD TOWARD INYO—THEIR TRAIL TO LONG VALLEY—MORRISON KILLED AT CONVICT LAKE—SLAYERS CAPTURED, TRIED AND EXECUTED—UNEXPLAINED DISAPPEARANCE OF GUIDES EGAN AND HAHN, WITH WHEELER EXPEDITION.

The most desperate prison break in the history of the West occurred at the Nevada penitentiary at Carson on the evening of Sunday, September 17, 1871. Twenty-nine convicts, murderers, train robbers, horse thieves and others of like ilk, gained temporary liberty after killing one man and wounding half a dozen more. The bravery of the handful of prison guards, the action of a life prisoner in opposing the escape and fighting the convicts, and other details make an interesting story, but one outside the field of this history. Inyo's interest in the affair became direct when one of the gangs of desperadoes started with intent to recuperate in Owens and Fish Lake valleys, as a preliminary to raiding a store at Silver Peak and escaping with their loot to seek refuge among the renegades, Indians and whites, who had established themselves in the far deserts.

Billy Poor, a mail rider, was met by the convicts, who murdered him in cold blood, took his horse and clothing and dressed the corpse in discarded prison garb. When news of the occurrence

reached Aurora, the boy's home, a posse set out in pursuit of the escapers. The trail was found at Adobe Meadows, in southern Mono, and word was sent to Deputy Sheriff George Hightower, at Benton. Hightower and ten others from Benton trailed the fugitives into Long Valley. Robert Morrison, who came to Owensville in 1863 and was at this time a Benton merchant, first sighted the men, in the evening of Friday, the 23d. The pursuers went to the McGee place, in southern Long Valley, and spent the night, and the following morning went up the stream then known as Monte Diablo Creek, but now called Convict.

As the posse neared the narrow at the eastern end of the deep cup in which Convict Lake is situated, a man was seen running down a hill a hundred yards ahead. The pursuers spurred up their horses and soon found themselves within forty feet of the convicts' camp. Three convicts took shelter behind a large pine tree on the south side of the stream, and began firing. Two of the horses of the posse were killed and two others wounded, and one of the posse was shot through the hand. Morrison dismounted, began crawling down the hillside to get nearer, and was shot in the side. The rest of the posse fled. Black, convict, went after Morrison, passing him until Morrison snapped his gun without its being discharged; Black then shot him through the head.

The convicts went up the canyon to where an Indian known as Mono Jim was keeping some of the citizens' horses. Thinking that the approaching men belonged to the posse, Jim announced that

he had seen three men down the canyon. As he saw his mistake Black shot him. Jim returned the fire, wounding two of the horses the convicts had, and was then killed. Morrison's body remained where it fell until Alney McGee went from the house in the valley that evening and recovered it. The convicts had left. Morrison's body was taken to Benton and buried by the Masonic fraternity.

"Convict" was thenceforward adopted as the name of the beautiful lake and stream near the scene. A mighty peak that towers over the lake bears the name of Mount Morrison.

Word had been sent from Benton to Bishop, and a posse headed by John Crough and John Clarke left the latter place, after some delay due to failure of the messenger to deliver his letter. The trail was picked up in Round Valley, which the convicts had crossed. The latter had made their way into Pine Creek Canyon, and were so hard pressed that they abandoned one of their horses and lost another over a precipice. News that the men were located, and the fact that they were armed with Henry rifles, superior to the weapons of the citizens, was taken to Independence by I. P. Yaney. The military post was at that time commanded by Major Harry C. Egbert, who afterward became General Egbert and lost his life as a brave soldier in the Philippines. Major Egbert selected five men to accompany him in the hunt, and also provided a supply of arms for any citizens who might wish to use them for the main purpose. They made the trip to Bishop

in seven hours, which was rapid traveling in those days.

Convicts Morton and Black were captured in the sandhills five miles southeast of Round Valley, on Wednesday night, ten days after their escape. They were taken by J. L. C. Sherwin, Hubbard, Armstead, McLeod and two Indians. A few shots were exchanged before the fugitives threw up their hands in token of surrender. An Indian mistook the motion and fired, the shot striking Black in the temple and passing through his head, but strangely not killing him. The two were taken to Birchim's place in Round Valley. Black was able to talk, and laid the killing of Morrison on Roberts, a nineteen-year old boy. After hearing his story a posse resumed the hunt for Roberts in Pine Creek Canyon.

This posse was eating lunch in the canyon on Friday when they observed a movement in a clump of willows within twenty yards of them. The place was surrounded and Roberts was ordered to come out and surrender. He did so, saying that if they intended to kill him he was ready if he could have a cup of coffee. He had been five and one-half days without food. When he confronted Black at Birchim's, the conduct of the older villain satisfied all that he and not Roberts had slain Morrison.

The three prisoners were placed in a spring wagon Sunday evening, October 1st, and with a guard of horsemen started from Round Valley for Carson. Near Pinchower's store, where the northern road through West Bishop intersected

the main drive of that vicinity, the escort and wagon were surrounded by a large body of armed citizens. "Who is the captain of this guard?" was asked. "I am; turn to the left and go on." But the mob did not turn to the left nor was there any resistance. Morton, who sat with the driver, said: "Give me the reins and I'll drive after them; I'm a pretty good driver myself." Roberts, who had been shot in the shoulder and in the foot in the encounter in Long Valley, was lying in the bottom of the wagon. He offered objections to going with the citizens, but without effect, and with Black driving to his own hanging, the wagon and its escort moved across the unfenced meadow to a vacant cabin about a mile northeasterly. On arrival there, Black and Roberts were carried into the house, both being wounded. Morton got down from the wagon with little assistance and went in with them.

Lights were procured, and all present except the guards over the prisoners formed a jury. The convicts were questioned for two hours before votes were taken, separately on each prisoner. It was decreed that Black and Morton should be hanged at once. The vote on Roberts was equally divided for and against execution, and his life was saved by that fact.

A scaffold was hastily set up at the end of the house, one end of its beam resting on the top of its low chimney, the other supported by a tripod of timbers. Morton heard the preparations going on, and asked: "Black, are you ready to die?" "No, this is not the crowd that will hang us,"

replied Black. "Yes, it is," said Morton; don't you hear them building the scaffold?" Morton was asked if he wished to stand nearer the fire which had been made to modify the chill of the late autumn night. "No, it isn't worth while warming now," he answered; and turning to Roberts he said: "We are to swing, and I mean to have you swing with us if we can; we want company." Black was carried out and lifted into a wagon which had been driven under the scaffold; after being raised to his feet he stood unsupported. Morton walked out and looked over the arrangements calmly, climbed into the wagon, and placed the noose over his own head. He asked that his hands be made fast so that he could not jump up and catch the rope. Black asked for water; Morton asked him what he wanted with water then. When asked if they had anything to say, Black said no. Morton said that it wasn't well for a man to be taken off without some religious ceremony, and if there was a minister present he would like to have a prayer. Whether it seems strange or otherwise, there was a minister present by request. He spoke a few words, after which Morton said: "I am prepared to meet my God—but I don't know that there is any God." He shook hands with the men on the wagon, and then the minister prayed. Only his voice and a sigh from Black broke the stillness. As "Amen" was pronounced the wagon moved away. Black was a large and heavy man and died without a struggle. Morton, a very small man, sprang into the air as the wagon started, and did not move a muscle after his weight rested on the rope.

Young Roberts was taken to the county jail at Independence, and after partial recovery from his wounds was returned to the Carson prison. Others among the escapes were believed to have come this way, and hard search was made for them through the mountains. That one named Charley Jones had come to Bishop Creek and had probably received some assistance was a general belief, but what became of him was never known unless to a select circle. Four of the escapes were captured on Walker River while they were feasting on baked coyote. Eighteen of the twenty-nine were captured or killed within two months of the prison break.

One of the Government's parties of exploration sent into the Great Basin during the 1870 decade was the Wheeler expedition. Its visit to Inyo in 1871 would be worthy of but passing note in this record but for two desert tragedies connected with it, to wit: the disappearance of guides Egan and Hahn.

The expedition comprised sixty men, including soldiers, geologists, botanists, photographers, meteorologists, naturalists, and representatives of other branches of knowledge within the field of government investigation. With them as press correspondent came Fred W. Loring, a talented young Bostonian, whose promising career as a writer was cut short soon afterward by Arizona Apaches. The force was divided into two detachments, with Lieutenant George M. Wheeler as commander of one and Lieutenant D. A. Lyle as chief of the other.

The party left the Central Pacific Railroad at Carlin, Nevada, and traversed the deserts southwesterly, arriving at Independence in July, 1871. Their investigations had proved very satisfactory; the country had been mapped, and each scientist had discoveries in his special line later incorporated in the reports that may be found in official repositories.

The detachments left Camp Independence July 21st. Lyle was directed to cross the eastern range and to meet Wheeler at the head of the Amargosa. The guide for his party was C. F. R. Hahn, one of the county's pioneers, discoverer of some of the mines of Cerro Gordo, an accomplished linguist and educated man as well as miner and mountaineer.

According to the story later told by Lyle and John Koehler, naturalist with this detachment, Hahn left camp two days out from Owens Valley, to go ahead and prospect for water. He did not return, and no Inyo acquaintance ever saw him again. The detachment took no time to hunt for him. The belief was general in the county at that time that he had been basely deserted by the company—equivalent to murder, in that region in midsummer. It was established that Koehler had said that he would make Hahn find water or kill him. A. J. Close, a sometime resident of Independence, wrote from Colorado in 1875 that he had seen a man who claimed to have known Hahn in Arizona afterward. This man said that the missing man had been killed in that wild territory, but that previous to his death he had told of

leaving the Lyle party. He had been unable to find water and was afraid to go back. He stripped the saddle from his mule, and left it, with other personal effects and papers to create the belief that he had perished, and had then ridden bareback across the desert into Arizona. Hahn's belongings, or some of them, were found in a canyon near the head of Death Valley a short time afterward. A pair of field glasses, believed to have been Hahn's, were found at another place, by an Indian. They came into P. A. Chalfant's possession, and were destroyed in the burning of his home many years later. They had special value because of their associations, and further because of a curious phenomenon in their appearance. The cement uniting the prisms of the object lenses had been formed into miniature representations of sage bushes, though whether this was actually a picturing of those within the lenses' range or merely a form taken by the cement under action of the excessive heat of the desert was only surmise. Notwithstanding, the serviceability of the glasses was unimpaired.

The Wheeler detachment took a more southerly route on leaving Independence. Its guide was William Egan, a scholarly gentleman well known in many parts of the intermountain region. Being familiar with the Amargosa region, he consented to pilot the party that far. He disappeared even more completely than did Hahn, for not even a rumor of his having been seen alive or dead after leaving the expedition ever reached his friends. Wheeler accounted for him by saying that he had

left camp for Rose Springs, and had gone over Towne's Pass into Death Valley. Wheeler said that after waiting a day for him, the party left provisions and a note at Rose Springs and went on. Loring, writing for Appleton's Journal, then one of the country's leading magazines, said that two men had gone into the Telescope mountains with Egan as guide. "He did not come back—he never will come back," wrote Loring. The two accounts do not agree as to the point of Egan's departure.

Evidence by members of the party showed that there had been friction between the guides and the commanders in each instance. Wheeler and Lyle were both characterized as brutal and overbearing, acting on the belief that their military commissions were ample warrant for any attitude they chose to take toward civilians in their employ.

A blacksmith who accompanied the expedition from Eureka, Nevada, said no inquiries were ever made in the camp concerning Egan's whereabouts. His pack animal and prospecting outfit were taken and used as government property. Lyle gave this blacksmith to understand that Hahn had deserted, and that if time permitted he would return and shoot him.

Putting the best possible construction on known circumstances, the two guides were virtually abandoned in the desert. Harsh inferences were corroborated by authenticated incidents of the journey. Near Belmont, Nevada, one of the outfit's mules strayed. Men hunting the animal

came upon a boy herding cattle. He professed to know nothing of the mule, but was brought into camp. Wheeler had him tied up by the thumbs in an effort to extort knowledge that the boy did not have. Again, as Ash Meadows, Wheeler tried to get an Indian to take a note to his brother at a point 70 miles distant. The Indian asked for five dollars, a shirt and a pair of pants as pay. This was refused and he left camp. The next morning he returned, with four others. All were seized and tied up. One broke away, started to run, and was shot and killed. The rest of them set out, under guard, with the note; the corporal reported that they had run away, with shots flying after them. In this dilemma Wheeler concluded to go himself, with an orderly. He was surrounded, somewhere during his trip, by a dozen Indians, and would have been killed had it not been for the interposition of a Salt Lake Indian with the crowd.

The comparative prominence of the missing guides, and the curt information given to those who would have made the hunt the military men failed to make, caused much adverse comment and feeling in Owens Valley. That two men familiar with the country should disappear while the expeditions they guided went through without marked difficulty, was a singular fact. The abandonment of the men, the lack of effort to locate them, and the indifference of the commanders to any inquiries, added to a desert mystery that, at least in the case of Egan, was never solved in any way whatsoever.

CHAPTER XXI

EL TEMBLOR

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1872—ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS DISTURBANCES IN MANY LANDS—SOME FACTS AND INCIDENTS OF THE TIME—PROF. WHITNEY'S OBSERVATIONS—REBUILDING—MONEY BORROWED AT EXPENSIVE RATES—OPPORTUNE LEGISLATION.

The great earthquake of March 26, 1872, stands alone in its awe-inspiring magnitude as an item of Inyo County history. Other earthquakes have been known here, but beside them it was as a cyclone to a summer breeze. It was Mother Earth's time for readjustment somewhere in the region—such an occurrence as different parts of the New World and the Old have had, as at New Madrid, Charleston, San Francisco, and in many foreign lands. That the seismic disturbance originated somewhere near Owens Valley was evident; it appears to have been an affair in which we had original and proprietary interest, though the effects were felt nearly simultaneously from Mexico to British Columbia and eastward to Utah.

The shake came at 2:30 on the morning of March 26th. Premonitory symptoms, if such they were, had appeared during many months. A shock of some severity was reported at Lone Pine March 17th. The main event came unheralded save by a mighty rumble. The shock was reported by Camp Independence observers to have lasted three

minutes; its worst effects occurred in the first minute. Next in severity, but still much milder, was one at 6:30 the same morning. The Camp Independence record noted 200 shocks of tremors from the hour of the big shake up to 5:00 the following afternoon. In its issue of April 6, 1872, the Inyo Independent observed that the earth was quieting down, as shocks were from twelve to twenty hours apart.

One can read, in publications of the time, many tales of the earthquake, nearly all written by non-residents with able imaginations and a belief that the remoteness of the region would permit any sort of story to be accepted. The facts were startling enough, without gratuitous additions.

Fissures opened at different points, generally but not in all cases paralleling the valley axis. In a few instances there were changes in the level of the ground bordering such breaks. The chief of these was at Lone Pine, where a twelve-mile crack opened. Whether the land on the east was lowered or that on the west was raised no scientist ever took the trouble to announce, but a difference of from four to twelve feet was made. Also, the land on the east side was moved northward, or that on the west was moved southward, several feet, as broken fences across the fissure proved. Another large fissure appeared near Big Pine.

Twenty-four persons were killed at Lone Pine, and about the same number escaped with severe or minor injuries. One person was killed and one injured at Eclipse, on the river southeast of Independence; one killed at Camp Independence, and

several injured; one hurt at Bishop. The property loss was never accurately determined, but was estimated at from $150,000 to $200,000.

Every instance of personal harm was due to the character of buildings which had until then been in use. The population of Lone Pine was largely composed of Mexicans, who had exercised their preference for sun-dried bricks, or adobes, as building material. While such construction was more in use there than in other parts of the valley, the scarcity and high cost of lumber helped in making the use of adobes quite general in the small settlements. Three-fourths of Lone Pine's buildings were thus made, and about sixty of them toppled down in the shake like piles of children's blocks. The buildings at Eclipse, all adobe, and some others elsewhere shared the same fate. The courthouse at Independence was of burned bricks, and collapsed. Only one frame building in the valley was leveled, and that was an unsubstantial and cheap shed. Many, however, were racked, and all plastering was shattered. Adobes were promptly stricken from the list of favored building materials; probably there was never a more instantaneous and general change of opinion regarding construction methods.

Some of the curiosities of the earthquake are worth noting. At George's Creek water burst from the ground up into a floorless cabin, in such volume as to flood out the occupants if they had awaited further notice to vacate. Not far off, a horse's hoof protruding from the ground, where a crack had opened and then closed, gave reasonable

inference as to where the rest of the animal might be found. Similarly, at Fish Springs a crack swallowed an ox, only his tail being left out in the air as a card indicating that he had not strayed. Near by, another ox was dead on the ground, with not a sign of injury. Of two adobe huts a mile apart, one crumbled, the other was not damaged at all.

In an Independence law office, two adjoining rooms contained shelves of books on the north and south walls. In one, the north shelves were completely emptied, every book being thrown to the floor, while those on the opposite shelves remained undisturbed. In the adjoining room, next west, exactly the reverse occurred; the south shelves were emptied while the ones on the north stood as usual.

At Bishop, a stone chimney fell across a bed which two young ladies would have been occupying had they not been away at a dance at the time.

The course of Owens River was changed east of Independence, and the site of Bend City was left neighboring an empty ravine instead of the river bank.

Dust hung over the Sierras for two days after the earthquake, while the White Mountains were obscured by haze and dust for a shorter period. The rolling of stones and the sparks struck in their descents were vividly described by beholders.

In spite of widespread interest and veritable volumes of printed matter, opportunity for scientific investigation was neglected. Prof. J. D. Whitney and Clarence King, two of the most noted

scientists of the West, made flying trips into the valley, tarrying but briefly. Professor Whitney afterward published two articles on the Inyo earthquake, one of which excited local derision because of its inaccuracy as to facts. The other was a general dissertation on the subject of earthquakes, and probably entitled to more serious consideration than his hastily gathered Owens Valley notes.

He mentions a tradition of the Piutes that a similar shake had occurred eighty years earlier—that is, about 1790. He concluded that an earthquake is a passage of an elastic wave of motion through a portion of the crust of the earth, and that unusual seismic manifestations in one part of the earth are likely to be followed by like disturbances elsewhere. He figured that the Inyo earthquake was one of a chain, extending through the winter and spring of that year. He enumerated a long list of shocks, during the months of January, February, March and April, in Asia, Australia, Europe, Minnesota, Illinois, Germany, Japan, Mexico, Kentucky, Africa, Ireland, and the Philippine Islands. Our little agitation was of small consequence—except to ourselves—by comparison with the leveling of a Persian city and death of 30,000 of its inhabitants that January; destruction of cities near the Caucasus Mountains and in Japan; the killing of a thousand or fifteen hundred persons at historic Antioch; the greatest eruption of Vesuvius since 1632, and other notable events of that season.

Whitney concluded that the focus of the Owens

Valley earthquake was somewhere beneath the Sierras, in the belt between Owens Lake and Independence, at a depth of at least fifty miles, and extending for probably 100 miles in length. The wave motion traveled, he decided, at a velocity of probably thirty-five miles a minute. Its greatest velocity effects were manifested where changes in geological formations were found; for instance, fissures usually occurred where the sandy slope joined alluvial soil, dry abutting against wet material. At such points the rate of motion is changed and a disturbance ensues. He decided that the force was about uniform from Olancha to Big Pine. In all cases observers said that the shock seemed to come from the Sierran region mentioned. At Lone Pine it came from the west; farther north, from the southwest.

Professor Whitney explained further that the earth's crust is, or rather must be, in a condition of tension in places, of compression in others. Sooner or later the material gives way, a fissure forms, and a powerful impulse is communicated to the mass above. This starts the wave of action which when it reaches the surface we know as an earthquake.

He was undecided as to attributing the widespread disturbances of March 26th to the Inyo earthquake. A terrific volcanic eruption occurred in Mexico that day, which he believed might be a wholly separate and detached occurrence.

Rebuilding began promptly. The national Government set aside $30,000 for reconstructing Camp Independence; most of it was used in put-

ting up substantial frame buildings. The county was still speedier in its action. The destroyed courthouse, a two-story brick, accepted February 1, 1869, had cost $9,832. It had never been satisfactory, and a providential bill had passed the Legislature only two weeks before the earthquake authorizing the county to issue $40,000 bonds for building a new courthouse and new bridges across the river. The latter were to be at Lone Pine, Bend City, and at either Big Pine or Bishop as the Supervisors might decide. So when the earthquake wrecked the old building more expeditiously than a contractor would have done, no time was lost in moving for its replacement. The bonds were issued, and though bearing 10 per cent interest they were sold for 80 cents on the dollar, besides which the county paid something over $2,000 for the expense of making the sale; consequently the $40,000 issue put a little less than $30,000 into the treasury. "The remains of the late courthouse," as the advertisement put it, were offered for sale, and brought $120. Bids for a new building were not opened until September, when a contract was let to E. Chaquette to erect the building for $15,900. Work was under way when an epidemic of the horse disease known as the epizootic swept the country. Animals died by hundreds, and teaming systems were practically put out of business. Most of the lumber in the new building was being "imported," and Chaquette was unavoidably given an extension of time on his contract. The building was accepted July 3, 1873, and on the following day was used for the exer-

cises of the greatest celebration the county had ever had. The structure was a far better building than the one which afterward replaced it, as well as an improvement on its predecessor.

Business buildings and residences were also begun, and in most cases were completed with rather more expedition than attended the county's reconstructive work.

CHAPTER XXII

YEARS OF RAMPANT CRIME

INYO A REFUGE FOR BAD MEN—LAW EXISTENT BUT INEFFECTIVE—CERRO GORDO'S STAINED RECORD—JUDGE REED, A MAN FOR THE PERIOD—VASQUEZ, MASTER ROAD AGENT—CAUGHT THE WRONG MAN—DEATHS OF SHERIFFS PASSMORE AND MOORE.

Inyo County was, in those days, essentially and thoroughly a frontier of "the old West." Many substantial and law-respecting citizens had come, laying the foundation for the later communities; but at that period untamed tendencies had the upper hand in many respects. The forms of law were available, but were not appreciated by a large percentage of the inhabitants. Villains from other parts found in this out-of-the-way region a comparatively safe refuge, or tarried here on their way to the still more inaccessible isolation of the southern Nevada deserts. To the new-sprung mining camps came hard characters from everywhere, and Colt and Bowie were the authorities usually called in when disputes arose. Railroads and telegraphs were hundreds of miles distant. To reach any place where conditions were materially different involved an arduous journey. San Francisco was distant three days and three nights of staging—and $60 fare. Arrival of papers four days old from Los Angeles was mentioned by the

local paper as a notable event, and as being faster service than the mails. Going to any outside point was as costly, and more inconvenient, than is a journey half way across the continent at the present time. And moreover, hard as conditions were from a moral standpoint, they were not greatly worse than those generally prevalent west of the Rockies at that time.

Judge Hannah thus charged one of his grand juries:

"Crime has been exceedingly prevalent, and seems to have run rampant in certain sections of the county, especially at Cerro Gordo. . . . . So far as I am informed the guilty parties have never been brought to justice to answer for their misdeeds. . . . . It is your duty that you exhaust, if necessary, every means known to the law to protect the peaceful citizen from these lawless ruffians."

In another charge, to one of the first grand juries called by Judge Hannah, he called attention to the commission of eighty serious and unpunished crimes in the few years the county had then been in existence. This was before the notable prominence of Cerro Gordo, with its still bloodier record. Crimes then became of almost weekly frequency, largely committed "up on the hill"—that is, Cerro Gordo. It is safe to say that between the county's organization and the advent of the railroad, in the early '80's, more men had been killed or wounded in self-defense or in cold blood than the total of white victims of the Indian war.

Comments in the Inyo Independent reflected a prevalent sentiment when, after a Cerro Gordo

affair in which two toughs were wounded and sent to the county hospital, it remarked:

"In those rows where the principals are killed outright we have a sort of morbid satisfaction in so reporting it; but when they are only maimed and become expensive public charges it is a bad go. But frequently innocent parties are the victims; and if there is law to do it these affrays should be stopped on that account, if no other."

Tribal orgies among the Indians supplied with liquor by unprincipled whites were frequent, and a slit Piute throat was not an unusual result. Once in a while the initial crime would bring its own punishment, as when a keeper of a portable dive at George's Creek, sharing a grand drunk with his Indian customers, took occasion to shoot two of them and was himself neatly and properly slain.

It is not to be supposed that the machinery of the law was wholly idle. Officers made arrests for crimes, but where there was not real ground of defense others of the criminal's own stripe supplied evidence that a jury, however conscientious, had to accept as justification. The public prosecutor of those days was usually a very weak sister; and the defender of most of the major cases was Pat Reddy, a specialist in criminal defense, an expert in jury selection, and a lawyer of ability. It was said that he was the means of freeing more than one hundred men charged with murder in this county, Mono County, and adjacent counties in Nevada.

In probably three cases out of four, the hard cases operated on each other, and society was somewhat improved by the net result.

Such serious offenses as murder came within the jurisdiction of the District Court, at that time presided over by Theron Y. Reed, a man whose mettle fitted the times. Serving his circuit, Kern, Inyo, Mono and Alpine counties, involved a degree of personal hardship. To reach his different county seats, Judge Reed journeyed from Havilah to Millerton (now forgotten), thence via Sacramento and Sonora across the Sierras to Bridgeport and Markleeville, thence to Independence via Aurora and Benton, on horseback or by the sometimes but weekly stages.

An illustrative occurrence was stated to the writer by Paul W. Bennett, an attorney in Independence when the incident happened. Judge Reed was holding court at Independence when a man from Fish Springs was brought in, whether for rebellion against the Morgan Courtney gang of roughs then dominating that neighborhood or for some other reason there is no evidence. Pat Reddy, then new in his career, Lucius Cooper and Thomas Slade were the attorneys. Each was there to win his case. Abuse and disputing ruled the court the first day, despite Judge Reed's admonitions and threats of fines. When court opened the next morning Judge Reed entered the room with a double-barreled shotgun on his arm. He cocked both barrels of the gun and set it by his chair, and remarked: "Gentlemen, there will be order in this court today." Mr. Bennett, who witnessed the occurrence, said that the judge's prediction was correct; there was order.

In another court in the county, an attorney

persisted in undertaking to protest a ruling, until the judge's patience tired and he roared "Sit down or I'll knock you down!" There was no dullness or lack of variety in court sessions those days.

As a help in picturing conditions, we turn to the local columns of the Inyo Independent. All the following items are from the same issue of that paper. Other issues might show more or less notes of similar nature; this one was not selected, but was the first one examined in this particular respect. This issue is dated July 13, 1872, and mentions these occurrences:

A desperado named White appeared at Benton on the 4th with a horse to put in the races. A bystander recognized the horse as one stolen from him, whereupon White drew a pistol and would have done some murdering but for interference. . . . . He was arrested and taken to Bridgeport on three charges of horse stealing. *As he didn't actually murder anybody* his prospect of spending a few summers at the seaside is exceedingly flattering.

"At the seaside" means San Quentin prison. Note the inference, which we italicize, that he would probably have escaped punishment if his offense had been so petty as murder, instead of horse stealing. Again:

Some six-shooters got on a drunk in Lida Valley on the night of the 4th, and one of them going off accidentally inflicted a slight wound in Guadalupe Ochar's arm. On the same day Len Martin gave some sheep-herder's delight to two men he met; a free fight ensued, from which Martin, by the free use of a pick-handle, came off first best. A great future for Lida is now considered certain.

Justice Pearson's court at Lone Pine is examining George

Lee for shooting George Bircham, because of difficulties growing out of alleged horse-stealing on the part of Lee.

Pearce, arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, was discharged from custody. After an interesting interview the accuser was willing to swear that Pearce wasn't much of a horse-thief after all.

R. Van Dyke lost forty tons of hay near Lone Pine, through the cussedness of a Piute who attempted to test its dryness with a match.

This contribution is from another issue of the same paper:

Cerro Gordo is a prolific source of the "man for breakfast" order of items. . . . . Four Americans, including Johnny Stewart, who recently had occasion to shoot a Mexican in Lone Pine (and who was later hanged at Columbus, Nevada), undertook to run the "Waterfall" place. A Mexican stepped up and put a pistol almost in contact with Walker's head, and fired, but the bullet did not kill him. The firing became general, during which Clark got a dose of lead that knocked him hors du combat. During the same night, at another dance house, a Mexican received a shot through the abdomen. The night following the Waterfall affray another shooting match took place between two Mexicans, in which one of them got a ball through his leg and the other through his arm. If such poor shooting as this is unfortunately to be the rule, active measures will have to be adopted by citizens who have a morbid desire to attend funerals. . . . . Last week two Mexicans from Cerro Gordo lifted three horses and riding gear from Lone Pine, and are missing, despite a warrant. . . . . At Lida on the night of the 6th Abram Altamarino received a severe knife wound.

But the greatest reign of terror experienced by the county's people, after the close of the Indian war, was not caused by the miscellaneous roughs and their festive handling of weapons. It was during the months that the bandit Vasquez

and his gang ruled the southern stage road and the highways of southern Inyo, early in 1874, with a return engagement in the spring of 1875. Most of the Vasquez deviltry was committed in other fields than Inyo, but during his sojourn on the eastern slope of the Sierras there were few weeks without their tales of the operations of the "road agents."

Tiburcio Vasquez was second only to Joaquin Murietta in notoriety as a California bandit. He was prominent in highwayman circles from 1852 to 1875. His own story was that he was hounded by Americans until at the age of seventeen he decided to become a robber. He began his career near Salinas, Cal., and soon gathered a band of subordinates of his own lawless kind. In 1857 he was caught and was in San Quentin penitentiary until his discharge in 1863. He then took up with other noted bandits of the time, and the combination did a flourishing business until the killing of one of his partners, Soto, some years later. Vasquez became the leader of his own gang of cutthroats about 1871, and for three years they committed crime after crime. Their escape from capture was probably due in part to the existence of confederates in different places, as well as to the readiness with which the outlaws picked up the best horseflesh whenever it was needed. After robbing a store and killing two men at Tres Pinos, Monterey County, they moved into Fresno County, then as thinly populated as Owens Valley. One daring crime after another caused the Legislature to authorize Governor Booth to spend $15,000 in

capturing or exterminating the gang. On November 12th Vasquez and his men went to the little town of Kingston, and after tying up thirty-five men robbed the place to their hearts' content. They were "hotly pursued," and as usual escaped. The gang appears to have scattered for a short time, but in February Vasquez called his forces together in Tejon Canyon, twenty men appearing. Inyo County and the highway leading to it were selected as promising abundant loot, and operations on this slope began two weeks later. Their first appearance in the new field was at Coyote Holes, on the southern stage road, February 25, 1874.

A traveler, who had stayed all night at the station, set out on foot to find a stray horse. A mile from the station he met two Mexicans, one of whom said he was Vasquez. They made the luckless traveler return to the station with them, and on the way met Raymond, the station keeper. Both men were tied up and left on a hillside. The Mexicans went on toward the house, announcing their coming by firing fifteen shots through its walls. Six persons were inside, but had no weapons except a Henry rifle with no cartridges and an unloaded shotgun, and did not think it wise to argue about the irregularity of the proceedings. Under orders, they filed out, Vasquez finding it necessary to stimulate the lagging steps of a man known (as probably some thousands have been) as "Tex." All were escorted off to one side and made to sit down. Tex had imbibed too freely to display first-class judgment and

proved refractory, but became more docile after Vasquez sent a rifle bullet through his thigh. With this exception, the prisoners were treated with obsequious politeness. The group was put on parole to keep their places. Being persons of honor, they kept their promises—the more readily perhaps because Vasquez promised that he would shoot the first one who arose, and they had no reason to disbelieve him.

The robbers returned to the station and waited two hours for the arrival of the stage from the south. It carried three passengers, including M. W. Belshaw, the Cerro Gordo owner and financier. Under the persuasion of two rifles and four revolvers, these passengers took seats with the other captives, and contributed to the Vasquez fund. Belshaw gave up a pair of new boots, as well as his money. One of the passengers demurred at giving up a pair of gloves he had. Vasquez offered him two dollars for them, and the passenger, being a man of business, closed the deal. The driver smuggled $40 into the sand, then smashed open Wells, Fargo & Company's express box at the direction of the bandits. Two of the Cerro Gordo freight teams came to Coyote Holes about this time, and the drivers were relieved of such possessions as the robbers wanted, and sent to join the little colony on the hillside. The bandits then took six of the stage horses and rode off.

Vasquez and eight or nine of his gang next went to the Mexican camp of Coso, but did nothing criminal there. The leader, himself, left to look after his southern California interests, leaving the

Inyo field in the capable hands of Chavez, one of his lieutenants. A reward of $3,000 was at that time being offered for Chavez, who had made his chief reputation in Monterey County.

Chavez began business in Inyo in March, 1875, with eight fellow bandits. His first theft was eleven saddle horses. During the next few months no road in the region southeast of Owens Lake was safe for travel, and hold-ups were of very frequent occurrence. No murders were committed by that crew, though in one instance Barton McGee, of Indian war record, who understood Spanish, listened to an argument as whether he should be allowed to live. His captors, an old man and a young one, both Mexicans, asked him if he would forget the whole affair if they released him. His reply was that he would kill both when he got a chance. Nevertheless they feared to summarily execute him. During the night he nearly loosened his bonds and the bandits were within a few minutes of their fate when they saw what he was doing and tied him afresh. They had made a bad catch, and after twenty-eight hours of captivity they put him, barefooted and hatless, on a bronco mule, without saddle or bridle, and turned him loose. Guiding the animal by slapping its head with his hands he made his way to Coso. There he outfitted anew, and promptly went to the scene of his misadventure. The tracks were fresh and easily followed. When McGee next appeared in camp he rode his own horse, which the robbers had taken. When asked if he had seen the men he merely said: "Well, I got my horse."

The Mexicans may have been the ones in an affair in which an inquest was held, there being one dead man and another having run away. The Coroner's jury reported only that the dead man had been "buried according to Hoyle."

The bandits became such a scourge on the roads that Capt. MacGowan took a detachment of soldiers from Camp Independence and made a 25-day pursuit of them, without result. Capt. Carr, with Company I, First Cavalry, was also in the field, equally fruitlessly.

Vasquez confined his operations thereafter to Los Angeles County. One of his exploits there was to hold up an Italian rancher for $800 ransom. Once he chanced to meet a deputy Assessor named Mike Madigan, to whom he said: "Señor Miguel, here is $2 for my poll tax. Let it not be said that Vasquez refuses to support a government which values him so highly as to offer $15,000 for his head."

He was finally captured through the connivance of one of his men whose wife he had won. Eight officers, being informed that he was then at a house about ten miles west of Los Angeles, took advantage of an opportunity to conceal themselves in the box of a wagon that was being driven to the house. The officers jumped out, and Vasquez, seeing them, went through a narrow window and ran for his horse. Bullets flew around him so thickly that he saw it was hopeless, and gave up. Chaves had also been in the house, but was not then captured. Vasquez was taken to San Jose, tried for murder, and hanged March 19, 1875. Before his

execution he said that he had never killed any one. He said that at Coyote Holes he tied up twenty men; that one shot at and wounded him, but was not punished by being killed as he might have been.

With the leader gone, the capture or killing of the rest of the gang was an easier matter. Chavez was killed by a citizen of Monterey County, and a reward which had grown to $5,000 was collected for him. The breaking up of the outlaw band was a relief to all the southern part of the State, and was particularly welcome in southern Inyo.

Minor organizations of criminals did some business in the county at one time or another, but all finally came to grief. One of these was a band of horsethieves, operating from Nevada through this county and far southward. At another time, this in 1875, three men, one aged twenty-five, the others each under twenty, and a girl about the latter age, came over the Sierras to go adventuring as bandits in this apparently promising field. Their most important enterprise was in "sticking up" T. J. Graves and family at their little mountain ranch on the south fork of Oak Creek, westerly from Independence. Graves and his wife and little son were tied up for several hours, while the robbers cooked supper and pillaged their meagerly supplied home. Late that night the gang struck out across the mountains with all they chose to take from the place. Graves, barefooted because the bandits had taken his boots, got loose and made his way into Independence. The next morning a posse took the trail, and after

traveling thirty miles into the Sierras found a bit of paper bearing Mrs. Graves's name on an address label. With this assurance, the posse kept on. The next morning Tom Hill (heretofore mentioned in this record) happened onto the bandit camp, while the inmates were at breakfast. He pretended to be diligently hunting grouse until out of sight of the camp. The rest of the posse was notified, and the crowd was captured without resistance. The men in due time went to the penitentiary, and the woman was discharged by overgallant officers.

That was a crime-stained decade in the history of Inyo County. This sketchy outline of it may fittingly conclude, without enumerating other sinister occurrences, with mention of the death of two officers who lost their lives in the discharge of their official duty. These men, Thomas Passmore and William L. Moore, had been among the earliest residents of the valley; had taken part in the Indian war, and each was a citizen held in high esteem.

Passmore was elected Sheriff in 1875, and again in 1877. He was in Lone Pine on the night of February 12, 1878. That night an Indian was murdered by a hardened criminal named Palacio. The murderer took refuge in a deadfall run by Frank Dabeeny, another individual of the same stripe, and refused to surrender to local citizens. Passmore, being somewhat ill, had gone to bed early in the evening. He was called, and went to the place and demanded admission. The door did not open, the demand was repeated, and Pass-

more attempted to force an entrance. Shots were fired inside of the house; the Sheriff exclaimed "Boys, I'm shot!" handed his pistol to a bystander, and fell dead.

Wild excitement ensued. A fusillade of lead riddled the building. As those within seemed disposed to hold the fort, its destruction by either fire or dynamite was proposed. A messenger was sent to Independence, and the siege was still in progress when citizens from there, eighteen miles away, reached Lone Pine. Dabeeny and Palacio both ran out, and both fell, pierced by many bullets. Then others were allowed to come out and surrender. Some of them, of previous good character and guilty of no offense except being in bad company, were released. Two were told to leave Lone Pine and never to return. They left, and the next day their bodies were found beside the road leading southerly.

W. L. (Dad) Moore was appointed to the office made vacant by Passmore's death. He was said to have received his nickname by reason of having been the "dad" of the town of Lone Pine, having been one of its first residents. He had filled the Sheriff's office before.

The town of Independence prepared to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1879, in fitting style, but the celebration was not to occur. Late on the afternoon of the 3d a drunken row started between men named Welch and Tessier, in what was known as the Aldine saloon on the site now occupied by the Inyo County Bank. Moore hearing the disturbance, went in and stepped between them

to keep the peace. Welch had his pistol drawn and brought it down opposite the Sheriff's body, and it was discharged immediately. The bullet passed through Moore's watch, then through his body, and he died in a few minutes. Welch was promptly put into jail. Tessier fled, and a frenzied hunt for him began. Some hours later he was found under a house. Though he was wholly innocent of the Sheriff's murder, popular excitement was inflamed, and while Welch reposed in the safety of a cell Tessier would probably have been lynched but for the counsels of Pat Reddy. Welch, who fired the fatal shot, played insanity and "went up" for ten years; Tessier, who was guilty of nothing worse than brawling, was given a three-year sentence.

CHAPTER XXIII

CERRO GORDO

INYO'S GREATEST PRODUCER OF MINERAL WEALTH—DISCOVERY—A BOOMING CAMP—TRANSPORTATION—LIBERAL MINING CLAIMS—SAN FELIPE—UNION LAWSUIT—THROWING GOLD OVER WASTE DUMP—CAMP STAGES A COMEBACK.

Cerro Gordo stands undisputedly as the Inyo County camp of greatest production, notwithstanding that no one knows, within some millions, what the total was. About $13,000,000 was the estimate at the close of its first period of life. The boom spirit of mining writers some twenty years ago raised the statement to $28,000,000, apparently just for the sound of it. The best available information is that the actual gross production of the camp's best days was approximately $17,000,000.

Tradition long current in Inyo, and supported by pioneers of the old camp, has it that the first discovery was made by one Pablo Flores and two other Mexicans in 1865; that the companions of Flores were killed by Indians and that he was allowed to go after promising never to return. A letter written from the camp in 1868 said only that Flores had found some very rich float while traveling from the eastward with an Indian guide.

Another version was current and believed in

Virginia City, Nevada, at the time of Cerro Gordo's prosperity. It ran that a packer named Savariano, employed by a Comstock Mexican mine owner, ran away with a packtrain of forty mules laden with very rich ore. This he was supposed to take to Placerville for reduction, and he started according to program. When out of sight of his employer he headed south with the whole cavalcade. On this trip he was said to have found the Cerro Gordo mines. A Virginia paper said the absconding of Savariano was a matter of common knowledge. Be that as it may, the Flores version was accepted by Inyoites, including those who knew the old Mexican up to the time of his death near Owens Lake.

Flores and a few companions were on the ground later in 1865 and located the Ygnacio, San Felipe and San Francisco claims. A small amount of ore was worked in the vesos, or crude furnaces. Their success brought a few Americans to the camp; the latter people made some locations, but did little or no work.

The first sincere effort at development was made by a Mexican named Ochoa, who began work on a claim known as the San Lucas. He employed a few of his countrymen, and had the ore worked at the Silver Sprout mill, west of Independence. An increased number of miners came, and on April 5, 1866, Lone Pine district, including the new camp, was organized, with J. J. Moore as its Recorder. The first claim offered for record was the Jesus Maria. On January 1, 1870, 999 locations had been filed for record in the district.

Among the early arrivals were M. W. Belshaw and A. B. Elder. After examination they left, but soon returned to begin development. Elder was succeeded by Victor Beaudry. Belshaw & Beaudry remained the bonanza firm of the hill; with them were associated Egbert Judson and others as parties in interest.

To supply the water required for the camp Belshaw & Beaudry laid a pipe line, which froze and bursted the following winter, and was then replaced by a better system. The firm began acquiring control of "the hill," as the camp was generally called throughout the region. Among their purchases was a group of four claims for which they paid John B. White and P. Williams $20,000. Important ground adjoining the Union, one of their chief properties, remained independent, however, and under the same ownership as the Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company later became the basis of the suit which helped to check operations.

C. F. R. Hahn, the mystery of whose loss has been mentioned in this record, was one of the discoverers of wholly new ground to the eastward of the main camp. W. L. Hunter, John Beveridge and others of honored Inyo memory were also among the owners in the eastern section.

Two slagging furnaces, two blast furnaces, crusher, blower and other equipment were in use in the camp by 1870, all operated by steam and all well housed. In 1871 the use of slagging furnaces was done away with, decreasing expenses $50 a day at each furnace. Another improvement was the application of the water jacket, first devised and used by Belshaw.

One of the first undertakings was a tollroad up from Owens Valley, a few miles distant. The road was held by Belshaw & Beaudry, though others assisted in its building for the benefit of their own properties. Those others found themselves on the same footing as strangers when it came to paying tolls. Their objections ended with complaints until 1871, when citizen John Simpson was arrested for misdemeanor in passing the tollgate without paying. To secure a jury used up venires amounting to ninety men; the Justice court trial filled two days, and ended in a verdict of not guilty. A popular subscription was immediately raised and a free road was built to Cerro Gordo. The toll road went out of commission.

Two stage companies ran daily conveyances from Lone Pine, every vehicle carrying full loads. A through-service line ran between Aurora, Nevada, and Cerro Gordo, charging $39 for the trip.

When the not always dependable pipe lines were out of order, water was brought in on pack mules and sold at 10 cents per gallon for the small buyer and from 5 to 8¾ cents for the wholesale consumer. The water bill of the American Hotel was $300 a month, and each furnace and the Union hoist ran at a daily expense of $120 for water. Fifty pack mules were busy in the water service.

In 1872 Beaudry bought the San Lucia (or San Lucas) and added it to the syndicate's list. Eleven producing mines were being operated. In addition to the furnaces at the camp, ore was being

smelted at the Owens Lake Silver-Lead company's plant at Swansea, at the lake.

While the bulk of production came from ores of more moderate grade, values up to $800 or more per ton were too common to attract much attention. One of the mines counted rock carrying 180 ounces of silver as its second-class grade. Beaudry reported in 1872 that "the mine" (probably the Union) was sending up 70 tons of ore each ten hours. He was about to increase his furnace capacity to ten tons of bullion daily. Each furnace was then turning out 100 to 150 83-pound bars each twenty-four hours.

Transportation of the bullion was a problem, and it was not unusual for the furnaces to shut down because of being too far ahead of the teams. For a while hauling contracts were made with any and all comers, but this proved unsatisfactory, and the mine owners organized the Cerro Gordo Freighting Company. They associated Nadeau, a teamster, with them; he took active charge, and made a fortune from the service. The corporation became the dominant factor in Inyo transportation, and so remained up to the advent of the railroad. The line was equipped with huge wagons, each hauled by sixteen to twenty animals. Fifty-six of these outfits were on the road, and still could not move the bullion to tidewater half as fast as it rolled from the furnaces. Some relief was given by the building of the small steamer Bessie Brady, a craft of 85 feet length and 16 feet beam. This vessel plying between Swansea, at the northeastern corner of the lake, Ferguson's Landing,

at the northwestern, and Cartago, at the southwestern, took eight days out of the round trips of the teams, yet the increased number of trips of the wagons could not move the bullion fast enough. To see the bullion piled up like cordwood at different points was quite the usual thing. Piled up bars were sometimes used for constructing temporary shelters, by those without other resources. While the bullion was not high grade, those shacks were often worth more money than their occupants ever dreamed of possessing.

A contemporary estimate stated the bullion output in tons as follows: 1869, 1,000; 1870, 1,500; 1871, 2,500; 1872, 4,000; 1873, 5,000; 1874, 6,000. An authentic record of at least part of the output is afforded by the records of the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad, opened November 1, 1869. From that date to the end of 1870 the road carried 21,704 bars, 1,589,000 pounds of Cerro Gordo bullion; 1871, 51,000 bars, 4,491,000 pounds; 1872, 62,390 bars, 5,303,150 pounds; 1873, 58,056 bars, 4,826,741 pounds; during January, 1874, 9,570 bars, 789,961 pounds. During some of the period of greatest production a large part of the bullion did not go over that road.

Large mining locations were permitted. The Santa Maria, for example, was 3,000 feet in length, though but 150 feet wide. It was 1872 before any change was made in the district; it was then reorganized under the name of Cerro Gordo and regulations were adopted conforming to the newly made Federal requirements.

The San Felipe claim was one that Belshaw &

Beaudry were unable to secure. Inspection of a map of the district shows that its boundaries crossed Belshaw's ground, outlining an area to which both ownerships laid claim. Ore had been coming up through the Union shaft, near the doubly-claimed ground, for five years, however, before the inevitable litigation began. Suit was started in January, 1873, by the San Felipe company, Galen M. Fisher, Chas. H. Wheeler and Alfred Wheeler, plaintiffs, against Belshaw & Beaudry, to recover possession of 2,100 feet of the San Felipe mine—another illustration of the generous manner in which the locators had helped themselves. The plaintiffs also asked for $20,000 damages, and rents and profits amounting to $1,000,000; also for possession of the San Felipe tunnel and $15,000 damages on that account. The suit was tried in Independence in June, 1873, and occupied nine days. Judge Belden of San Jose, presiding, instructed the jury that if it found that the San Felipe and Union veins were separate its verdict should be for the latter company. Experts Goodyear, Price and Hensch swore to the distinct character of the two properties. Reports of the case may have been somewhat prejudiced, but rather favored the Union contention; nevertheless the San Felipe people were given possession of the disputed ground. The demands for damages seem to have been dropped, for they do not appear in the judgment. The suit dragged through the courts until in 1876 the warring interests united in forming the Union Consolidated Company, with representatives of each side on

the directorate. Belshaw was one of the directors, but did not thereafter participate in the management. The Union works were burned August 14, 1877; the furnaces closed down the following February.

Other properties, notably the Ygnacio, had been contributing to the camp's production during all this period; but the stoppage of work on the Union marked the end of that era of Cerro Gordo's activity. The verdict that the mines were worked out was of course commonly accepted; the fallacy of this belief was to be amply demonstrated later.

From December 1, 1873, to November 1, 1874, the Union produced 12,171 tons of ore averaging 87 ounces silver and 47 per cent lead per ton. With silver worth $1.29 per ounce and lead worth 5 cents per pound, conditions were more favorable than those which came along later. On the other hand, other conditions were much less favorable. The daily cost of water, already mentioned, was but a small item in the total. Transportation for machinery and supplies in, and bullion out, cost from $55.50 to $120 per ton. Wood had been abundant when the first work was done, but the hillsides near at hand were soon swept bare, and fuel rose to $10 a cord for wood and 32½ cents a bushel for charcoal, the only fuels available for the furnaces. Belshaw stated in 1876 that it cost $19.62 a ton to mine and work the ore. In the earlier days, average recovery of metal was from 50 to 65 per cent of the lead and 90 per cent of the silver.

An incident of the camp was the discovery that

much quartz richly laden with gold had gone over the dump as waste. Its value had been hidden by peculiar discoloration. Thousands of dollars of it were stolen by men who became informed sooner than did the mine management.

One company or lessee after another undertook to work the old mines after the Union Consolidated people quit, but for three decades the record was one of failure. Then in 1911 Louis D. Gordon took hold, after discovering that quantities of zinc ores had been thrown away or disregarded by former managements. He proceeded with development along original lines, under discouraging circumstances, with such results that Cerro Gordo once more made Inyo the leading California county in lead and silver as well as zinc production.

CHAPTER XXIV

PANAMINT

RICH ORES START A NEW RUSH—SENATORS JONES AND STEWART DROP TWO MILLIONS IN VENTURE—MINE OWNERS OF DOUBTFUL RECORDS—PROCESS OF OPENING NEW SALOON—NEWS AS PRESENTED BY CAMP PAPER—SOME OTHER DISTRICTS.

Cerro Gordo having passed through the preliminary stages of a mining-camp stampede, and being an established and producing camp, the "excitement" followers were ready for a new field. It soon appeared, in Panamint—a name which divers fiction writers use even to this day as a place for locating some of their imaginings.

The first discoveries were made in April, 1873, by R. C. Jacobs, R. B. Stewart and W. L. Kennedy. By June eighty or more locations had been made. Some of the ore samples showed values running into the thousands of dollars. E. P. Raines, a man of daring character but limited attainments, secured a bond on the principal claims, and undertook to finance the camp. No success met his first efforts, and he had to return to Panamint for samples of the ore as verification of his highly colored statements. He selected half a ton of rich samples, and sent it to Los Angeles. In the barroom of one of the principal hotels there

he made a display that was the talk of the town. He made no effort to do business, but gained the confidence of prominent citizens and induced a commercial body to take up the building of a road to the mines. His efforts resulted in much newspaper publicity, which stood him in good stead when he proceeded to San Francisco, his chosen field. "Colonel" Raines, as he was soon dubbed, went to the metropolis and his display of ores made as much of a furore there as it had in Los Angeles. He approached Senator John P. Jones and secured a loan of $1,000, which vanished in a huge celebration that night. The next morning Raines was in jail and Senator Jones was on his way to Washington. The "Colonel" found a friend who provided bail and loaned him money enough with which to go to Washington. There he presented the cause of the Panamint mines so plausibly that Jones advanced more money, to the total of $15,000. Then Senators Jones and Stewart organized the Panamint Mining Company, with $2,000,000 capital stock—and it is said that the camp cost those gentlemen just about that much.

The road to the camp at that time was by way of Little Lake, or Lagunita, as it was then called. The first rush went that way, but ere long a more convenient way was opened and Panamint was brought into closer touch with Owens Valley.

Senators Jones and Stewart had paid $350,000 for some of the more prominent claims. Many other sales were made. Some of the early locators bore unsavory reputations, and perforce had to do business through trusted middlemen. In one

instance, a sale was made and the owners went to San Francisco to get their money. At this juncture representatives of Wells, Fargo & Co. stepped in and demanded $12,000 to cover losses due to former depredations on the express company's treasure box by some of the parties who were selling the mines. The party chiefly concerned was given his choice of making that payment or submitting to arrest. He paid and coolly asked for a receipt in full.

Many companies were organized, nearly all finally either flickering out or being united in the Surprise Valley Mill & Mining Company. Some of the ore was worked in England; that it could be mined, shipped hundreds of miles over the desert, then to England, and finally worked and return a substantial profit to the mine owners is sufficient evidence of its value.

The first mill was built on the Jacob's Wonder mine. The "big mill" of twenty stamps was built by the company and began running June 29, 1875.

In March, 1874, an enthusiastic Panaminter claimed that there were 125 men in the camp. In November the most conservative estimate of population put it at 1,000. The maximum population was probably 1,500, though a San Francisco writer in January, 1875, said there were 2,000 to 2,500 in camp. As late as 1876 the camp was still "going strong," for there were 963 votes cast at an election for Recorder.

The main camp was laid out—or more properly speaking, laid itself out, along the bottom of a narrow canyon high up on the western slope of the

Panamint Mountains, which form the western rim of Death Valley. For a while it consisted of a mile of tent-lined street; then stone and frame buildings began to arise. This was after transportation had been improved by the building of a road, a process requiring, in some places, the blasting of a way out of solid rock.

A pioneer resident of the camp writes that few wagons were used after reaching the town, because the canyon and hillsides were so steep that wheels were useless. Nearly all transportation at that period was on the backs of mules and burros. But one wagon was in use in the camp, and it was used by the butcher to move meats from the slaughter house to the market. This outfit served many purposes, including service as a hearse when it was needed.

Undoubtedly Panamint contained an assortment of the worst desperadoes on the coast outside of the penitentiaries. There was as much violence, in proportion, as in any of the earlier camps. The disappearance of a well known denizen of the resorts might be explained to an inquirer by the terse statement: "Oh, he's planted in Sour Dough," the latter being a little canyon in which the burial ground was situated.

Senator Wm. Stewart and Trenor W. Park, his confidential agent and assistant, visited Panamint to look over their properties during the summer of 1875. As they were preparing to take their seats in the stage, on the morning of their departure, one of their employees, a man named McKinley, had a dispute with one Jim Bruce.

With but a few preliminaries the disputants pulled their guns and began firing. The Senator and his comrade hastily took refuge behind a stone wall until the bombardment was over. Both gunners were laid out and ready for the stretchers kept in the office of the Justice of the Peace for such uses. Bruce recovered with a crippled arm, but McKinley died three days later. The local paper casually remarked:

> An Unfortunate Affair.—We are pained to record that during an unfortunate affair which occurred at the express office, previous to the departure of the stage three days ago, one of our esteemed fellow citizens was compelled to resort to violent measures to protect his person. His opponent will be buried tomorrow in the little cemetery in Sour Dough.

The matter was too inconsequential to justify publishing the victim's name.

Bruce was put to the inconvenience of arrest and examination by the Justice of the Peace, but was discharged on the usual ground of self-defense.

In all mining camps of that period saloons were among the first establishments to open, and were the most numerous places in the business census. The only absolute requisites for beginning were a barrel or two of alcoholic compound and utensils for dishing it up for customers. Profits soon led to expansion. Panamint had not only this class of deadfalls but also "gin mills" of much more pretensions. One of these, fitted up at a cost of $10,000, was the property of Dave Nagle, the man who some years later shot and killed Judge Terry, of early California notoriety. The opening of a

better class saloon in Panamint is thus described by one who saw much of the camp's life:

The representative men in camp were duly notified and invited to be present; they always were duly expected to be there and they always were, if not prevented by a previous drunk or ill luck in a shooting scrape. The leading mining superintendent, who represented companies expending a million or more, was counted on for an expenditure of at least $500, and he never disappointed the boys. The festivities usually opened early and mildly, with free drinks to any and all visitors, who were cordially invited to partake often and stay all night. The latter request was usually put in such liberal spirit as to impress all with its honesty, for later on when the fun grew furious each head counted in the score for a drink, which were ordered by men amply able to pay in cash, or by check "good as wheat" on presentation at the company's office.

As the night grew on and the fun increased there was no limit to the number except as the common guzzlers fell by the wayside. The "tony crowd" were left to indulge in champagne in quantities unlimited. It often resulted in a rivalry of wild pandemonium, for as the barkeeper drank often he became very tired and would expedite his labors in filling an order for a basket of champagne by placing it on the floor, removing the lid and directing the revelers to help themselves. This generally occurred during the early morning hours. Often the roisterers had divested themselves of most of their clothing, and, whooping like Indians, would march around the open basket, each with a bottle in his hand, drinking, and firing their revolvers into the floor or up into the ceiling. Then was the time to look for bad blood, and hostilities opened between rival "bad men," who were in numbers sufficient to rule the camp, and who took such opportunities to even up old scores. On such occasions very often a man would be killed, when the crowd would scatter and the festivities stop. The slayer would be duly arrested, taken to his cabin by a constable and allowed to take a nap. Later in the day he would be taken before the Justice, who after hearing evidence would

invariably, out of deference to the ruling element, discharge the defendant on the ground of self-defense.

Gambling there, as in other camps, was on a scale corresponding to the general wide-openness. Fortunes changed hands on trivial hazards; a sample poker game opened with an initial bet of $1,000, which was "seen" and "raised" $4,000 more, so that a "pot" of $10,000 was ready for the winner when he "showed down" a pair of aces and a pair of sixes. And there were other games of much larger proportions.

Mention has been made of the local paper. This was a sheet containing four pages, each measuring a little less than seven by fourteen inches, including generous margins. Its first copy was dated November 26, 1874, and bore the names of D. P. Carr as editor and T. S. Harris as manager. Issue No. 2, on the 28th, notified the public that Carr was no longer connected with the paper; issue No. 3, December 1st, denounced the late partner as an unprincipled deadbeat who had collected ahead for work in sight and left for other climes.

The Panamint News, tri-weekly, cost its subscribers 50 cents a week, $2 a month by carrier, $1.50 a month by mail. Advertising in it cost $4 a month for four lines, or 75 cents per line per issue.

Some quotations from its columns will help to depict conditions:

The town of Panamint now consists of twenty-six frame and board buildings besides a large number of stockades and tents. Within the next month, if lumber can be had, at least one hundred buildings will be erected.

Meals can be had for 75 cents at one restaurant and $1 at others.

Market prices: Flour per 100 lbs., $8.50 and $9; bacon, per lb., 28c; ham, 30c; meats, 20c and 30c; potatoes, 10c; sugar, 20c and 25c; butter, 75c and $1; apples, 25c; barley, 8c and 10c; hay, 6c to 10c; eggs, per dozen, $1 to $2.

There are now over 600 locations in the district. The ores are mainly copper-silver glance and chloride of silver. Assays and working tests show values of from $100 to $4,000, the average being about $400.

The Cerro Gordo Freighting Company is running a line of teams from Cerro Gordo to Panamint; freight 5 cents per pound.

The Fourth of July, 1875, was duly celebrated in Panamint. The same little butcher's cart which had been used impartially for hauling carcasses of beeves and of roughs who had died with their boots on was on this occasion made to do service as a car of state. It was preceded by the "band," consisting (an eye witness states) of a tuba and a bass drum. When the procession reached the point for turning to countermarch, the canyon was so narrow that the outfit had to be lifted around by man-power. In the vehicle was a young lady, representing the Goddess of Liberty and three little girls, all there were in camp. This is the way editor Harris described it:

The Car of State was decorated by Grand Marshal Paris and Mr. Stebbins, and reflected much credit on those gentlemen for its gorgeous beauty. It was brought into the procession at the proper time, filled with the young ladies and children of Panamint.

He avoided contradicting the inferences of his flowery account by "being unable to obtain for publication the names of the children."

An incident of the place was the adoption by a miners' meeting, of a resolution excluding Chinese.

The rich ores were there, but in most cases in such metallurgical combinations as to defy the working processes in vogue. While some money was recovered from them, the yield was not commensurate with the cost of recovery. Stewart and Jones tired of spending huge sums in trying to overcome the drawbacks. They persisted, however, for more than two years, but in May, 1877, the end of that regime came in the shutting down of the Surprise Valley mill.

CHAPTER XXV

OTHER MINING DISCOVERIES

OPTIMISM OF THE PROSPECTOR—WAUCOBA, LUCKY JIM, UBEHEBE, BEVERIDGE, POLETA—DARWIN LIVELY—GREENWATER, WHERE MILLIONS WERE SPENT—SKIDOO—JUDGE LYNCH'S DICTUM—TUNGSTEN, MARBLE, SODA, SALT, BORAX.

Most of the Inyo mining districts now known were discovered within a few years of the rise of Cerro Gordo. Some attracting much attention at the time are unknown to the Inyoite of today; others are still on the producing list.

A fact that impresses the investigator in connection with those discoveries was the invariable belief of the finder that he had come upon one of the greatest bonanzas on record. "The biggest mine in the world," "the most important mining discovery ever made in the county," "a find that will surpass Cerro Gordo," "a perfect Comstock," are bona fide sample phrases from descriptions of prospects which long since have been abandoned. Truly the prospector is ever optimistic. Had every find measured up to the claim made for it, gold and silver would have become but common metals.

Waucoba was one of the first of the new districts. Its discovery date is unknown. Col. James Brady was actively at work there in 1872,

and the Waucoba Mining and Smelting Company built, in 1873, a road which is still in use for reaching latter-day producing properties in that general vicinity.

Pigeon Springs and Log Springs were among the bidders for favor in 1873. Another district of that year was Sylvania, organized June 14th, and situated on the Nevada border line. W. S. Kincaid was its discoverer. Two later revivals and the expenditure of much money are in its record.

Some of the other locations of the period was the Lucky Jim property in 1875, which was sold that same year by James Ferguson, who afterward organized the New Coso Mining Company. Ubehebe, for some time known as Rose Springs district, was found by W. L. Hunter, J. B. Hunter, J. L. Porter and Thomas McDonough in 1875. They sold to M. W. Belshaw, who talked of building reduction works, probably in Saline Valley, but did not carry out the plan. Beveridge district, named for pioneer John Beveridge, was discovered by W. L. Hunter and others in 1877. Poleta provided the mining excitement of 1881. Prospecting had gone on in the White Mountains east of Bishop from the earliest coming of white settlers, with such results that more than one ambitious "city" had been staked out, only to be forgotten. In all probability some of the claims which changed hands for thousands during the days of Poleta were on the same ground that made Keyes District the hope of prospectors in the middle '60s.

These were all discoveries that could be

matched many times over, in the matter of real results. The finding of Darwin was of more consequence. It became the successor of Panamint in public interest, in 1876, and today, over two score years later, still has promise. It had a boom next in importance, in this county, to Cerro Gordo and Panamint. Furnaces were built to smelt its rich ores; water was piped into the camp. Harris moved his printing office from Panamint, and produced a paper of high merit. Hundreds of men were employed in the mines and mills. The usual factor of assisted mortality developed, but while life was held cheaply by a certain class of the population the place was less absolutely wild than its more prominent predecessors.

Two booming camps that were products of later years were Greenwater and Skidoo. The record of Greenwater has few parallels in its sudden rise, great outlays, small returns and quick decline. Locations had been made there as early as 1884, and others were made in 1894 by Doctor Trotter, for gold and silver values. Inaccessibility caused all these claims to be abandoned—though that quality seems to contribute to the success of "excitements," once they are fairly launched. It was high grade copper ore that caused the final rush, twenty years later than the locations for more precious metals.

The camp was situated on the sunrise side of the Funeral Mountains, but a short distance across the crest from where the slope into Death Valley begins. It looked out easterly over hundreds of miles of barren waste. The Amargosa's

bitter flow, twenty-four miles away, was the most easily reached water when the camp began. Obtaining supplies involved hauling for many miles over roads so trying that the portion traversed in approaching the claims was fittingly named Dead Horse Gulch.

Contemporary newspaper records credit the first copper discoveries to men named McAllister and Cook, with whom Arthur Kunze soon became associated. The Copper Blue ledge was found in February, 1905, by Fred Birney and Phil Creaser, who took samples of the outcrop to Independence when they went there to record their claims. While at the county seat they sent specimens of the ore to Patsy Clark, prominent in the copper mining world. Clark was so impressed that he sent engineer Joseph P. Harvey to investigate. Harvey, leaving the railroad at Daggett, Cal., lost his outfit in a cloudburst at Cave Springs, and had to go back for a fresh start. On his second trip he reached the right locality, but owing to faulty directions was unable to find the claims. Birney and Creaser afterward went there and did some development work, and again sought to enlist Clark's interest. This time Clark came to Rhyolite, Nevada, and from there sent Cleary, another of his engineers, to make the examination. The report was so favorable that Clark immediately bought the Birney and Creaser holdings. Dennis Clark, brother of Patsy, visited the prospects and confirmed previous reports, as well as sending in men and supplies for real development. Cleary also sent men on his own account, and became the

owner of some of the most prominent locations in the district. Others who promptly invested were Chas. Schwab, Augustus Heinze, T. L. Oddie, F. M. (Borax) Smith and others hardly less prominent in financial affairs.

Within a month the population grew from 70 to over 1,000, with at least a hundred newcomers over the desert roads every day. The copper kings who had taken hold began hiring all applicants, with the purpose of the speediest possible development. An early estimate of the amount paid for claims was $4,125,000. In four months and twelve days from the camp's start 2,500 claims had been recorded. Stakes and monuments made a practically continuous string for thirty miles along the range, ground good, bad and indifferent being freely located. The first 50,000 shares of one of the companies were sold at Rhyolite, the nearest settlement. The records of easy and quick fortunes made in Tonopah and Goldfield stocks made marketing of shares easy. Prospectors in many cases wisely sold their claims, for ten, twenty or more thousands of dollars—whatever "pocket money" they could get. And in many instances it was only pocket money, for it was used to "feed the tiger" in the gambling rooms and for other cash-reducing purposes.

In one case, an engineer grubstaked a prospector, who located a claim and sold it for $3,000, of which the engineer got his part. The buyer asked the same engineer the next morning to visit and report on the property, and was told it was worthless. To be a party to locating a claim, share

in the proceeds of its sale, and then get a fee for condemning it was something unique, at least. It was said, however, that the engineer did not know that he was reporting on his own claim.

Greenwater was a camp "without a lid," but not without law of a kind. It was without peace officers for months, but made its own codes. An instance: One night an elderly man was robbed of $80. The four robbers were found by a select committee, and were instructed to be on the main street at 9 o'clock the next morning. Nearly the whole town was out at that hour to observe proceedings. In brief and pointed remarks the culprits were informed that they had thirty minutes in which to adjust their affairs before leaving. One of the accused thought it would take him an hour to get things settled so he could leave, but after further remarks by the committee he found that he could finish his business and get away very handily within the time set.

The barren hills afforded little fuel. During a storm flurry coal sold at $100 a ton and wood at $60 a cord. Water sold, at first, at $15 a barrel, later at half that figure—and small wonder at either figure since it had to be hauled from twenty-eight to thirty-five miles. Lumber cost $165 for 1,000 feet. A frame store 35 by 60 feet, unshingled, cost $5,400. Hay was $6 and $7 a bale; grain $5 and $6 a sack; gasoline a dollar a gallon or $10 a case; potatoes and onions 10 to 12½ cents a pound; ice, brought from Las Vegas, Nevada, the last fifty-five miles by auto, cost $10 for 100 pounds. Wages in the mines were $5 to $7; car-

penters got $8 to $10; musicians were paid $8, and such skilled labor as faro dealers drew $8 a shift.

The postoffice was run on economical lines. The Nasby in charge paid his clerks $5 for eight hours, which was more than his own return from the Government. Mail went into a box, and each individual fished out his own letters.

On one occasion there was a water famine in camp. An enterprising resident borrowed a team and drove to Furnace Creek, twenty-eight miles, returning with two barrels of water. One was given to the owner of the team; the other, dished out to pails and canteens, netted about $30.

Though in the heart of the wilds, Greenwater had two newspapers, a small magazine, a $100,000 bank, express and telephone service, professional men of all kinds, and of course all ordinary lines of business.

When the camp began to show signs of depression, a man named McCarty walked into a neighboring saloon and remarked to the owner: "Nichols, two saloons on this side of the street are too many; I'll shake you the dice to see whether you take mine or I take yours." Nichols, without a word, reached back and picked up a dice box, and threw five sixes. McCarty shook and threw five aces. Nichols picked up his hat and started out. "Hold on," said McCarty; "take a drink." The transaction was complete.

The stage to Greenwater burned one afternoon, and with it the mailbags containing $30,000. The driver's first knowledge of the fire was when a bale

of hay on the vehicle blazed up. The team was cut loose; the rest of the outfit was a total loss.

It was from that locality somewhere that a cheerful wag wrote that he was employed on the "graveyard shift in the Coffin mine, Tombstone Mountains, Funeral Range, overlooking Death Valley." The graveyard shift, it may be remarked for the benefit of readers unacquainted with mining slang, is the one which includes midnight, when sepulchers traditionally yawn.

The owning corporations spent much money in trying to prove their mines. The ledges "went down," but values of encouraging degree ended at about 200 feet depth. Workings were continued far underground, while various Greenwater stocks held a place in eastern exchanges, until finally abandonment was necessary. Some of the location monuments were made of high grade ore and were included in the shipments made to smelters. The last watchman on the ground, it was said, was a rancher whose home was at Ash Meadows, on the Amargosa. He had teams and wagons and time to spare, so more or less of the decadent city may still serve a useful purpose in a changed situation.

Greenwater's nearest neighbor was Skidoo, on the mountain summit on the western edge of Death Valley. That camp did not reach Greenwater's height of fame, nor did it fall as rapidly, for it was a producer for some years after the copper camp had become as deserted as when the Death Valley party of '49 had toiled along within sight of its location. The Skidoovians numbered 700

or more, at the camp's maximum. A bank and a newspaper were among its institutions. Gold and silver ores were its sources of production. One of its contributions to the records was a lynching affair, the only such instance in Inyo county except the summary vengeance taken on the convicts in 1871. The Skidoo affair happened April 22, 1908. The desperado whose career was cut short was named Joe Simpson. Three days earlier he had entered the bank and demanded twenty dollars. Being refused and disarmed, he had gone away and "heeled himself," returned and shot a clerk. As he had previously declared an intention of killing four other citizens, Skidoo sentiment fully coincided with the paper's page-wide headline "Murderer Lynched with General Approval," and its comment that "the removal of this pest by a feeling so excellent has caused a feeling of relief throughout the camp." There was certainly no great squeamishness about it, for when a resident wanted a photograph of the suspended Simpson's appearance the corpse was again connected with the rope and put into the position occupied in his final moments. The noose was treasured as a souvenir by a morbid-minded bartender. An inquest was held, at which one witness testified to having been awakened twenty-three times during the night to hear the news, and he had been greatly surprised each time. Another said Joe "was a true Bohemian—he hung around all night."

The camp was, however, above the average in law observance, and little crime occurred in it.

The finest of mountain water was piped many miles from high up on Telescope Peak. Its mining settled to a one-company basis, and in time its deposits were, apparently, worked out.

A new mineral was added to Inyo's known list (already pronounced by authorities to be more comprehensive than that of any other county), when in August, 1913, James Powning picked up tungsten float in the hills west of Bishop, at a spot where he had gone to pick up a rabbit he had shot. The claim then located was named the Jackrabbit. A. W. Nobles and C. C. Cooper were in partnership with him in the find. It was not until the spring of 1916 that sufficient money for developing the claims became available, when F. M. Townsend, A. J. Clark and others bought the original and subsequent locations. Mills were built, one of them the largest tungsten concentrating plant in the world. Production continued to be important until the fall of prices following the Great War made it impossible to work those and other large properties of the same nature, in that general locality, at a profit.

During the middle '80s large marble quarries were opened near Keeler, producing a material which tests proved to be stronger in crushing resistance than any other known. Much marble was taken out during succeeding years, more or less of it being used for finishing some of the coast's large buildings. This form of production will doubtless continue for years to come.

The growth of another mineral industry is also to be noted, in the reclamation of soda and other

salts from the heavily mineralized waters of Owens Lake. Locations on the shore of Owens Lake were made in the early months of 1885, by L. F. J. Wrinkle, for the purpose of constructing vats in which to evaporate the water in order to recover the saline contents. Names of 839 persons were on the original notices, which serves to indicate the large area claimed. The Inyo Development Company was formed by Nevada capitalists, and ever since has continued to gather the residue from those vats. Noah Wrinkle, son of the original locator, worked out a chemical process by which a wider range of products was obtained, and less dependent on the density of the water used. This was the basis of the Natural Soda Products Company, which Watterson Brothers took up at a critical stage of the company's career, and which has become an enterprise as great in magnitude as it is unique in its processes. Others of similar nature have also been established to reclaim the lake's mineral wealth.

Saline Valley, containing vast beds of salt, of a grade purer in its natural state than any other known, has been the scene of some development operation, and in time its resources may come to be of extensive importance. Another yield of the burning deserts is borax, which has been to some extent recovered in Saline Valley, but principally mined in the far eastern region of the county as more fully mentioned in a later chapter.

Ballarat, a central point for miners in the Panamints, and Modock, Ubehebe, Bishop Creek, Bunker Hill and other camps which as a rule have

been or are single-mine enterprises appear in the county's mining record; however, the purpose of these chapters is not to review details but to note the outstanding facts of mining progress.

CHAPTER XXVI

LATER DEATH VALLEY HISTORY

MORMONS FIRST IN THAT REGION—OTHERS IN 1860 AND 1861—A REFUGE FOR THE LAWLESS—"BELLERIN' TECK"—BORAX DISCOVERED 1880—A DESERT HOME—TESTING FOR BORAX—"SHE BURNS GREEN!"—PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY.

It is apparently well authenticated that Mormon emissaries had been in Death Valley prospecting even before Brier, Manly, Doty and their people made their fatal journey, and that the origin of Furnace Creek's naming was in a small roasting plant there for reducing ores.

The first visit there by scientific observers was by a Dr. Owen and other members of the State boundary commission in 1861. The Wheeler expedition went there in 1871, and in 1875 Lieut. Birney and party crossed Death Valley several times. In the meantime many persons without official connections had been there. One of these was W. T. Henderson, mentioned in these chronicles. He failed to find the elusive Gunsight lead —a legacy of the Death Valley party of 1849— but he did what no other man before him had done, by climbing to the top of the highest of the Panamints. To the west he saw the Slate, Argus and other ranges, and beyond them the blue Sierras. To the south rose the Calico range, Pilot

Butte, and the far-off San Bernardinos. Northwest were the White Mountains; to the east, the Funerals, Avawatz, and one unnamed range after another. Two miles below were beds of salt, soda, borax; the black dots of lava buttes; mesquite trees made spots of dark green; apparent stream channels where cloudbursts had ripped open the earth's surface. Telescope Peak he named the commanding mountain, and Telescope Peak it is today.

Dr. Darwin French visited and named Furnace Creek, in 1860. Later in the same year Dr. S. G. George and associates were there and found many relics of the emigrants of '49, as well as of later travelers. The latter were accounted for by the finding of skeletons, some of them in the vicinity of springs. One of his finds was a slab of marble about an inch thick, about the size of and perfectly grooved like a common washboard.

Those who went to Death Valley between 1849 and the discovery of borax included all elements of society. There were men of education seeking scientific information; there were honest prospectors with no reason for avoiding the haunts of men; and, particularly during the early '70's, there were some about whom it was well not to be too inquisitive. Undue curiosity in such matters has sometimes been an infraction of the social code that met with serious, if not fatal, objection. It was said that the region contained deserters from Civil War armies, draft dodgers, and men who "had no use for sheriffs nohow." It is certain that when even the free-and-easy at-

mosphere of early Nevada and Inyo proved too dangerous for certain individuals they headed for the deep desert. There was a resident Indian population of reasonable repute, and there were Indian renegades as well as whites.

In 1870 one "Bellerin'" Teck appeared upon the scene. "Bellerin's" characteristics are unrecorded, beyond the fact that he was a "bad man," as were many who headed for the deep deserts as for a city of refuge. Furnace Creek was the site he chose for a location, and there he is said to have raised "alfalfa, barley and quails." One of his visitors was a Mormon named Jackson, who traded him a yoke of oxen in exchange for part of the ranch. The partnership was of brief duration, for "Bellerin'" and a shotgun ran the Saint out of the valley within a week. Teck, together with the voice from which it is presumed he derived his soubriquet, passes from our record.

The general average improved considerably when borax operations began, and forces of workingmen were taken in. About forty men were employed at the works when they were busiest. Later, Greenwater lived its feverish hour just over the summit to the east of Death Valley, and Skidoo's population could look down into the noted spot. A townsite, christened Midway, was staked out on the Death Valley slope of the Funerals during the Greenwater excitement, but it is not recorded that anyone, even the stakers, lived there.

The industrial history of Death Valley began with the discovery of borax in 1880.

Some time in those lonely years one Aaron Winters and his frail Spanish-American wife, Rosie, located at Ash Meadows, a place eastward across the Funerals from Death Valley, and 200 miles from the then nearest railroad station or settlement. A visitor to their home thus described it:

"Close against the hill, one side half hewn out of rock, stood a low stone building with tule thatched roof. The single room was about 15 feet square. In front was a canvas-covered addition about the same size. The earth served as a floor for both rooms. One side was the lady's boudoir. There was a window with a deep ledge, in the center of which was a starch box supporting a small looking-glass. On each side of the mirror hung old brushes, badly worn bits of ribbon, and some other fixings for the hair. Handy by was a lamp mat, covered with bottles of magnolia balm, complexion powders and Florida water—all, alas, empty, but still cherished by the wife. In place of a library there were a number of copies of the Police Gazette. The sugar, tea and coffee were kept under the bed. The water of the spring ran down the hill and formed a pool in front of the house, and here a number of ducks and chickens, with a pig and a big dog, formed a happy group, a group that wandered about in the house as well as romped beside the waters of the spring."

One night a strolling prospector tarried at the Winters home. He told about the Nevada borax deposits, and what a great fortune was ready for whoever could find more borax beds. Winters, careful not to indicate any special reason for seeking knowledge, asked many questions in a casual way. Among other things he learned that supposed borax could be tested by pouring certain chemicals over it and firing the mixture. If it burned green, borax was present.

When the guest left, Winters made haste to get chemicals from some remote supply point. He had seen stuff in Death Valley answering the general description of the Nevada borax. Equipped with testing supplies, Winters and his wife journeyed across the Funeral summit to Furnace Creek and made camp, then went to the marsh and got samples of the deposit. At night, they mixed their powdered samples, as they had been told, poured alcohol over it, and struck the match that was to tell the story.

How would it burn? For years they had lived as the Piutes of the desert. Mesquite beans and chuckwalla had served them for food when flour and bacon were missing. The wife had felt the utter loneliness of their situation and the absence of everything dear to the feminine heart. The color of the flame would tell them whether better things were ahead, or if the same dreary existence must continue.

Winters held a match to the mixture with a trembling hand. After an instant's pause he shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosie! We're rich!"

When the news reached San Francisco W. T. Coleman and F. M. Smith sent agents to the rude habitation in Ash Meadows. When the purpose of the visit was made known, Rosie fished out a bag of pine nuts, and as the party munched them around the campfire the bargain was made. Winters and Rosie received $20,000 for their find.

Before following the development of the borax fields, let us give a farewell word to Winters. On

getting his money he bought out the Pahrump ranch, giving $15,000 cash and $5,000 in a mortgage. For a little while life held new charms for the couple but desert hardships had sapped the wife's slender vitality and she died ere long.

It is told that one fall Winters had to go to Belmont, hundreds of miles away, to pay his taxes and do other business. Those were the days of "road agents," and he prepared for emergencies. On the dash of his buckboard was a holster into which he put a worthless pistol; a serviceable "navy" was concealed under the cushion on the seat. Nearing Belmont, two men invited him to dismount and turn over his money. Argument was useless and he had to comply. One of the bandits discovered the useless pistol in its holster, and it and the old man's demeanor served to throw the pair completely off their guard. Winters took a favorable opportunity to take the pistol from the seat and shoot one robber, and then to compel the other to put the corpse on the buckboard and go into Belmont with him. Through Winters' intercession the captured man was released and taken by him to the Pahrump ranch to do honest toil.

The earliest borax corporation in Death Valley was the Eagle company, with a plant near Bennett's Wells. The Pacific Coast borax company, producing "Twenty Mule Team" borax, extensively advertised, took the lead in interest and in development, and conferred on F. M. Smith the newspaper title of "Borax King." Securing title necessitated sending a survey party to the

scene. This party, headed by Engineer McGillivray, found that the earlier Government surveys were absolutely unreliable. None of the work of staking out the townships had actually been done, while descriptions were so inaccurate that tracts appearing on field notes as level were really 8,000 feet above sea level and stood at a forty-five-degree angle.

There were no roads worth the name, yet as every item of material had to be hauled great distances, across a little known desert, that lack had to be supplied. A road more than 160 miles long was made, with watering places more than fifty miles apart in some cases. One section of it crossed the valley on a foundation of solid salt. In many places the surface is only a crust over underlying mud; in others there are solid ridges. On one of these the borax people laid out their route, when it became necessary to cross from the east side, on which the works were built. The marsh was eight miles wide where the crossing was made; level, as a whole, but so pitted and uneven that it is said a man could not stand flat-footed in a single spot on the course. The grading tools were sledgehammers. Day after day the workmen pounded off the little hillocks and finally completed one of the most singular stretches of road in the country.

How to move the bulky output to the railroad was a problem that had to be met. It was solved by the construction of wagons each of which carried ten tons or more. The beds measured sixteen feet in length, six in depth and four in width. They

rested on solid steel axles over six inches in diameter, and allowing for a six-foot tread. The rear wheels were seven feet in diameter, and were covered with tires an inch thick and eight inches wide. The woodwork was in proportion.

As the "twenty mule teams" traveled only about twenty miles a day, and water holes or springs were sometimes fifty miles apart, provision had to be made for hauling water. This was done by building tank wagons, which hauled water to the dry camps among the ten stopping places established as part of the system. Springs were dug out and improved, and water pipes laid.

In the hottest weather, mid-day travel was impossible. Hauling was done at night, or the road was temporarily abandoned. Five teams were kept on the road, each taking twenty days for the round trip to and from the railroad.

One of the details of recovering borax is cooking the crude material in huge vats. Maintaining the fires strips the surrounding country of the sagebrush, which is most convenient for fuel. In Death Valley the fuel problem was of rather more seriousness than in some other places. The drug, once selling by the ounce, lowered in price with the increased supply provided by that and other discoveries. Other deposits more economical in working were found by "Borax" Smith's and Coleman interests. All these things contributed to the closing down of those works.

Death Valley has yet a large part to play in affairs, and large contributions to make for the world's welfare. Railroads now penetrate almost

to the sink itself, and in every direction, not far from its borders, industrial development is pushing forward. There are probably more men at work in that general region than ever before in its history, except during the Greenwater rush. Exploration goes on and new finds are being made.

CHAPTER XXVII

TRANSPORTATION

RAILROAD TALK ALWAYS WITH US—AN EARLY-DAY SURVEY —HIGH FREIGHTS—CERRO GORDO FREIGHTING COMPANY —STEAMER BESSIE BRADY—ADVENT OF CARSON & COLORADO RAILROAD—OTHER RAILROAD NOTES—EL CAMINO SIERRA, OF STATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM.

Almost as early as the establishment of a permanent population in Inyo County there began to be talk of a railroad connection to the southward. In December, 1870, a company was incorporated to build a road from Wilmington, Los Angeles County, to Wickenburg, Arizona, with a branch to Owens Valley. This line was to be of 30-inch gauge. The project ended as have many later plans, in talk.

With the growth of Cerro Gordo, the people of Los Angeles began to appreciate that Inyo might become a valuable factor in their affairs. Completion of the railroad between that city and San Pedro, in November, 1869, opened a route which, though distant, was the one utilized for Inyo freights to and from San Francisco for several years. Ores and supplies were hauled by teams between Los Angeles and Owens Valley, and the volume of business done was pleasing to the southern town. The Los Angeles and Indepen-

dence railroad was promoted by Senator John P. Jones, ex-Governor Downey and others. A franchise bill was introduced in the Assembly by James E. Parker, of Inyo, and in the spring of 1873 it became law. It granted to the company the right to collect eight cents per mile for fare and ten cents per ton mile for freight. At least $20,000 was to be expended on the project within twelve months. Subscription books were opened in Los Angeles, and half of the $2,200,000 capital stock was subscribed at once.

The chief engineer of the project made two preliminary surveys. One was via San Bernardino, and was the more favorable of the two in grades and expense. Its grading was figured to cost $321,400. The San Fernando route was the shorter. Estimated cost of a standard gauge road, laid with forty-five-pound iron, complete, was put at $11,400 a mile; three-foot gauge, thirty-five-pound iron, $10,000 a mile; strap rail, $5,400 a mile; wooden stringers, no rails, $4,233 a mile. Narrow-gauge railroads were then coming into favor and that suggestion met no opposition. As may rightfully be guessed, however, the idea of strap-iron rails did not commend itself, particularly to those acquainted with the fashion in which "snakeheads" on early railroads sometimes rose up to punch through car bottoms. The wooden rail idea was the touch that forecasted the project's finish. Eighteen miles of real track was laid from Los Angeles, but in another direction, and in time became part of the Southern Pacific system. The company continued to exist and to make

occasional reports of investigations for several years before its final demise.

The limited agriculture of Owens Valley fell short of ability to supply demands, and in consequence prices were high for all such produce. This was some offset for the enormous freight rates that prevailed; for while every importation paid a freight tariff of five to seven cents a pound, the producer who contracted his barley in the field at four cents a pound, and his hay sometimes as high as $50 a ton, got some return from the freighting company, which had to buy produce to feed the hundreds of animals used in freighting.

None of those old-time freight bills are available, but an indication of them is given by a contract made between the freighters and Camp Independence authorities for delivery of freight from San Francisco at $5.96 per one hundred pounds during the summer months and $6.96 during the winter.

While some teaming was done from Wadsworth, Nevada, on the Central Pacific, the bulk of Inyo shipments came and went the southern way. Ventura, Santa Barbara and Bakersfield all interested themselves to become Inyo's shipping point, but Los Angeles secured most of the trade. The most important factor in pioneer transportation, and in fact the first regular and dependable service, was the Cerro Gordo freighting company, organized in 1873 primarily to transport Cerro Gordo bullion and supplies. Nadeau, its chief organizer, secured a three-year contract from Belshaw & Beaudry, and put his business on a

thorough schedule. The teaming time was regulated almost to the hour, on a basis of twenty-one or twenty-two days for the round trip. Stations, watering places and camps were provided as the route demanded. Los Angeles papers stated that eighty wagons had been built for the company; fifty-six were in regular service. They were huge affairs; while there is no available definite statement of capacity, each would hold the greater part of the load of a narrow-gauge box car.

The company acquired the Bessie Brady, a little steamer that had been launched June 17, 1872, to help in moving bullion. The boat, eighty-five feet long and sixteen feet beam, was propellor-driven by a twenty-horsepower engine. The cost was about $10,000. D. H. Ferguson and James Brady, superintendent of the smelting company operating at Swansea, were the owners. She was named for Brady's little daughter, who broke the regulation wine bottle over the bow at the rather elaborate ceremony attending the vessel's launching. The Bessie Brady appears to have been the first vessel for commercial purposes on western inland lakes. Making a round trip daily from Swansea (three miles north of the present town of Keeler) to Cartago, at the foot of the lake, and carrying seventy tons of freight, the steamer performed service cheaper than had previously been incurred in hauling one-tenth of the weight between the same terminals in five days by teams. A 300-foot wharf was built at Swansea, on a site now left high and dry by the lake's recession. Bullion was the bulk of the freight taken south-

ward, and supplies for the mines and for Owens Valley formed the return cargoes. Valley freights were discharged at Ferguson's Landing, at the northwestern curve of the lake. The steamer bore an honorable share in the business of the time. She was burned some years after her retirement from service.

Another steamer, the Mollie Stevens, was launched in 1877 for transporting lumber and charcoal across the lake for Cerro Gordo. Her engine was one that had been used on the United States vessel Pensacola. Her part in general transportation matters was small.

The Cerro Gordo freighting company abandoned the Inyo field in 1881. In that year the Carson & Colorado railroad was completed to Belleville, Nevada, and that point became the transshipping headquarters for Inyo freight. It so continued until the road was built across the White Mountains to Benton and on into Owens Valley in 1883. D. O. Mills was the money power behind this railroad. In the belief that its shipping advantages would stimulate ore shipments from the many claims along the White Mountains, the base of which it skirted to the terminus at Keeler, the management resisted all inducements to lay its track through the more settled western side of Owens Valley, touching the established towns. It is probable that anticipated greater cost of maintenance on the west side had some effect in shaping the company's determination.

Candelaria had then become a Nevada mining camp of importance, and drew on Owens Valley

for much of its supplies. The railroad brought the Candelaria region nearer, but whether the valley materially gained from its building, so far as the Candelaria market was concerned, is debatable. Previously teams had found occupation in hauling to the mining camps, and Owens Valley had practically a monopoly of the business of furnishing many kinds of supplies. The railroad eliminated the teaming, and at the same time effectively bridged the gap between that mining camp and other producing regions.

But that was only one disadvantage, insofar as it was a disadvantage, against which were to be set many gains. Nevada capital came to Inyo with the railroad, and forthwith began different steps toward developing resources that had been latent or wholly unknown. Among them may be noted the opening of the Inyo marble quarries, the beginning of the soda reclamation industry at Owens Lake, and contributions to land development. It would be superfluous to enumerate the many advantages from the opening of railroad communication to a section as isolated as this had been up to that time.

A little more than ten years later the Southern Pacific took over the Carson & Colorado. The ever-present hope of a southern railroad was encouraged. Collis P. Huntington, head of the Southern Pacific, decided to complete the line through this valley, connecting the transcontinental systems to the south and the north. Before he proceeded, death claimed him, and his successor held different views regarding the railroad.

When the Los Angeles aqueduct required transportation of huge quantities of freight, the long-wanted road was built, and its last spike was driven at Owenyo October 18, 1910. Through that connection, Owens Valley and all of Inyo has been brought into closer connection with the natural marketplace, Los Angeles.

Of other surveys, of the organization of a company which went to the extent of securing rights of way from Bishop south through the valley, and of fruitless endeavors to secure the location of a line of rails nearer to the valley towns, this record need not speak. In this same connection, a company was organized to build a branch to connect Bishop with the main line at Laws. It obtained rights of way and graded its roadbed, but no rails have been laid on it.

One of the most important events in the history of Inyo communication will be the completion of El Camino Sierra, that portion of the State highway system lying east of the Sierra Nevada mountains. That work moves but slowly, but the day is not far distant when fine automobile thoroughfares shall stretch to the north and the south to connections with others of equal merit. So much has been done, when this is written, that the individual can reach Los Angeles to the south, Tahoe or Reno to the north, or Yosemite Valley, via the magnificent Tioga route, in a day's travel, covering distances which in primitive times were journeys of three or four times as long, or even more. Fostered by the invention and universal use of the automobile, the good road movement

has grown wondrously everywhere, and it might have been that these advantages would have come to Inyo had it done nothing more aggressive than to merely wait. It is wholly fitting, however, to note that local energy has played a part in advancing the cause of better highways, and that out of Inyo came an organization, the Inyo Good Road Club, which was responsible for the early favor of the State being given to the creation of a north and south highway east of the Sierras.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SUNDRY WAYMARKS OF HISTORY

ATTEMPT TO GRAB OWENS VALLEY AS SWAMP LAND—LATER PLAN TO MAKE MUCH OF IT STOCK RANGE—NO-FENCE ISSUE—MT. WHITNEY DISPUTE—SLACK REQUIREMENTS FOR TEACHING—SOCIETY OF PIONEERS—RETURNS THROWN OUT—LOCAL OPTION IN '74—CAMP INDEPENDENCE ABANDONED.

A land-grabbing scheme of the first magnitude threatened to dispossess Owens Valley homesteaders in 1873.

California was then having a run of what were termed "swamp land steals." Congress had passed a law providing for the survey and segregation of swamp and overflowed lands. Each State was permitted to make its own regulations as to the disposition of such lands within its borders. Claimants were unrestricted as to the area they could obtain on a suitable showing as to its physical condition. California was a field ripe for harvesting by monopolists, and history shows that the opportunity was not neglected. Spanish land grants had provided the original confusion, and railroad subsidies and unwise legislation made matters worse. Legislatures and officers were named in corporation headquarters in many cases. The great central valleys were hardly better than stock ranges. Concentrated wealth, be-

sides being in close touch with opportunities, was able to lay claim to great domains and wait for future returns, while the settlers the State needed could not afford to court starvation on the available tracts. An example of how the situation worked out was in Kern County, where the holdings of thirteen persons amounted to 488,000 acres, and seven others held 65,000 acres or more.

The United States Land Office was moved from Aurora, Nevada, to Independence in June, 1873. Josiah Earl was nominated to be Register, and P. A. Chalfant was named as Receiver. The latter appointment was unsought, and when its beneficiary learned that he had been suggested by political elements with which he was not in accord he promptly resigned. Earl took full charge of the office, though his appointment had not been confirmed by the Senate.

In July, 1873, several persons, prominent among them Mr. Earl and W. S. Powell, a Tulare County surveyor, filed numerous applications for the survey and purchase of all or parts of 221 sections of land in Owens Valley, extending from Round Valley to Owens Lake, and involving 133,000 acres. Without going into minor details of description, suffice it to state that practically every township in the valley was touched in some degree or as a whole by the claim. Applicants made oath that the lands were swamp or overflowed, though most of the land so claimed was covered with sagebrush, and much of it would not come under even the liberal General Land Office ruling that "land too wet for irrigation at the

usual seeding time, though later requiring irrigation" should be subject to sale as swamp.

Applicants further certified that lands sought were unoccupied, while the fact was that on at least ninety-four of the claimed sections homes had been established and the beginnings of farmings made. It is probable that the occupants ultimately would have legally withstood any attempts at their eviction; at the time they would have done it by force of arms. Yet with the examples they could cite in which aggregated wealth had overborne justice, some of them were none too sanguine on that point. At the best, the claims promised wearisome legislation and expense which none could afford.

Proceedings had been so well masked that three months elapsed between the filing of the swamp land claims and knowledge of them reaching the people of the valley. The Inyo Independent, of which Mr. Chalfant, who had refused to serve as Land Office Receiver, was editor, ascertained and revealed the facts. Indignation swept the valley. Public meetings were held, and every citizen who had any outside acquaintanceship exerted himself to the utmost to upset the sinister plan. The law required that action on such applications should be suspended for six months, during which time protests might be filed with the land authorities. Half of the period had passed, but three months still remained to the people. The vigorous campaign made caused suspension of action pending further investigation, and two months later, in March, 1874, the applications were rejected.

An effort was made to secure the conviction of Powell on a charge of perjury but it did not succeed. A petition for Earl's removal was generally signed throughout the valley. His appointment had not been confirmed by the Senate, though he continued to discharge the duties of the Registership. Senators Sargent, of California, and Jones, of Nevada, Governor Newton Booth, of California, and others of less prominence took an active part in opposing Earl's confirmation. The matter had not come to a Senate vote when in May, 1874, he settled it by resigning.

Let us anticipate the passage of nearly a decade to refer to another plan for monopolizing a large part of Owens Valley, though in the later case open purchase was proposed. There would have been, naturally, the accompaniment of many sales forced by circumstances. This was in 1882, when multimillionaires W. S. Hobart and Alvinza Hayward conceived the idea of securing the area noted on maps as Bishop Creek Valley and making it into a stock range. James Cross, a mining man long connected with Nevada and California affairs, was their representative. George M. Gill, afterward Superior Judge of this county, was their attorney. Theodore T. Cook, a Bishop bookkeeper, was sent to Independence to list the assessed value of all properties in the area desired, and to investigate titles. Hobart and Hayward planned to offer twenty-five per cent above assessed values, and believed that while many residents would be unwilling to sell they would be virtually compelled to if a sufficient proportion of

their neighbors sold. Cook's investigations of different kinds showed that the probable cost of carrying out the enterprise would be $1,500,000. Whether this was larger than the projectors were willing to stand, or whatever the reason, no further steps were taken.

An important issue of the early '70's was the "no-fence law." As in most agricultural communities, and particularly those as new as Owens Valley then was, many settlers were without means with which to fence their holdings. Barbed wire, now in common use, was new to this market, and its cost was twenty-five cents a pound, and rough lumber sold at $55 or more per thousand feet. While the ranchers were starting their crops, grazing was also a leading industry. An item of 1873 said that there were 200,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep in the mountains around Mount Whitney, and many of them wintered in Owens Valley. The driving of herds through the valley to their summer ranges often meant the destruction of growing crops along the route, where the tracts were usually unfenced. Considerable agitation attended the passage of a law that placed responsibility for destruction of crops on the stockmen, whether the land was or was not fenced. Nevertheless, a special act of that kind was passed for Inyo County, and a few other counties received the same consideration.

Columns of newspaper space were used in a controversy over the identity of the real Mount Whitney. Scientists were in error until 1873, as the uninformed person would be now if while in

Lone Pine, nearest to the peak, he were asked to point it out. Clarence King climbed "old" Mount Whitney in 1871, and later came all the way from New York to make another ascent, ascertaining that he had been mistaken. John Muir and others of note took a hand in the debate. The first ascent of the real Mount Whitney was made August 18, 1873, by A. H. Johnson, J. J. Lucas and C. D. Begole, who built a monument on it. Prof. Brewer had discovered and named the mountain in 1864, and King at that time had climbed to within 300 feet of the top. Afterward he and others gave the name to a peak several miles southeast, believing it to be the one he had ascended from the west. "Old" Mount Whitney bore the name for three or four years, while there were attempts to give the higher summit some other name. "Fisherman's Peak," "Dome of the Continent," and "Dome of Inyo" all had supporters. An ambitious politician sought to secure permanency for his name by introducing a bill in the Legislature officially naming the mountain "Fowler Peak." It was finally the secondary mountain that received a different name.

The out-of-the-wayness of Inyo and Mono Counties in those days was illustrated by the enactment of a law permitting, in these counties, the employment of public school teachers regardless of their possessing certificates of qualification. Being sometimes unable to secure certificated teachers, the districts were permitted to enlist anyone whom they believed to be able to instruct the rising generation. The law was repealed in 1876.

In more modern days, "the big earthquake" seems to mark almost the beginning of history in Inyo. Such an idea would have been scorned by the Benevolent Society of Owens Valley Pioneers, organized in March, 1874, for a brief career. Only those who had been in the county prior to the last battle at Owens Lake, in January, 1865, were eligible to membership. The officers were Patrick Reddy, president; J. B. Rowley and Thomas Passmore, vice presidents; J. J. Moore, secretary; R. A. Loomis, corresponding secretary; T. F. A. Connelly, treasurer; John A. Lank, D. D. Gunnison and John Lubken, directors. Other members included John Lentell, V. G. Thompson, James Shepherd, John Shepherd, John B. White, William J. Lake, C. D. Begole, Joseph Fernbach, Thomas W. Hill, John C. Willett, Thomas May, William L. Moore, George W. Brady, Paul W. Bennett, Jacob Vagt, John R. Hughes, and probably several other "taboose-eaters" not listed in available records.

An incident of 1873 was the rejection of election returns from Round Valley, Bishop Creek, Fish Springs and Lone Pine precincts, for informalities too gross for even the easy-going authorities of that period. What difference, if any, it made in the result of the county election is not now known, nor does the action appear to have stirred up any special comment.

A different sort of election was held September 18, 1874, in Bishop Creek and Round Valley. The Independent Order of Good Templars had lodges in Bishop Creek, Independence and Camp

Independence—the latter composed entirely of soldiers—and their members had much to do with solidifying sentiment against the absolutely wide-open conditions then general in Inyo as well as elsewhere. Local option was submitted to vote in the precincts named. Bishop Creek voted eighty-two against license, twenty-six for; Round Valley was nineteen against, six for; totals, one hundred and one against license; thirty-two for. This pioneer housecleaning effort was in vain; the Supervisors discovered that the election should have been brought in the Supervisor district, and that the Bishop Supervisor district included part of Big Pine precinct, where no election was held. At that election, as often later, the ladies took an active part by serving a feast during the day to voters.

March 1, 1875, the first six-times-a-week mail service between Owens Valley and Aurora, then the nearest communication, was begun. Up to then the settlers had been fortunate to get word from the outer world, considerably delayed, as often as three times a week, and sometimes no better than weekly.

Through all that period county finances were in deplorable condition, scrip selling as low as forty cents on the dollar. Its fluctuations offered a field for some small speculation, and citizens who could spare the money made its buying profitable. The county did not profit much from such conditions. An example was a bridge contract on which the bidder's offer was to do the work for $2,000 if paid in gold or $4,866.66 if paid in script.

Orders for abandonment of Camp Independence were received by Captain Alexander B. MacGowan on July 9, 1877, and before sunrise the following morning, the garrison, Company D, 12th Infantry, began the long march to the railroad south, later to go to the front as part of General Miles' force in the Nez Perce war in Idaho.

Departure of the soldiers was witnessed with deep regret. Citizens felt that the Indian situation was not wholly free from possibilities of trouble. Reports occasionally came in of friction in the desert regions. To the credit of Inyo Indians be it said that as a rule it developed either that the reports were baseless, that white men were chiefly at fault in the matter, or that the troublemakers were renegades, outlawed by Piutes as well as whites.

A movement was started at Bishop for organizing a company of the State National Guard, as a precautionary measure. It was found to be barred by reason of an already full list of authorized companies. Other efforts of the same kind were made in after years, with equal lack of State encouragement.

D Company had been at the post four years. In the beginning it was made up of a hard lot of individuals. On two different occasions they had clashes with citizens. One of these occurred on the night of December 31, 1873. A party of soldiers went into Independence, between two and three miles from the barracks, and made a general round of serenading. During the evening their potations at the town's bars were numerous.

Toward midnight they approached a hall wherein a dance was in progress. The doorkeeper refused to admit them, on account of their intoxicated condition. They insisted, and the first comer was "sent to grass" by the doorkeeper's fist. A general and wholesale melee ensued. Fence pickets were the worst weapons used, and many bruises were inflicted before the affair ended.

Those men were but part of the company, however. The more sober element soon afterward organized a lodge of Good Templars at the post, and pridefully sustained it during their stay. The toughs deserted or finished their time, and replacements improved the general average. When the post was abandoned there were many civilian friends to bid the departing soldiers farewell. How the company improved was shown by a guardhouse average of one man incarcerated each day during 1873, one each four days in 1874, one each thirty days in 1875.

It was a telegraph operator in the company who promoted the first telegraph line built in the county, in the fall of 1876. It ran between Independence and the fort. Its construction tried the ingenuity of the builders; its wire ranged from the finest copper to heavy iron; its insulators were mostly bottle necks—of which there was no scarcity. Only the instruments and batteries would have been approved on a regular system, but the line worked.

Early history and occupation of the post have been detailed in the chapters of Indian War history, up to the arrival of Company C, Nevada Vol-

unteers, in April, 1865. The valley had been without military protection during the latter part of the Indian troubles, and it was the citizens, not the soldiers, who inflicted final punishment on the natives. Nevertheless the army uniform always excited lively interest among the Piutes. The arrival of a new body of troops at Camp Independence or a march from there by any considerable detachment invariably caused anxious apprehension and inquiry by Indian residents.

From the spring of 1865 to the final abandonment the place was always garrisoned. When the volunteers were mustered out, Col. John D. Devens' command of one company of cavalry and one of infantry succeeded them. Next came Captain (then Brevet-Major) Harry C. Egbert, with Company B, 12th Infantry. Egbert was in command when the fort's buildings were tumbled over by the earthquake in 1872. When the rebuilt barracks were completed the soldiers gave a grand open-house entertainment for the whole countryside. Among the decorations on this occasion were shields bearing the names of Civil War battles in which the company, including many of the veterans who were still under its colors, had participated. As the list included Gaines' Mill, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Petersburg, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Five Forks, and others of less historic prominence, and the company was also at Appomattox at the closing scene, it will be seen that B Company had a record in which its pride was justified.

The last of this garrison, led by Lieut. Dove, just promoted to a captaincy, left for San Diego June 30, 1873, and thereafter found occupation protecting Arizona telegraph lines from marauding Apaches. Egbert, who was a lawyer of ability, resigned his commission, for a time engaged in practice as a partner of Patrick Reddy at Independence, and finally went to New York. On the outbreak of the Spanish War he tendered his services to the Government, served through the Cuban campaign, and was sent to the Philippines wearing the two stars of a major general. He was killed while leading a charge against the enemy. To his widow, doubly stricken by this and the insanity of her son soon after he had received an army commission, Congress voted a general's pension. Pioneer Inyoites felt a special and personal interest in one who had taken much part in local affairs, and who was designated by an appreciative friend as "the gentle, brave and gallant Harry Egbert."

MacGowan's command arrived five days before the departure of Dove and his company. Having no other opportunity for activity, MacGowan was ever ready to go a bit beyond the strictest construction of regulations in making his men a force for law and order. At one time his company was marched into Independence to protect the county jail against an expected lynching attack, which, however, did not materialize. At another, he took the field in pursuit of bandit Vasquez. A detachment was once sent to Round Valley as an object lesson to insolent Indians. Many scouts were made, and many tables of distance measurements were compiled by the company.

On abandonment of the post, settlers in the vicinity were permitted to obtain government title to the farms on which their homes had been made for many years. Previously, bills had been introduced in Congress at one time or another to meet the case, but no relief had been granted.

A movement was also inaugurated to make the well planted and beautiful post grounds the site of a county high school. It would be flattery to the California high school system of that day to call it crude; it was practically non-existent, except as each community might devise ways and means of its own. It was proposed that the Government be asked to deed the Camp Independence grounds to Inyo County, for the purpose mentioned, and a bill to that effect was introduced in the House of Representatives. Introducing bills in Congress is one of the easiest things that many Representatives do; the proposition never got beyond that stage, and was soon forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIX

FURTHER WAYMARKS

FIRST FAIR—DISTRICT CAUSES A CLASH—INYO ACADEMY ESTABLISHED—SUCCEEDED BY HIGH SCHOOL—OTHER SCHOOL ITEMS—CREAMERY BEGINNINGS—BURNING OF INDEPENDENCE — COUNTY SEAT AGITATIONS — THE "145"—TONOPAH BRINGS NEW ERA—BISHOP INCORPORATED—DRY—TAX MONEY—NEW COURTHOUSE—IRRIGATION ENTERPRISES.

In the spring of 1885 a stock show was given by William Rowan, at Bishop. This led to the formation of an association for giving county fairs, the first of which was a one-day display on October 1, 1885. It was so successful that the county's representative in the State Assembly, A. J. Gould, was asked to further a bill to include the counties of Alpine, Mono and Inyo in a district to receive State aid for agricultural fair purposes. The bill became law, and an appropriation was made for its benefit. The Bishop organization was ready for business, having incorporated and bought grounds. While its recommendations for the fair directorate were being considered, a representative from Independence secured the Governor's appointments of a board favorable to locating the site of the fair at that place. The Eastern Slope Land and Stock Association, as the Bishop organization was called, maintained its

stand, while the Eighteenth District Fair Association was also active. For several years rival fairs were maintained. Finally an adjustment was made, and thereafter fairs were alternated between Bishop, Independence and Big Pine. When State aid was no longer given the district organization languished. Bishop continued to hold fairs on a local subscription basis, a custom which, under one name or another, is still maintained.

The Nevada Mission Conference of 1885 was held in Bishop, the first of a number of such gatherings convening there or at Big Pine. Its principal local effect came from the adoption of a resolution declaring for the establishment in Bishop of a school of higher education. The institution was erected on a subscription basis, and completed after a term of the school, named the Inyo Academy, had been held in the Methodist Church. The cornerstone was laid September 30, 1886, and the building, at that time "the largest and finest in the State east of the Sierras," was occupied the following year. Several classes graduated under instruction of the teachers, who were paid by the church. The control of the school was in the hands of a board of local citizens, and it was never a denominational institution in any way. However, the fact of the church's fostering care had caused some of the original subscribers to repudiate their subscriptions, resulting in litigation; and the same objection was used to hold the attendance at an unprofitable level. The Academy ran at a financial loss until the Conference, unable longer to carry it and to care for the debt

which hung over it, abandoned the effort. It was the beginning of higher education on this slope of the mountains. Its local supporters, principally, were in the lead of advocates of something better for the young people; and when it became obvious that the Academy could not continue, a plan for a high school under State laws was launched. At an election held February 25, 1899, it was defeated, 145 to 121. The matter rested thus for two years, during which there was further hope of the Academy reviving. This proving vain, in September, 1901, a public meeting was called and nearly $3,000 was subscribed as a guarantee fund for the payment of a high school teacher. School was opened in a room of the Bishop grammar school, and received a good attendance. A new campaign was begun, and March 29, 1902, the Bishop union high school was established by a vote of 176 to 72. Having set down the real beginnings of a higher education in this region, there is small need to detail the subsequent purchase of the Academy property and the growth of the school. An effort was made, at one time, to vote bonds for a $40,000 building; the school's backers were disappointed at its defeat, which, in view of the almost metropolitan plant which has since become necessary, they now accept as a providential result. A $200,000 structure is now in use.

Big Pine was but little later in establishing a high school, and Independence and Lone Pine did likewise. Each district has shown its complete sincerity by voting bonds sufficient to provide

housing and other facilities in accordance with the advanced development of educational ideas. This is true of grammar schools as of high.

Another step in accordance with modern findings was the consolidation of Warm Springs and Sunland districts with Bishop, at an election June 14, 1921. It is probable that the same advanced move will ere long be made in other districts of Owens Valley.

The beginning of Owens Valley's systematic development as a dairy region dates from 1892, when the Inyo Creamery was incorporated and a plant constructed at Bishop. Of itself, the venture was not a success, due to mistakes of management rather than to any other cause; it was immediately followed, however, by installation of private plants of the same kind, which succeeded. Ultimately the business passed to a re-incorporated company, which under skillful management has won an established and leading place among Inyo enterprises.

Fire broke out in a vacant building in Independence on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 30, 1886. No fire-fighting apparatus was available, and the flames ran unchecked until thirty-eight buildings in the central part of the county seat had been swept away. Practically all business establishments, some residences and the county buildings were lost. The total damage was estimated at $160,000.

Though the courthouse was burned, nearly all county records were saved through the presence of mind and the energy of two ladies, Mrs. R. L.

Peeler and Mrs. J. S. McGee, who carried books and documents to safety during the hours that the men of the place were doing what they could to end the damage.

County officers soon established themselves in whatever locations were available, and county affairs went on without interruption.

An effort to move the county seat to Bishop was started. Petitions for an election were strongly signed and presented to the Board of Supervisors. District Attorney Laird advised the Board that though the headings of the different signed sheets of paper were identical, the fact that all signatures were not on one and the same sheet would prevent the whole from being considered as "a petition" within the meaning of the law. As no single sheet contained anything like enough names to justify an election, Supervisors refused the petitions, and proceedings for rebuilding at Independence were begun. On October 7th a contract was let to M. E. Gilmore for erecting the new structure for $11,458, a price afterward reduced, through changes, to $10,000. The building was accepted February 10, 1887.

County seat removal had come up and had been disposed of before, usually on some question of signatures on petitions. Later, a campaign of that kind was begun by people of Big Pine, and submitted to vote at the general election in 1908. It was lost by a vote of 670 against to 456 for.

From the coming of the white man, one of the chief sources of trouble with the Piutes was their securing liquor. In two instances at Bishop, this

evil became so pronounced and so utterly beyond the law's control that citizens organized independently to cope with the condition. One organization known as the "C. P. S."—Committee of Public Safety—destroyed liquor stocks found in houses occupied by Chinese, and briefly improved the situation. The most thorough step in this direction, however, was by an organization known as the "145." This body included nearly all the prominent citizens of Bishop. Its name was in imitation of the famous "601" of Virginia City fame; as a matter of fact, the assumed numerals more than doubled the actual number of men in the movement. It held meetings and deliberated over the methods to pursue in getting rid of offenders. The worst of these was a man named Coronado, who held forth in a cabin arranged so that he passed out his goods to buyers without being seen, and never when more than one was present. He maintained an effective watch by means of a flock of dogs, whose alarm gave warnings when necessary. Law officers made repeated attempts to catch him; but while moral certainty could be confirmed, the exacting requirements of legal proof were not available. Coronado was notified by the spokesman of the 145 that he was to wind up his affairs and leave. He asked for and was given more time. Finally patience was exhausted, and the 145 resolved on starting him. Late one night in midsummer of 1901 he was playing cards in the saloon where he bought his liquor stock, and was called to the door by a committeeman who spoke Spanish. He was seized by a com-

petent force, and a pistol that he drew was prevented from doing damage by a 145 thumb placed beneath its hammer. He was taken to his home, his horse hitched to a buggy in which Coronado was placed and with a guard he started off through the clear starlit night. He went on across the Sierras and did not return. Six other culprits left on notice. No drop of blood was shed by the 145, and its action materially lessened the Indian whisky traffic for a long time thereafter.

This "Land of Little Rain," as styled by a former Inyoite, Mary Austin, expands and develops agriculturally as irrigation facilities are extended or better utilized. Earliest settlers found ample room for home-making along natural watercourses. A decade passed before pioneer farmers seriously took up the irrigation of tracts not thus easily watered. A ditch from Fish Slough to reach lands above Laws was one of the earliest of projected and completed smaller private enterprises. The McNally Ditch, serving the Laws vicinity, the Bishop Creek Ditch, for tracts between Bishop and Owens River, the Owens River and Big Pine Canal, for Big Pine lands, and a ditch for irrigation in the vicinity of Lone Pine were all projected during 1877 and 1878. The first and second were slowly but steadily pushed to completion by the labor of the projectors. The Big Pine enterprise, after the expenditure of considerable effort, remained idle until in 1902 it was reinvigorated and finished the following year. That for Lone Pine was never built. Various other enterprises, to the number of about twenty, have

been begun since those initial undertakings. A map of the whole array shows the Owens River Canal, begun in 1887 and covering the western side of northern Owens Valley, and the Inyo Canal, starting the same year and irrigating tracts east of the river and nearly as far south as Lone Pine, as the most widely separated co-operative enterprises. The Inyo Canal, however, was obliterated by the Los Angeles purchase of the lands which it was built to irrigate, that purchase closing out a colonization enterprise launched in 1884 and 1885, under the name of the William Penn Colony, to develop lands in the vicinity of Owenyo.

There were many lean years in Owens Valley. Decline of Cerro Gordo, Panamint and Darwin, and gradual slackening of other mining camps within the territory accessible by teaming from the valley had brought a stagnation not offset in any other way. The building of the railroad in 1883 had not greatly bettered the situation, for only a few varieties of products could profitably withstand its long and time-consuming service and high freight charges. A further depressing factor came in the rapid fall of the price of silver, causing the suspension of mining properties which had been operated on a small scale.

A new era in Inyo began with the growth of the newer mining camps of southwestern Nevada. In the summer of 1900 Mr. and Mrs. James L. Butler discovered the croppings of the Mizpah mine, the beginning of Tonopah. Goldfield's discovery and growth soon followed. The rapid upbuilding of those large camps gave a fresh impetus to mining

throughout the region, an advance in which Inyo districts shared. Far more important in effect was the creation of nearby cash markets which demanded the best efforts of the agricultural lands of Owens Valley.

In April, 1902, citizens of Bishop organized the Bishop Light and Power Company to supply local needs—the county's first electric enterprise. Its plant, starting in September of that year, was successfully managed until absorbed by the Nevada-California Power Company. This latter concern, backed by Colorado capital, saw in the growth of Tonopah and Goldfield a market for power, and in the tumbling torrents of Sierra streams an opportunity for its cheap production. Power locations on Bishop Creek had long been held by different locators, who had merely renewed their filings from time to time. Those sites were secured by the new enterprises. Generating plants were built, and transmission lines extended, first into Nevada, then southerly almost to the Mexican line, until now the longest power lines in the world carry the energy of Bishop Creek from Mono County on the north into Arizona and Imperial Valley on the south.

In addition to buying out the locally organized power company, the Nevada-California Power Company acquired the Hillside Water Company holdings. The latter concern had acquired storage rights on the creek's headwaters, of value to the electric plants. More or less of friction over water matters developed; on the one side, the farmers who had used Bishop Creek water for

decades; on the other, first the Hillside Company, then its successors, the power interests. Temporary adjustments tided matters over until, unable to secure water enough for their crops, a delegation went to South Lake, or Hillside Reservoir as termed by the company, and on June 11, 1919, raised the gates sufficiently to release a reasonable flow. No property was damaged in the proceeding. This led to an effort on the company's part to enjoin the water users from interference with the storage. By agreement, the whole controversy was referred to A. E. Chandler, former State Water Commissioner, both sides agreeing to accept his decree as final. After an extensive hearing, in which practically every water user supplied from Bishop Creek was called to testify, arbitrator Chandler reached findings substantially sustaining every contention of the farmers. When this is written the final decree has not been made, but from the findings it will clearly define and settle the issues in dispute.

The progressive spirit of the people of Bishop, who had bettered their condition as circumstances permitted, brought about the incorporation of the place as a municipality. One of the chief purposes in view was the creation of a better water supply for domestic use and fire protection. A census was taken by the Women's Improvement Club to determine that the requisite population of 500 persons lived within the boundaries set. The census-takers managed to list 540. An election was held, and incorporation of the little city was voted sixty-three to thirty-six, April 24, 1903.

W. W. Watterson, F. K. Andrews, George A. Clarke, G. L. Albright and J. C. Underwood were chosen as the first Trustees, with W. W. Yandell as Clerk, D. W. Pitman Marshal, and M. Q. Watterson Treasurer. Proceeding with the utmost care, the board did not complete its arrangements for a water bond election until the following summer. On September 6, 1904, bonds to the amount of $44,000 were voted for the construction of water and sewer systems, the three propositions receiving from 119 to 125 affirmative votes to 6 to 8 negatives. Many other advances have come since—further improvements, the creation of first a local telephone system, then its extension through the valley, then connection with the outside world; the establishment, March, 1902, of the Inyo County Bank, as the first in Owens Valley, and subsequently of others; and different items each of importance, but only incidental as compared to the first daring step of assuming municipal responsibilities and heavy outlays by a handful of people.

How the people of the northern part of the county had voted to close the saloons, under local option laws, in 1874, has already been told. It was not until 1896 that another attempt of the kind was made through election, the entire county being included in the territory which it was proposed to make "dry." The ordinance lost by only 56 votes, but the matter was again allowed to rest, until the latter part of 1909. As a result of the later agitation, in which all the older communities of the county had a part, the County Supervisors

agreed that they would be governed, in the matter of adopting a prohibitory ordinance, by the action taken by the town of Bishop. "Wet or dry" was the issue in the municipal election in April, 1910, and the dry candidates won by a vote of 200 to 125. In anticipation of the result, and subject to possible repeal, the county had already adopted a similar ordinance, and the adoption of a dry ordinance by the Bishop authorities confirmed the matter.

Under the provisions of a change made in the State revenue laws of California adopted in 1910, Inyo County was deprived of that part of its income which came from the taxation of railroads and other public service property. Certain provision for reimbursement was made by the amendment itself. Though this lost revenue was rightfully due to the county from the State, it was a neglected issue until County Auditor Thomas M. Kendrick, knowing the facts thoroughly, made its collection a personal purpose. While attorneys were employed, the writer believes it but just to say here that success in the whole matter was principally due to Mr. Kendrick. A bill reimbursing Inyo County to the amount of $100,382 became law, the sum being a large part, but not all, of the total due.

With this money on hand, and with a surplus in the treasury, the Supervisors felt justified in proceeding with the construction of a new courthouse. A contract for $158,700 was let to William McCombs & Son, April 10, 1920. The structure has been accepted, and is now being occupied.

For the first time, the county's records will be safe, and the public business will be done in a building as creditable to the county as to its designer and its builder. And—for the future to read—note that the undertaking has not called for either a bond issue or for taxes higher than those prevalent in other counties; in fact the comparison usually discloses that Inyo's rate is among the State's lowest.

CHAPTER XXX

LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT

RECLAMATION SERVICE BEGINS ON OWENS VALLEY PROJECT —EATON'S PURCHASES—AQUEDUCT SCHEME REVEALED —LIPPINCOTT DOUBLY PAID—SERVICE A STALKING HORSE—RECLAMATION HEADS DEFEAT RECLAMATION PLANS—SMITH COMPROMISE—A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

Investigation was begun in July, 1903, of the feasibility of a project for reclamation of arid lands in the Owens River watershed, under direction of the National Reclamation Service. The plan announced to be followed, in case of favorable findings, was to be similar to that employed in other parts of the West, where flood waters were being stored and distributed to promote settlement and development. The proposed details included "high line" canals skirting the foothills on either side of the valley, with laterals for proper distribution. Drainage of such tracts as might require it was also included in the plan.

The project was heartily welcomed by the people of Owens Valley. Some storage locations had previously been made by citizens, who, however, lacked the means requisite to carrying out their purposes. Those claims were willingly surrendered at the Government's request, and every co-operation that the service asked was freely given by the large number of people who were

already deriving the water supplies essential to their farms from sources that would be involved in the project.

Extensive investigations were made, covering stream measurements, tests of soils, area of farming lands, the duty of water in this climate, sites of proposed storage dams, and other details. Among the reports was a showing that the available volume of water would be sufficient, or nearly so, to reclaim practically all of the untilled land in the valley. Estimates of cost demonstrated that the Owens Valley Project, as it was known, promised greater results for the necessary investments than any other that had been completed or that was then under study. Every detail of the undertaking was favorable, and the people of Inyo, while noting the slowness of definite announcement or action, entertained no doubt of the good faith of the work being done. Months went by while the Reclamation Bureau did little more than mark time.

In the early days of August, 1905, news came that the city of Los Angeles was planning to utilize Owens River as an additional water supply. The report seemed incredible, for not only was the Reclamation Project to be reckoned with, but the undertaking would involve construction of an aqueduct over 200 miles in length and costing many million dollars. But developments soon proved the forecast to be correct.

Fred Eaton, a former Mayor of Los Angeles, during the year preceding had bought extensive land holdings in the southern and central part of

Owens Valley, chiefly those bordering on or watered from Owens River. It developed that these purchases fitted into the city's plan, as he in turn deeded the greater part of such lands to Los Angeles. After the revelation of the scheme the buying campaign was carried on openly, until the city had acquired 70,000 or more acres. The natural alarm created by the whole situation was not lessened by declarations of the Los Angeles press. That the county buildings would become the habitations of bats and owls and that grass would grow in the streets of the county seat, were sample predictions.

It was soon demonstrated that the Reclamation Service, instead of being in any way an interference, was proving itself to be but the city's ally and agent in Owens Valley. This was not with the co-operation, however, of Project Engineer Clausen, in direct local charge.

The head of the Reclamation Service in California, and the supervising officer of the Owens Valley Project, was J. B. Lippincott, of Los Angeles. A Los Angeles newspaper stated that Eaton, Lippincott, William Mulholland (chief engineer of the aqueduct) and others had for four years investigated all water sources within reach. Lippincott's employment with the Reclamation Service had begun within that time. The Los Angeles Times remarked:

"Without Mr. Lippincott's co-operation the plan would never have gone through. Any other government engineer, a non-resident of Los Angeles, undoubtedly would have gone ahead with nothing more than the mere reclamation of arid lands in view."

During the time that reclamation project investigations had been under way in Owens Valley under Lippincott's supervision, he had been employed by the city of Los Angeles to investigate water sources. Lippincott's report to the city on Owens Valley water supply, a payment of $1,000 to him and his partner covering three months of the period of his employment, while he was still in charge of reclamation, and other details relative to the subject are authenticated. In other words, Lippincott had been put in charge of reclamation matters, presumably for advancing them in good faith; at the same time he was furthering a scheme involving the defeat of a promising reclamation project, and was using his official position for that purpose.

About the time the Los Angeles proposition became publicly known, a Board of Engineers met in San Francisco to consider the reports on the Owens Valley Reclamation Project and to decide on its feasibility. The chief reports were those of Project Engineer Clausen, who on facts and figures urged that the undertaking be carried out as designed. Lippincott was also present; and while admitting the complete feasibility of the project, he argued for turning the field over to Los Angeles. The Board of Engineers approved Clausen's view, and reported for continuing the original project.

Lippincott's superior in office was F. H. Newell. He, too, was a party to the city's scheme, as appeared from the following passage in the record of the Los Angeles Water Commission of June 5, 1905:

"The Superintendent suggested that inasmuch as the department had received valuable assistance from the Reclamation department of the United States Government in connection with the procurement of a water supply from the Owens River Valley, a letter should be addressed to Mr. F. H. Newell, Chief Engineer, acknowledging such assistance and reporting progress to date, as that department is holding in abeyance some work it had designed in that valley pending our action."

In the course of one of the suits which were brought in Los Angeles during the progress of aqueduct proceedings, an officer testified that the resolution had been communicated to Newell; that a copy of it had been made, but by direction of a city officer it had been destroyed in order that "it might not be used to the detriment of the city and those who had aided it."

In spite of some dissent in the city itself, an overwhelming majority favored the first great bond issue, $22,500,000, and subsequent support was given as required. Some of the dissent came from interests for business reasons; no small part of it was from citizens who were acquainted with the character of Owens River flow, or had other sincere grounds. Different investigating parties were sent along the aqueduct route; it was remarked, however, that such parties were invariably under the chaperonage of one or more of the chief advocates of the plan. But the bulk of the citizens of Los Angeles took their opinions ready made, and the different elections and discussions of the topic were hardly more than matters of form.

Additional settlement of vacant lands at that

period was not desired by the aqueduct promoters, for such development might reduce the water supply available for the scheme. Los Angeles bureau, which proved its efficiency in many ways during the period, headed off such possibilities by the simple expedient of having the Forest Service, then under ultra-conservationist Gifford Pinchot, withdraw all vacant land in the Owens Valley watershed on the preposterous pretense of its being "forest." This included square leagues covered with grass and sagebrush, where the only trees within any reasonable distance were those that had been planted by settlers. It was further directed that all applications for land permitted under forest regulations be referred to the city of Los Angeles for approval. One subordinate after another reported in favor of restoring such lands to entry, during the next several years, but onerous and retarding conditions prevailed until President Taft issued such order February 23, 1911; and even then it was more than a year later that they were fully removed.

There were some important phases which not all the strained constructions and special departmental orders could be made to cover, and it had been necessary as a preliminary for the city to go to Congress for rights of way. Owens Valley presented its case through Congressman Sylvester C. Smith, at all times the steadfast champion of the rights of the people of Inyo. He submitted, with the complete approval of Inyo representatives, the following basis of agreement:

First, that the vested rights of the people of Owens Valley be fully recognized;

Second, the city to be awarded 10,000 inches of the flow of Owens River. It was felt that this was ample, for Los Angeles engineers had reported, after making every allowance for growth, that 2,500 inches of supplemental flow would provide an ample water supply in 1925;

Third, Owens Valley lands to be reclaimed;

Fourth, any surplus then remaining to belong to the city to use as it might wish.

It may be well to say here that the people of Owens Valley did not at any time whatsoever object to Los Angeles taking any amount of water that might be required for the domestic and municipal uses for which the aqueduct was urged, and there was, and is, no doubt of the supplemental allotment proposed being ample for those purposes for decades to come. The Owens Valleyans contended that the real purpose of the whole undertaking was not the alleged city need, put forward as an excuse, but the diverting of Owens River from its natural watershed, and from use on the lands which so much needed it, to areas in the vicinity of Los Angeles for irrigation and speculative purposes. The passing years have proved the correctness of this belief.

Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock accepted the suggestions of Mr. Smith and incorporated them in his recommendations on the bill. But President Roosevelt was reached through the ultra-conservationists in his "Tennis Cabinet"—that coterie of the Pinchot school, who stood high in the President's favor. He directed that all restrictions on the city's grant of water rights be

stricken out, and Los Angeles was virtually empowered to go to the limit of its desires and means.

While there was not the unity of action by Inyo people that the necessity demanded, Inyo did not submit meekly to the program. But the protestants were only a handful; their despoilers numbered hundreds of thousands. Inyo had no defense money, except as scant individual advances could be secured; Los Angeles had a city treasury wide open for the occasion. Inyo was taken unaware; Los Angeles had shrewdly laid and matured its schemes before their announcement. The city had so established its influence in places of power and had so secure a hold on officials where needed that opposing efforts were useless, not only against legislation, but against misuse of reclamation law and departmental purposes. The "Owens Valley Kickers" came to be well known in the bureau-controlled irrigation congresses and in Washington departments having to do with the issue, and that was the sum of their achievements.

The city's plans have been further expanded to include a huge power enterprise involving the storage of the waters of Owens River in Long Valley, not many miles below their headwaters. This directly affects all irrigation in Owens Valley, from that source, and when this is written negotiations for a clear definition of rights and guarantees are in progress—as they have been for long past. A satisfactory agreement should be the final chapter of a long-standing question,

and its consummation will be local history of the first importance.

This is written as a brief record, necessarily giving only the merest outline of events and affairs that in complete details would suffice to fill a volume. Neither the completion of the aqueduct, the passage of time, nor the benefits, along with injuries, that have come to Owens Valley give reason for changing the statement that the diversion of Owens River water from appurtenant lands to be used on tracts two hundred miles distant, in a different watershed, was won through perversion of the intent of the Reclamation Act. In phrasing more accurately descriptive than elegant, "the government held Owens Valley while Los Angeles skinned it."

The aqueduct was built, a wonderful enterprise worthy of an ambitious city. The Los Angeles land buying came to an end without reaching deeply into cultivated lands; but the tracts that have passed to the city, be they natural grass areas or productive farms, have been thrown back to primitive neglect by the policy of taking their irrigation water to help to fill the aqueduct. Artesian wells were put down, to add to the water supply; their success, without interference with adjacent areas, seems problematical. Los Angeles acquiesced in a constitutional amendment for the just purpose of insuring the county against some of the loss of revenue from city ownership. Southern railroad connection, when accomplished, was a direct result of the aqueduct work. Some of these things are to be set on the credit side of the

account. We shall gladly list with them the professions of amity, whenever by meeting the just and reasonable demands of Owens Valley the city shall show that any consideration it may extend arises from the sense of equity, and not merely as an incident in securing some further concession.

CHAPTER XXXI

INYO'S GOLD STARS

Inyo bore its part in the Great War. Not only did its young men answer as their country called, but some of them did not wait for that call. Some volunteered, waiving exemptions; others, before this nation became an active participant, went across the Canadian line and joined the British forces to help to end the menace of the Kaiser. No complete roll of those who went to fortress or field from this county, or who, belonging here, joined the colors from some other locality, can be had. There were five hundred or more, in all, from our small population. Some we sadly laid away in our own cemeteries, in their uniforms; some sleep in foreign lands. The total roll of Inyo soldier dead, so far as it has been obtained and corrected, includes these:

Thomas E. Climo
Abraham Diaz, Jr.
Roy W. Fitchett
Arthur W. Fritch
George Benjamin Hogle
Fred A. Humphreys
Joseph Konda, Jr.
Herbert Landin
Joel Henry Lawrence
Fred E. Lewis
J. L. Linde
Oren E. Morton
Frank Parrish
Grayson Wilkerson
Oliver Wingfield
Frank A. Wodicker

CHAPTER XXXII

IN CLOSING

During the years, Inyo's advance was gradual, but sure, toward better things in every line. Among all the wide-openness of frontier conditions there was a leaven of higher aspirations—not only men and women who were with but not of the scenes of an almost lawless period, but those who were for the moment but submerging their better thoughts and who later proved their worth. As has been shown, even while pistols were frequently seen and sometimes used, a strong majority had, in one part of the county, voted to abolish the bars whence came most of the bloodthirstiness.

What progress the settlers made was to their own credit. Strangers were so few that he who did not know practically every one of prominence from Darwin to Round Valley was poorly acquainted. Travel to "the outside" was almost prohibited by the cost, time and effort required. Mails were infrequent, but they came laden with a total of reading matter surprising considering the small population. This was a self-reliant people. Labor took the place of non-existent money to build canals, and necessity found the valley equally ready to care for itself in other ways as need arose.

There were enough of the really progressive

to branch out for community and county betterment; and though it often happened that a degree of inertia had to be conquered, each issue went forward to final success. Co-operative enterprises played a large part in our welfare; and while it might be justifiable to trace out the beginnings of the various movements for local upbuilding, stock, farms, apiary, fruit, and so on, suffice it to say that those who have come later have carried on the work the pioneers began. Organizations for social, personal and public advancement, fraternities, clubs and other bodies for both men and women, have grown in keeping with the spirit that will enable the future writer to dwell more on the details of achievements than on the hardships of pioneering.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

OFFICERS OF INYO COUNTY

County Judge

Oscar L. Matthews appointed by Governor, 1866; 1868-1871, A. C. Hanson; 1872-1880, John A. Hannah. Office abolished by new constitution.

Superior Judge

1880-1890, John A. Hannah; 1891-1896, George M. Gill; 1897-1908, Walter A. Lamar; 1909 to present, William D. Dehy.

Sheriff

1866, W. A. Greenly, resigned December, 1867; 1868-1869, W. L. Moore, resigned November, 1869; 1870-1871, A. B. Elder; 1871-1873, Cyrus Mulkey, resigned May, 1874; J. J. Moore appointed, served to end of 1875; 1876 to February 10, 1878, Thomas Passmore, killed in discharge of duty; 1878 to July 3, 1879, William L. Moore, killed in discharge of duty; J. J. Moore appointed to serve for remainder of year; 1880-1882, J. W. Smith; 1883-1884, S. G. Gregg; 1885-1886, J. S. McGee; 1887-1888, S. G. Gregg; 1889-1890, J. R. Eldred; 1891-1894, J. S. Gorman; 1895-1902, A. M. Given; 1903-1906, Charles A. Collins; 1907-1910, George W. Naylor; 1911-1914, Charles A. Collins; 1915 to present, Frank Logan.

Clerk, Auditor and Recorder

1866, Thomas Passmore, resigned May 6, 1867; S. P. Moffatt appointed then elected, serving to end of 1871; 1872-1874, M. W. Hammarstrand; 1875-1877, W. B. Daugherty; 1878, John Crough, who served until March, 1884, when he suicided in the Clerk's office; Thomas Crough appointed for remainder of 1884. 1885-1886, William L. Hunter; 1887-1890, P. H. Mack; 1891-1892, John N. Yandell; 1893, D. J. Hession, who served until his death in February, 1900; J. E. Meroney appointed, and served by election to end of 1906; 1907-1914, William L. Hunter, Jr. Offices of Clerk, Auditor and Recorder segregated effective January, 1915. Jess Hession served as Clerk, 1915-1918; Dan E. Williams, 1919 to present.

Auditor

Position segregated from Clerk's duties beginning 1915. 1915 to present, Thos. M. Kendrick.

Recorder

Position segregated from Clerk's duties beginning 1915. 1915, W. L. Hunter Jr., who died February 4, 1920. Mrs. Mamie Reynolds appointed, elected that year, and present incumbent.

Assessor

1866-1867, John T. Ryan; 1867, A. C. Stevens, resigned, L. A. Talcott appointed; 1869-1871, Geo. W. Brady; 1872-1873, J. F. Dillon; 1873-1874, Wm. J. Lake; 1875-1879, J. F. Dillon; 1880, Thos. May,

who absconded May 1881, with shortage of $1,279. J. C. Irwin appointed; 1883-1886, John C. Irwin; 1887-1898, P. A. Chalfant; 1899-1914, W. W. Yandell; 1915-1918, Vivian L. Jones; 1919, U. G. Clark, present incumbent.

Treasurer

1866, John Lentell; 1868-9, Andrew N. Bell; 1870-1871, Isaac Harris; 1872-1879, Henry M. Isaacs; 1880-1886, Geo. H. Hardy; 1887-1892, J. J. Moore; 1893, W. T. Bunney forward to December 1902, when he absconded, with some shortage; 1903-1906, Irv. H. Mulholland; 1907 forward, A. P. Mairs, present incumbent.

District Attorney

1866, John Beveridge, failed to qualify; Thos. P. Slade appointed, resigned August 1868; Pat Reddy appointed, failed to qualify; P. W. Bennett appointed. Beveridge elected 1869, failed to qualify, Bennett again appointed; 1872-1873, E. H. Van Decar; 1874-1875, R. B. Snelling; 1876-1877, P. W. Bennett; 1878-1879, R. B. Snelling; 1880-1886, J. W. P. Laird; 1887-1888, P. W. Forbes; 1889-1890, Geo. M. Gill; 1891-1898, P. W. Forbes; 1899-1910, Wm. D. Dehy; 1911-1914, F. C. Scherrer; 1915-1918, P. W. Forbes; 1919, Jess Hession, present incumbent.

Superintendent of Schools

1866, Josiah Earl; 1868-1869, C. M. Joslyn; 1870-1873, J. W. Symmes; 1874-1875, Geo. H. Hardy; 1876-1882, J. W. Symmes; 1883-1886,

Chas. H. Groves; 1886-1894, J. H. Shannon; 1895-1898, S. W. Austin; 1899-1902, H. C. Hampton; 1903 to present, Mrs. M. A. Clarke.

Coroner

1866, B. D. Blaney; 1867, A. Farnsworth, place declared vacant and John A. Lank appointed, serving to end of 1873; 1874-5, A. Wayland; 1876-1877, J. D. Blair; 1877-1878, John A. Lank; 1879-1882, V. G. Thompson; 1883-1884, G. W. Brady; 1885-1888, Wm. F. Matlack; 1889-1892, Thos. Parker; 1893-1894, H. H. Howell; 1895-1898, I. J. Woodin; 1899-1902, I. P. Yaney; 1903 until his death March 2, 1916, H. H. Robinson; M. M. Skinner appointed; 1918, Milton Levy, resigned, Cris Carrasco appointed, present incumbent.

Tax Collector

Position segregated from Sheriff's office, effective with beginning of 1907; 1907-1910, J. E. Shepherd; 1911-1914, C. I. MacFarlane; 1915-1918, U. G. Clark; 1919 to present, Mrs. Jessie C. Miller.

Surveyor

1866-1872, Lyman Tuttle; 1873-1876, M. H. White; 1877-1886, Joseph Seely; 1887-1894, S. P. McKnight; 1895-1902; W. G. Dixon; 1903-1910, A. M. Strong; 1918 to present, B. E. Sherwin.

APPENDIX B

INYO'S VOTE AT GENERAL ELECTIONS

Inyo's vote has never been heavy enough to be important in national or State issues. Though counted as normally Republican on national questions, its decisions have been independent in the extreme. In county elections there was but a minimum of "sticking to party lines," during the days before non-partisanship became the legislated system. It frequently or usually happened that while the vote on the head of the ticket was for one party the majority of elected county officers were of a different political faith.

The votes at the more important elections have been as follows:

1867, for Congress—Axtell, Democrat, 104; Phelps, Republican, 102.

1868, President—Grant Electors, 113; Seymour Electors, 100.

1871, Governor—Haight, Democrat, 311; Booth, Republican, 257.

1872, President—Grant Electors, 206; Greeley Electors, 176.

1875, Governor—Bidwell, Independent, 248; Phelps, Republican, 179; Irwin, Democrat, 159.

1876, President—Tilden Electors, 375; Hayes Electors, 343.

1879, Governor—Perkins, Republican, 295; Glenn, Fusion, 252.

1880, President—Garfield Electors, 321; Hancock Electors, 294.

1882, Governor—Stoneman, Democrat, 321;

Estee, Republican, 300; rest of State ticket Republican majority of about 10.

1884, President—Blaine Electors, 345; Cleveland Electors, 283.

1886, Governor—Swift, Republican, 356; Bartlett, Democrat, 283.

1888, President—Harrison Electors, 406; Cleveland Electors, 274.

1890, Governor—Markham, Republican, 409; Pond, Democrat, 305.

1892, President—Harrison Electors, 406; Cleveland Electors 260.

1894, Governor—Estee, Republican, 476; Budd, Democrat, 228. In this campaign the vote was influenced by A. R. Conklin, of Inyo, being the Republican nominee for Lieutenant Governor.

1896, President—Bryan Electors 532; McKinley Electors, 236. The free-silver issue strongly appealed to many Inyoites in this campaign.

1898, Governor—Maguire, Democrat, 508; Gage, Republican, 478.

1900, President—Bryan Electors, 530; McKinley Electors, 397.

1902, Governor—Pardee, Republican, 435; Lane, Democrat, 427.

1904, President—Roosevelt Electors, 452; Parker Electors, 230.

1906, Governor—Langdon, Independent, 387; Gillett, Republican, 284; Bell, Democrat, 190.

1908, President—Taft Electors, 574; Bryan Electors, 609.

1910, Governor—Bell, Democrat, 634; Johnson, Republican, 582.

1912, President—Wilson Electors, 806; Roosevelt Electors, 302; Debs Electors, 302; Chafin Electors, 77; Taft Electors, 8. The swing to Wilson in this election was due not only to the Republican split but also to Inyo resentment at the President's attitude toward this valley in the Los Angeles controversy.

1914, Governor—Johnson, Progressive, 876; Fredericks, Republican, 601; Richardson, Socialist, 378; Curtin, Democrat, 258; Moore, Prohibition, 73.

1916, President—Wilson Electors, 967; Hughes Electors, 844; Benson Electors, 151; Hanley Electors, 51.

1918, Governor—Stephens, Republican, 744; Bell, Democrat, 315; Roser, Socialist, 88.

1920, President—Harding Electors, 1192; Cox Electors, 681; Socialist Electors 179; Prohibition Electors, 31.

APPENDIX C

ALTITUDES OF PEAKS

Altitudes of peaks neighboring Owens Valley are sometimes a matter of controversy. In listing for convenient reference a trifle of information, it is found that observers differ in several cases. Gannett's Dictionary of Altitudes is a publication of the United States Geological Survey; so are pamphlets giving the results of spirit leveling, and so are the U. S. G. S. quadrangle maps. There

are instances in which no two of these, all from the same authority, agree in statements. North Palisade, or Mt. Jordan, is given as 14,250, 14,275 and 14,282. One puts Mt. Williamson at 14,500, another 14,384; Mt. Tyndall, 14,025 in one tabulation, is 14,386 in another. In the list below the quadrangle figures are used where available. A few peaks in other States are included to show the relative rank of the highest points of the nation.

Mt. Whitney	14,501
Mt. Elbert, Colorado	14,421
Mt. Blanca, Colorado	14,390
Mt. Williamson	14,384
Mt. Shasta, California	14,380
Mt. Harvard, Colorado	14,375
Mt. Rainier, Washington	14,363

According to available figures, these are the seven highest in the continental United States. There are nearly fifty over 14,000 feet. Disregarding many peaks less known, some other altitudes are as follows:

White Mountain Peak (ranks twentieth)	14,242
Mt. Sill	14,198
Pike's Peak, Colorado	14,108
Middle Palisade	14,049
Mt. Langley	14,043
Mt. Muir	14,035
Mt. Barnard	14,003
Mt. Humphreys	13,972
Mt. Morgan	13,739
Mt. Tom	13,649
Mt. Montgomery (White Mountains)	13,465
Basin Mountain	13,229
Mt. Emerson	13,226
Kearsarge Peak	12,650

APPENDIX D

DEATH VALLEY NOTES

As indicated in the first chapter of this book, the topographic extremes of the United States proper are both within the limits of Inyo county. Mt. Whitney lifts its head nearer to heaven than any other spot. Death Valley sinks further toward the orthodox nether regions than any other; deeper below the sea's level, and is at least not surpassed on earth in its power of torment for the human atoms who may fall within its clutches.

Possession of the ill-famed sink is not a matter for boastfulness. Neither is it necessarily a reproach, for aside from the fact that it is a mineral treasure house, it is so far distant from Owens Valley's fertile farms and comfortable homes that if Death Valley and all its neighborhood were taken from our map Inyo would still have a greater area than any one of several of the Atlantic States possesses. Bishop is farther from Death Valley than the width of the State of Connecticut, and there is plenty of room to outline a new Delaware between the most contiguous points of Owens and Death Valleys. The territory had to be under some jurisdiction, and it was wished upon Inyo.

A distinction is made: "Death Valley" is a rather broad term taking in a large area of desolation; "Death Valley proper" is much smaller. The broader term is applied not only to the more noted central portion but also to arms or branches known as Lost Valley, Saratoga Springs, etc.

This larger region extends fully 120 miles. "Death Valley proper" is the region of dread, and is fifty or sixty miles long. This more restricted part is below sea level, and for more than forty miles is floored with a saline marsh from one to eight miles wide. These great beds change their appearance according to the observer's view point and the time of day. In the morning, seen from the east, and in the afternoon, seen from the west, they are gleaming white; reverse the hours and positions and they become a shady gray. This is due to the shadows of an uneven surface.

On the west the Panamints, on the east the Funerals, are the valley walls. Telescope Peak, seen from the valley, is majestic indeed, for it stands shoulders above the range to its left and right, and has an elevation of 10,938 feet above sea level. The observer in the valley is some 200 to 300 feet lower than where tides ebb and flow, so there is offered the greatest difference in elevation in the country. Whitney stands much higher, but is seen from a valley that approximates 4000 feet above the sea, and the contrast is less. The Funerals—also called Grapevine or Amargosa in different places—rise from 5000 to 9000 feet. The Death Valley face presents a varied coloring, white from strata of borax, gray, green, yellow, and other hues. It is a country of striking scenery.

Geological aspects of that region are interesting to the thoughtful layman as well as to the expert. Sydney H. Ball, of the Geological Survey, gives the name of "Pahute" to the primeval lake

that once covered the area. This is believed to have covered the country from north of Goldfield to south of Death Valley, and ninety miles east and west. Rugged islands rose in it here and there.

"The climate must have been moist," says Ball, "and the presence of fossilized wood in the lake beds shows that trees flourished near the shores. The lake was for the most part fresh. The Pahute lake was destroyed in part by the increasing aridity of the climate and in part by deformation. Volcanic flows and explosive eruptions of rhyolitic material occurred at various times during the existence of the lake. The deformation blocked out the mountain ranges as they now appear and formed many of the enclosed valleys by broad folding or warping. Death Valley was at this time first outlined, though it was depressed later.

"In Tertiary, probably early and middle Miocene time, Death Valley did not exist. Amargosa and Panamint ranges were low, and their southern portions at least were covered by a lake which extended well into the present Death Valley south of Salt Creek. In late Pliocene time, however, Death Valley was probably a closed basin occupied by a sheet of water. . . . . The folding of the Amargosa and Panamint ranges does not alone account for the valley, and it appears to be a block dropped down between the bounding ranges by faults."

A geological survey report claims that Death Valley is one of the best watered parts of the desert. Water—mineralized—is close to the surface of the marshes. The Amargosa River, running around the southern end of the Funeral Range, turns toward the southern end of Death Valley, but rarely carries water enough to reach the sink. It is said that it has not carried sufficient volume to discharge into the sink since 1850. Generally its bed is a dry wash, with water in

a few places only; but when a cloudburst occurs within its drainage area it may become a raging torrent for a few hours. Willow, Furnace and Honepa creeks are other streams of considerable flows which are lost in the sands within a few miles of the springs from which they start. However pure the waters of these streams at their heads, they soon become impregnated with minerals.

The Geological Survey lists forty-eight springs and wells in the area north of Saratoga Springs and between the boundary ranges. Persons familiar with the country say that not more than half the water is listed, and that there must be at leas a hundred such places. Most of the water holes are small, yielding but a few gallons in a day's seepage. Saratoga Springs is a pool twenty-five feet in diameter and four feet deep. While most of the springs are charged with minerals, those above sea level are considered safe for use. The "poison springs" do not contain arsenic, we are told by a survey authority, but are charged with Epsom salts and Glauber's salts, and are fatal only because the victim, usually weakened in condition, drinks their water without moderation. Usually the springs are hard to find, and even old-timers in the vicinity have been known to hunt for two or three days before coming upon the coveted water supply. Indians indicate water holes by placing white rocks conspicuously on larger rocks, in situations where they can be readily seen.

What Death Valley has cost in human life will

never be known. The starting point, so far as known, was with the unfortunates of 1849, as related in this book. Probably not a year since the white people began coming to this region has passed without adding to the list. In one short period covering a few years the known fatalities numbered twelve. It is said that during 1906 thirty-two bodies were found. How many were lost and not counted in such records will never be known; how many started out on a "short cut" and, with no one to inquire as to their safe arrival, got no farther than the bottom of that pit no one can guess. Near the Furnace Creek ranch is a graveyard with thirteen mounds. Generally the dead are buried where found. One writer has maintained that gases from the marshes has had something to do with some of the deaths, but no scientific investigator notes any fact in confirmation.

For all its ill repute, there is much of interest in the noted spot. It is not a place of poisonous atmosphere. Its dangers lie in disregard of the warnings of experience; in foolhardy or ignorant braving of its furnacelike heat at the wrong season. Every nook in it has been explored; trails and roads cross it; mining is done in its mountains; gardens produce profusely in the valley itself. But to the end of time it will justify its name, and men, heedless of what is told them, will perish in its burning sunshine.

It is a place of paradoxes. During some parts of the year it would serve as a veritable health resort. While rain is scanty and seldom falls, the

skies shed rivers at times. It is the hottest place in America, but is often shaded by snow-capped peaks. Men die there from lack of moisture, but waterfowl tarry in Death Valley on their migrations.

DEATH VALLEY CLIMATOLOGY

The United States Weather Bureau sent an observer and assistant to Death Valley in 1881. The assistant, R. H. Williams, was unable to stand the terrific heat, and left; John H. Clery, observer, stayed through the five hottest months.

During May, June, July, August and September the average temperature was 94 degrees. The highest in May was but 105; each of the three following months the thermometer reached 122, and in September the top mark was 119. The July average, night and day, was a trifle over 102. These maximum temperatures run about the same as in the hottest places in India, Arabia, Lower California and northern Mexico, but Death Valley keeps it up for a longer period. This is the judgment of the Weather Bureau. Reports from other sources seem to indicate that Mr. Clery happened to make his visit in a cool summer. The writer has been informed by a transient Death Valleyan that the mercury in a common thermometer reached the top of the tube, 132 degrees, in the shade at the Death Valley ranch. It is said that a record of 137 was made by a thermometer on the north side of the house at the Furnace Creek ranch. Observations made by common thermometers are rightly open to suspicion, so better evi-

dence is given by a tested thermometer used by a surveyor who ran lines in the valley in 1883. He kept it in the shade and hanging over a stream. It repeatedly registered 130, and for forty-eight hours in one stretch 104 was its lowest.

The effects of such conditions are striking. Meat killed at night and cooked at 6 in the morning had spoiled at 9 o'clock. When meat is fresh killed, cut thin and dipped in brine, the sun cures it in an hour. Eggs can be roasted in the sand. Fig trees bloom in the genial air of late winter and early spring, but their fruit never matures. Furniture warps, splits and falls to pieces. Water barrels lost their hoops within an hour after emptied. One end of a blanket that had been washed dried while the other end was in the tub. Near where these tests were made is a flat rock upon which is lettered: "Hell, 8 miles; Nowhere, 150 miles."

A thirty-year resident of that country noted that he had known the mercury to stand at 128 and 130 at midnight. He relates that he once thought to take a refreshing bath in water from a pipe in the valley. The stream that fell upon his skin was so near scalding that he gave it up as too hot for even a well-baked "desert rat."

The air is not only hot; it is kiln-dried. It is understood, of course, that we write of the extreme conditions, at the hottest season. Most of the wind, of which there is enough, comes from the west and south. The Sierras, Owens Valley and the ranges between Death Valley and the coast extract the wind's moisture to nearly the last

degree. The glaring wastes and sun finish the job. Clery found remarkably low percentages of humidity during his stay. Men who dug a ditch at the Furnace Creek ranch slept in the running stream with their heads safely pillowed above water.

It is this extreme dryness of the air that helps to wind up the lost man. The moisture is drawn from his body rapidly; his drinking supply is drawn upon, the more excessively if he is unacquainted with the dangers. When the heat overcomes him, and insanity comes, as seems to be usually the case, his first tendency is dig for water if he be desert-wise. One experienced desert habitue who had become lost was picked up just in time to save his life. He had started to tunnel through the Funeral Range to reach Greenwater, with only his fingers for tools. In another case—typical of many—if the victim had had the same instinct, he might have lived; for when those found him dug a grave close by in which to lay his body they struck water within 18 inches of the surface. One rescued man had tied all his clothing into a bundle and was carrying it on his head, under the impression that he was wading through deep waters.

Bodies of those lost in the lowlands decompose very rapidly, as a rule, regardless of whether they lie on salt or borax fields or on the sand. In the higher places they are more likely to wither and mummify, to a considerable extent.

An experienced "desent rat" tells of hearing a man lecture for an hour on how to avoid the

perils of the desert; a week later the lecturer was rescued from the fate he had been warning against. One man about to perish cut his palate with his knife so that the blood dropped on his tongue and kept it from swelling. A teamster for the borax company started for a spring, and he and his mules all died on the road.

While moisture is customarily very much missing, there are times when it comes copiously indeed, in the form of cloudbursts. They are most to be expected in the hottest weather. One who saw such an occurrence thus described it: "Right in the clear sky appears a cloud, black and ominous, streaked with fire, growing with wonderful rapidity, and eventually sagging down like a great sack. The cloud is always formed above the mountains, and after a time its bulbous, sagging body strikes a peak. Floods of water are released on the instant, and in waves of incredible size they roll down the cliffs and canyons. Precipices and peaks are carried away, gulches are filled with the debris, mesas and foothills are covered. The face of a mountain may be so changed within an hour as to be scarcely recognizable, and even the lighter storms rip the heart out of a canyon, so that only jagged gulches and heaps of broken rock are found where once, perhaps, a good trail existed."

A Death Valley pioneer tells of sleeping near the mouth of Furnace Creek Canyon with a "bug hunter"—desert for entomologist. The scientist, unable to sleep in the hot air, gave his attention to a roaring in the canyon, along toward midnight.

To his surprise, the space between the canyon walls suddenly grew white. His comrade chanced to waken, and the bug sharp asked him what ailed the sky. One look sufficed to cause the desert denizen to yell "Cloudburst! Climb!" And climb they did, just in time to escape a wall of water which was estimated to be not less than a hundred feet high.

It has been stated herein that winds are plentiful. Though generally of but a few hours duration, their velocity is often from thirty to fifty miles an hour. In that country this stirs up sandstorms which must be seen, or experienced, to be fully appreciated. One observer says he awoke one morning to find the air full of a whitish haze. To the west the landscape was blotted out by a dense brown fog—blown particles of earth. A Death Valley sandstorm seen from the mountain top is a strange spectacle. The huge pit of Death Valley is full of tumbling clouds of dust, billows that roll and change with every instant. After such a storm the sky shows generously the evening sky-markings which as children we held to be caused by the sun "drawing water." After a sandstorm there are such fan-like shafts, made by suspended dust in the upper air. "Sharp squalls," says one writer, "plunged down the canyons and gulches, and there gathered the dusty forms in their arms and went whirling away in gigantic waltzes. It is no wonder that the Arabs of this desert country, the Piutes, believe in witches and supernatural powers in the air."

At times the lofty whirligigs become what the

desert men call sand augers. Slender in form, the sand auger is a column of dust rising thousands of feet into the air with a faint cloud of dust at the top and a slight spread at the base. Wherever it touches as it travels across the land there is a sudden stirring, a commotion of whatever is loose and easily moved, and while it is being watched the sand auger moves on across country and perhaps vanishes completely in a second or two.

During such storms the dangers of being abroad increase. The scorching blast takes the lives of men even though they have full canteens.

Sidney H. Ball, of the Geological Survey, remarks that the Piute name for Death Valley is "Tomesha," meaning "ground afire." Those Piutes have sometimes graphic descriptive powers.

Fog is one of the unexpected winter phenomena of the valley. One writing of it tells of being on the mountain when the valley was fog-filled from floor to rim-top. Moving white clouds rolled about, raised, lowered, divided, into vast chasms and reunited, at times disclosing narrow sections of mountain or valley, at times resembling a vast sea.

DEATH VALLEY FAUNA AND FLORA

It might be supposed that such forbidding natural conditions as exist in Death Valley would preclude possibility of much variety of animal or vegetable life. It is therefore surprising to learn that at least 136 different varieties of plant life have been listed. Eighty-eight of these are arid

flora; the rest are classed as marsh plants. The latter includes two kinds of trees, six shrubs, eight annuals and thirty-two perennials. These are found where there is a fairly abundant water supply. It is of course to be understood that in the saline beds there is no plant life of any kind.

The standby tree of the desert is the mesquite. It flourishes where water is abundant, and may also be found where water is many feet below the surface. It sometimes attains a trunk thickness of eight inches or more, though its usual appearance in Death Valley is that of a great bush. It bears a bean-filled pod, on which animals will browse and which are not without value as sustenace for human beings. It is thorny and spreading, and like many other trees when neglected usually grows a closely set mass of stems. About such groups the sandstorms pile up dunes, sometimes completely covering and smothering the tree. The roots spread nearly as much as the tops, and make better fuel. When a desert resident wants wood, he may get it with a shovel, by digging instead of chopping. It is said that as much as five or six cords of wood have been dug out of a single mesquite mound.

The yucca, familiar on western deserts, seldom appears in Death Valley though found in the arid country in every direction from there.

Arrowweed, one of the reliances of the Indians, grows in wet places, to a height of six feet or more. Greasewood, creosote and other desert bushes are found.

A little round gourd is found in some of the

canyons. "Desert apple" it is called, but its thin meat contains little hint of the fruit for which it was named.

The plants listed as true arid flora, growing away from any water except the scant and infrequent rains, include fifty annuals, twenty shrubs, eighteen perennials. The latter include three kinds of grass, retaining some vitality the year round. A very few of these species are not found anywhere except in Death Valley. All are stunted and of a color in keeping with the harsh surroundings, during nearly all of the year. There is a short period in the early part of the year when parts of the surface between the hills and the marshes are golden with flowers, which soon succumb to the increasing heat. Many colors are seen there and on the slopes and hillsides, living their brief span before the sun withers away all evidence of their having been.

The marshes are not alone in being without vegetation. There are occasional stretches of sand as bare as a floor. In still other places the surface is covered with small flat rocks, whose dark colors are believed to be the result of intense heat and light during a long period. The chance for plant life there is much the same as it would be on a sheet of iron.

The animal kingdom is represented by no less than 150 forms, varieties and species—this without counting the jackasses which roam the hills by hundreds. They are the progeny of escaped or abandoned animals.

Mountain sheep are the largest game in the

bordering mountains, which are among the chief habitats of those now rare animals. For years they were one of the reliances of the Indians, and annual slaughters were the rule. Thirty are said to have been killed near Furnace Creek in one year, as the culmination of an extensive Indian campaign. They travel well worn trails, across which the Indians build low stone walls as blinds. The sheep do not look up while eating, but when alarmed they run to the highest points, a trait which Lo turns to his advantage. The sheep campaign of 1891, mentioned above, was preceded by such preparations in the way of blind-building that the few whites thereabouts concluded that the walls were for the purpose of guarding mineral deposits of great value. It developed that feed and not fighting was the purpose.

Waterfowl, migrating to and from far-off haunts, frequently tarry briefly at the little pools. Geese, swan and ducks are among the visitors. Their rests in the crystallizing vats at the old borax works sometimes brought them to grief, for on cold nights they became so weighted down with crystals that they could not fly.

"Bellerin" Teck's planting of quail at Furnace Creek throve, and those beautiful birds became acclimated to the conditions of the little oasis, and withstand the fearful summers.

Bats abound in some sections, and one of the observations of Dr. S. G. George, heretofore quoted, comments on the quantities of bat guano accumulated in such places. Badgers, gophers, skunks, foxes, coyotes, snakes, bugs of different

kinds, flies and gnats are among the things found. A special variety of mouse exists there. The trade rat is found in Death Valley as well as elsewhere in the West. This little animal has a certain standard of honesty; he will carry off articles that he can handle, but will invariably replace them with something else. A camper left a box of dried fruit open during his absence; when next examined, the fruit was gone, and in its place was an assortment of chips. Another found that his collection of matches had been replaced by pebbles. Once a box of cartridges was emptied by rats, and something else substituted; the cartridges had been carried into a temporarily unused stove, where they would have provided a surprise for the owner but for his accidental discovery of them. It seems that frequently, as in this case, Mr. Rat had no particular use for the goods; he merely wanted to keep busy. There is a kangaroo rat, but whether identical with the trade rat is something no desert man has been able to tell us. The kangaroo rat has a body four to six inches long, and with a stout tail serving the same purpose as that of the Australian mammal for which the little beast is named. The animals show little fear of man, sometimes eating from the hand if given the opportunity.

Tarantulas and rattlesnakes are plentiful enough, and may make themselves disagreeably familiar around camp, getting into bedding or other places where they are not desired. The chief desert rattlesnake, and the most vicious, is the sidewinder, a reptile from twelve to eighteen

inches long. A former freight driver tells of seeing them in balls ten to twelve inches in diameter. It takes several snakes of whiplash size to make a mass of that size. In traveling the sidewinder goes with the snake motion, but with half their length in the air and weaving from side to side.

A little desert terrapin is also found. Common lizards reach comparatively huge proportions in those surroundings. Specimens fifteen or sixteen inches long are reported. The most unique form of the family is the chuckwallah—chawalla in Indian. It is a lizard, heavy-bodied, fat and stumpy as to tail, and weighing up to three pounds or more. They are said to be good eating—the writer takes this statement on faith. Casual visitors will no doubt prefer bacon; still many desert people learn to like chuckwallah meat. The Indians are less squeamish about details, and roast the reptiles just as caught, feathers and all.

The adjacent mountains contain many song birds, and great numbers of mocking birds. A Death Valleyan relates that one year the water holes in a certain part of that country dried up. One morning a miner found a dozen or more young mocking birds helping themselves from his water supply. He filled a tin with water and gave it to them. Every morning thereafter for weeks they came, perched upon the bed or table, and coaxed for water, showing not the least fear. On another occasion a returning miner found a mountain swift in his bean pot, making a meal. He

tossed a stone in its direction; it jumped out and to one side, looked fearlessly at the man, and then back into the pot. It was allowed to finish its dinner.

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